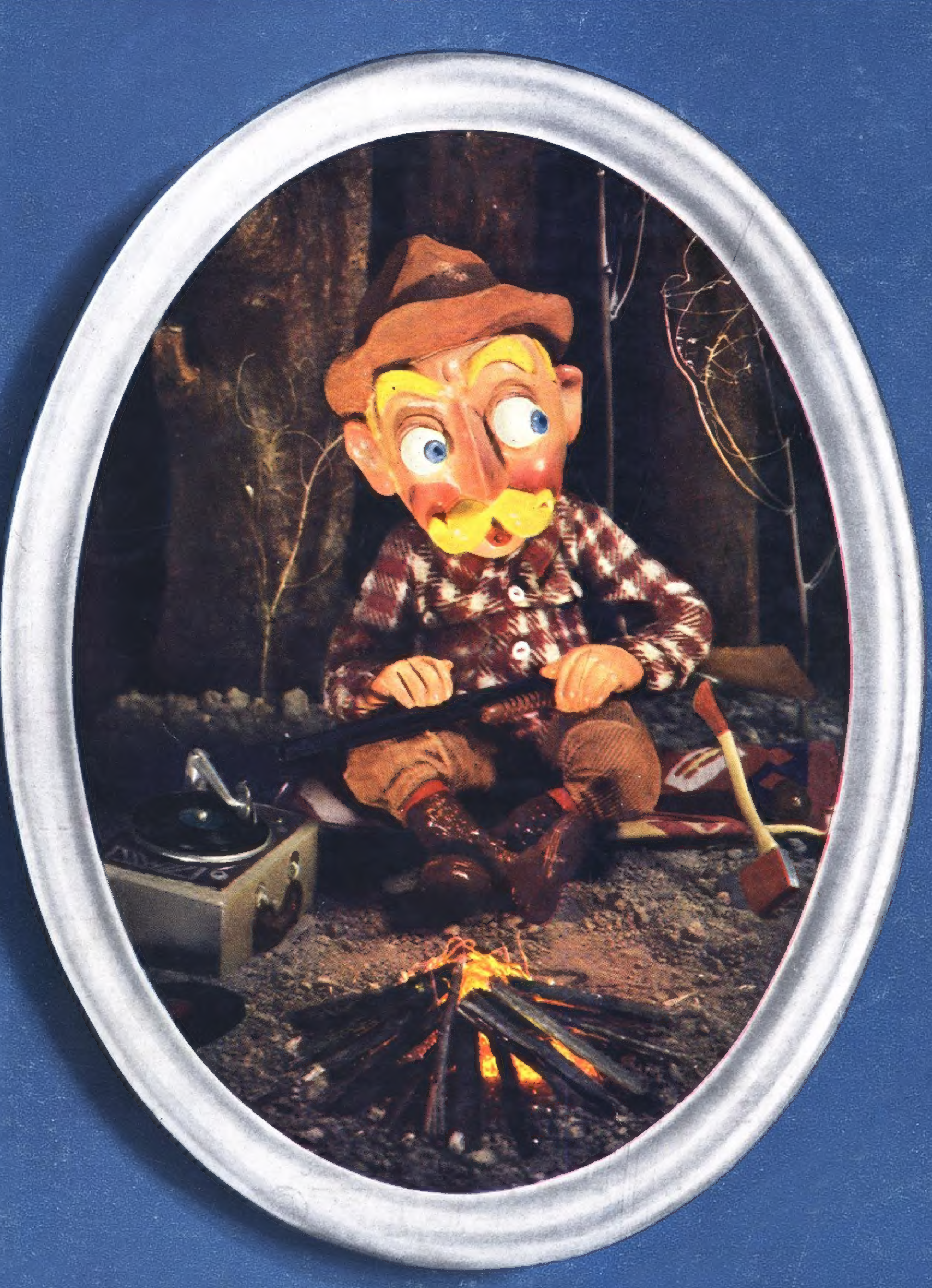
Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER

A. N. C.



ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
EZRA POUND
VINCENT SHEEAN
JOHANNES STEEL
FRED C. KELLY
EUGENE LYONS
JOHN WILSTACH
PAUL HYDE BONNER
WM. MOULTON MARSTON
AMRAM SCHEINFELD
LAWTON MACKALL

FICTION

ALDOUS HUXLEY
WILLIAM SEABROOK
GÖSTA LARSSON
RAFAEL F. MUÑOZ
GEORGES SIMENON
D. C. MULHOLLAND
ROBERT McLAUGHLIN
FRANCIS FUHR
CHAS. W. LAWRENCE

POETRY

WALKER WINSLOW

SATIRE

WALTER BROOKS
WOLFE KAUFMAN
HOWARD COLLINS
TOM JONES PARRY

SPORTS

CLARK SHAUGHNESSY
ROBERT BUCKNER
TRAVIS HOKE
JOHN K. HUTCHENS

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
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MEYER LEVIN

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
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RODNEY de SARRO
PAUL WEBB
GEORGE PETTY
ROLAND COE
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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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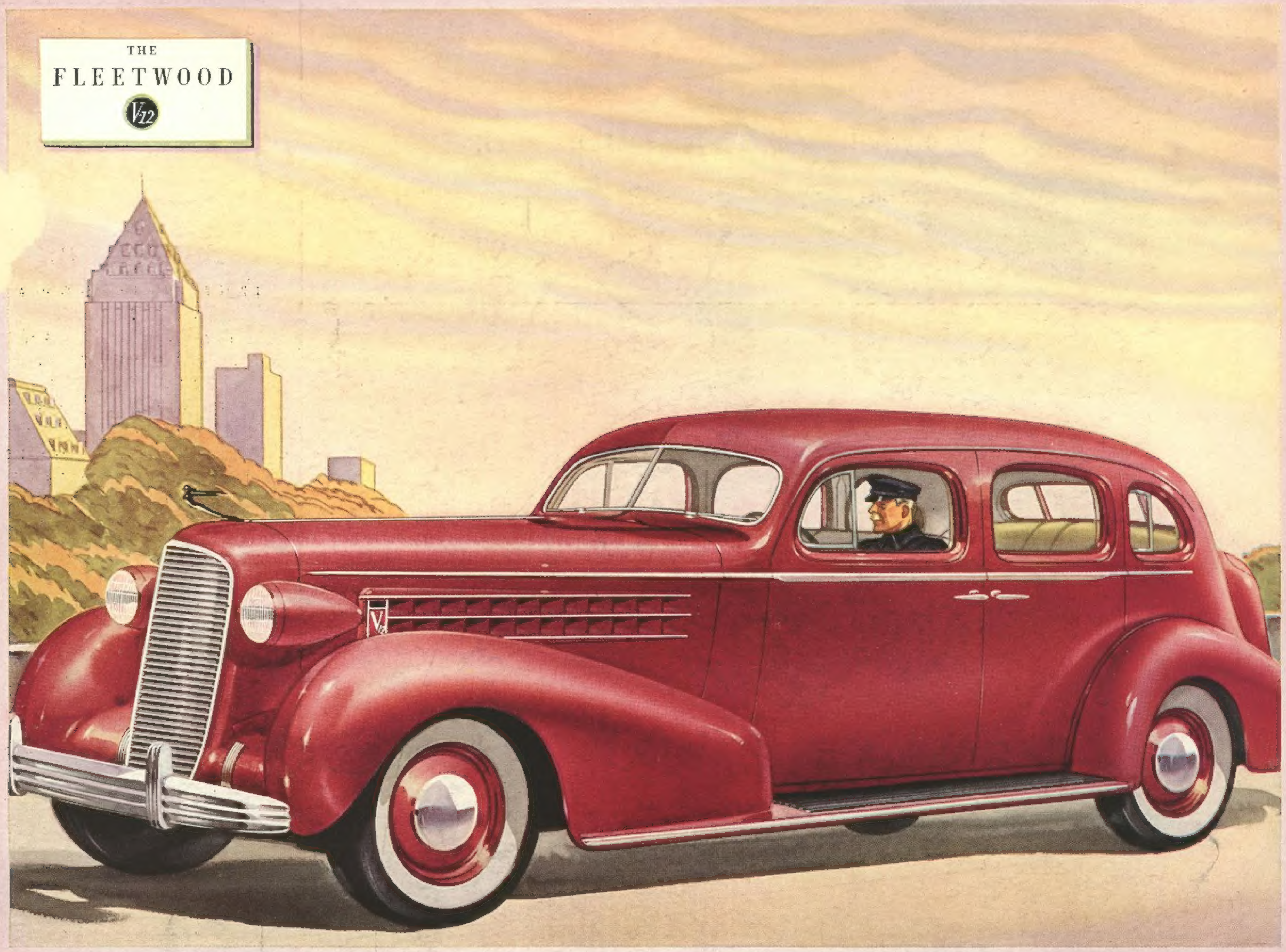

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the Royal Family of Motordom

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF MOTORDOM

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A NEW **LA SALLE**

A NEW CADILLAC **FLEETWOOD**

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED to inspect the Royal Family of Motordom—a new Cadillac, a new Cadillac-built La Salle, and a new Cadillac-Fleetwood—now on exhibition at Cadillac-La Salle showrooms throughout America. Revealing greatest forward strides ever made by Cadillac in performance, comfort, safety, beauty and roadability—they also offer the pleasant surprise of startlingly lower price. In fact, prices are the lowest since the days of the one-cylinder Cadillac. Here, unquestionably, is not only the world's first *motoring* value—but the world's first *monetary* value as well. See and drive these new creations and you will agree that there is only one source from which to choose a fine motor car—the Royal Family of Motordom!

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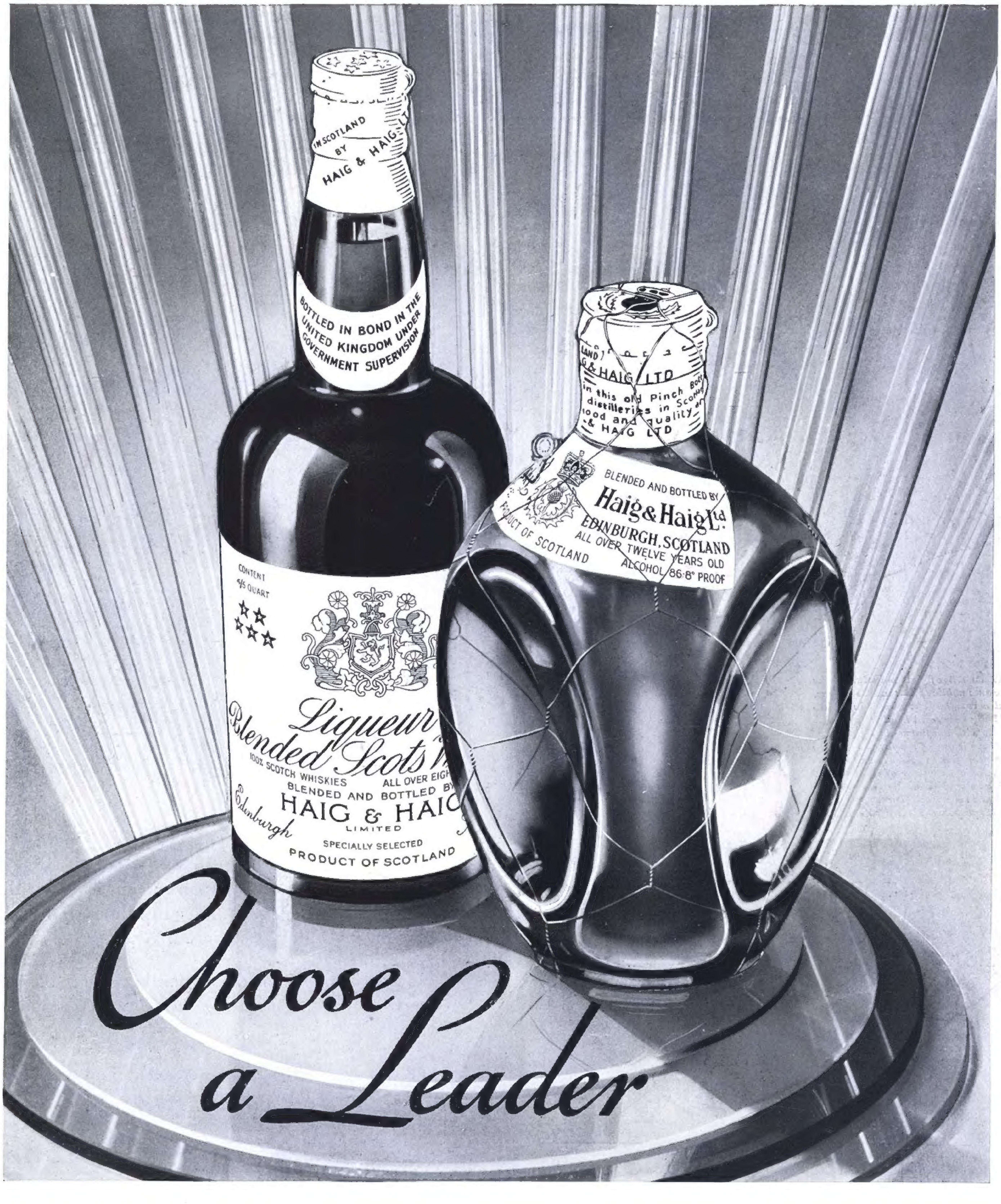
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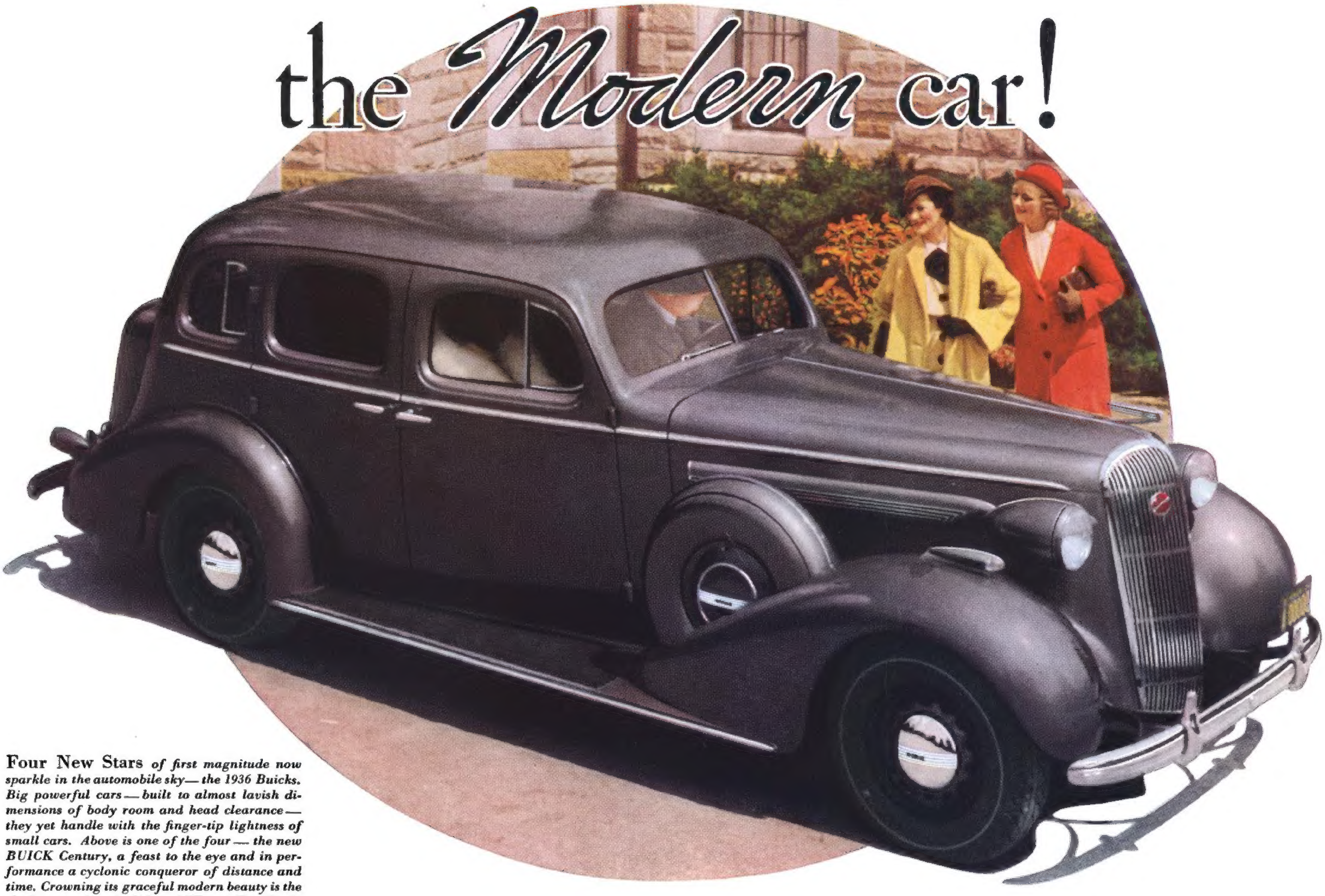
SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Here's the one way you can tell the *Modern* car!



Four New Stars *of first magnitude now sparkle in the automobile sky—the 1936 Buicks. Big powerful cars—built to almost lavish dimensions of body room and head clearance—they yet handle with the finger-tip lightness of small cars. Above is one of the four—the new BUICK Century, a feast to the eye and in performance a cyclonic conqueror of distance and time. Crowning its graceful modern beauty is the sleek, streamlined solid steel "Turret Top" Body by Fisher—with perfected No Draft Ventilation*

THE public and the trade agree that the outstanding motor car feature of today is the solid steel "Turret Top" body.

Clearly as a date line, this single feature unmistakably marks the modern automobile from the cars of even the recent past.

By the protective crown of seamless steel it arches over the heads of passengers, it makes a major contribution to *safety*.

In its clean lines and flowing contours it enables new harmonies of *beauty* and subtleties of style, expressed in the loveliest cars the world has so far seen.

It is a buttress to *strengthen* the whole car structure, its ruggedness stiffening and reinforcing the entire assembly.

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It is *economical* for the owner, because it obviates any chance of leakage, any need for top repairs or re-dressing.

Its many advantages are so clear and so *obvious* that today it "dates" a car almost as definitely as a serial number.

No thoughtful purchaser of a motor car in the months to come will overlook the big dollar-and-cents importance to him of the solid steel "Turret Top" Body by Fisher.

It contributes directly to the enjoyment-value as well as to the *re-sale value* of the modern automobile, and is found *only* on General Motors cars.

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GM GENERAL MOTORS

The Solid Steel "TURRET TOP"* *Body by Fisher*

*Registered

BODY BY FISHER on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches . . . .
by Fellows, Goodman and Sharp beginning on page 101

Art Directors: John Groth, Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

A thought on propaganda

One of the Furymen takes us to task for pacifistic tendencies. We dislike "istic" badges of all sorts, and would have vowed, a year or so ago, that the magazine would never wear one. But of late, we will admit, we have been guilty of a consistent and persistent iteration on one subject, the threat of war. It's the one conscious cacophony in the magazine's orchestration, the one intentionally sour note. But the threat of war is the one sour note in the whole world symphony right now. All other troubles are mere minor strains, that may be expected to progress, as the tune goes on, into a happier key. But war means that for all of us, this time, the melody will be ended. And the world-citizen who consoles himself with the thought that the war may be a little war is as bright as the kitchenmaid who puts off worry with the thought that she is "just a little bit" pregnant. So the magazine will go on dedicating itself to amusement and entertainment, begging exemption from its policy only on this one subject. There's nothing else, including itself, that the magazine takes very seriously. But it's hard to find amusement or entertainment in the thought of war. We'll have to do it somehow, if and when war comes to this country. We'll be full of propaganda, then, from cover to cover. All the stories will have military backgrounds of the most glamorous sort. All the cartoons will be devoted to that hollow hypocrisy, the attempt to depict "the humor of the trenches." And little Esq on the cover will have to try to make you think that there's something cute about a gas mask. So if you resent the intrusion of propaganda into such pages as Mr. Hemingway's *The Malady of Power* or Dr. Maltz's *Men, Bullets and Scalpels*, remember that it's a very slight change in the magazine compared to the change that will come over it, and all magazines, the day we mobilize. Meanwhile, if you can enjoy your breakfast without thinking of the fact that your very existence, and that of the kids at your table, may depend on how one man's breakfast sits on his stomach today or tomorrow, all right, have another helping, as you answer the proverbial question about what you did in the last war. We'd rather be preparing an answer for the question kids never ask, Papa what are you doing about the next war?

A thought on women's ads

We're sorry if the foregoing sounds like an amateur sermon. We only set out to apologize for a certain monotony of subject matter. This space never seems normal when it isn't devoted to apology, so now we'll get back onto our true and plaintive pitch, and go on apologizing where we left off last month, about the women's ads in the magazine for men. If this were a man's magazine in the narrowest sense, we couldn't consistently permit any references to women, either textual or pictorial, anywhere in its pages. Then we'd have a man's magazine, and we wonder who'd read it. As it is, it's a magazine for men and, logically enough, it's largely about women. So you can't reasonably object to pictures of, and words about, women in the advertising section if you don't object to them in the editorial portion. Then, too, if you know anything about magazines at all, you know that there are two ways you pay to read a magazine. First you pay by buying the magazine, but foremost you pay by exposing yourself, not to say responding, to its advertisements. Well, the unfair part about the magazine for men in the past was that the women were the half-paying readers. Women do read the magazine. You can't stop them and neither can we. Saying it is "for men only" merely heightens their interest. So if they're going to read it anyway, why not make them pay for the privilege, just like the rest of you? It's been ladies' day around this club for two years and we couldn't see why the men should go on paying full tariff while the women were getting by on a half-fare basis. The magazine isn't edited for women and won't be. Maybe after a while they'll get tired of it. And maybe they'll get tired of it sooner if the advertising pages begin catering to them, thus making the magazine seem less like forbidden fruit. There's a happy thought for the die-hard contingent who feel that a magazine for men ought to be a magazine for misogynists. Do the Gentlemen of the Fury still object?

ESQUIRE
Nov., 1935

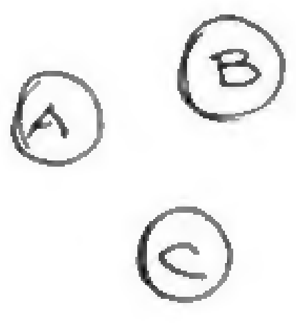
Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for one year, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Canada, Central America and South America, $5.00 in advance; elsewhere, $7.00. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. IV, No. 5
Whole No. 24

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ANS.: THREE RED HATS

Avast there! For the Lord's sake (and mine) please print this and call off your blooming bloodhounds. It's the answer to that damned Red Hat Problem which I, in a moment of weakness, sent in, and which you kindly (?) put in the October *Sound & Fury*. If I ever write in again I shall use an assumed name and address, that of one of my worst enemies, in fact. Will the deluge of correspondence never cease? I'm contacting a local printer but he wants too much to print a form letter answer. Maybe it'll be cheaper than hiring a secretary or two at that. But it's the postage that hurts—almost the price of a year's subscription to your most popular journal of smut and sound sense. Several argumentative blokes want to pick a fight because they say there is no solution, but what they really mean is that as far as they can see there is no solution. However, there is one, and here it is as best I can put it down on paper. It would help, Noble Sir, if you would draw three circles and label them A, B, and C.



Now, then, if there had been 3 blue hats, no hands would have been raised.

If there had been 2 blue hats and 1 red, only two hands would have been raised.

If there had been 2 reds and 1 blue, three hands would have been raised.

And if there had been 3 reds, three hands would have been raised.

Since all three hands were raised it must have been one of the last two combinations. So much is obvious, now comes the hard part. Assuming that you have drawn and labelled the circles representing hats:

If A's hat were blue, B, seeing a blue hat on A and seeing C's hand up, would know immediately that his own hat was red, because C's hand being up indicates that C is seeing a red hat and the only place he could see it would be on B. Likewise, C, seeing a blue hat on A, and seeing B's hand raised, would know that *his* own hat was red, and both B and C would immediately put their hands down. If you can see that much, the rest is easy. The Prime Minister, thinking along these lines, said to himself, "If my hat were blue, both of those men would know that their hats were red and would lower their hands immediately. However, they do not lower their hands, therefore, my hat can only be red."

I hope that this makes it clear, for it's very hard to explain on paper. I, personally, have a very profound respect for the mentality of the unknown genius who concocted that one. Here's another, easy, but tricky:

Three volumes of Detective stories are standing in proper order on a shelf. Each volume contains 100 pages. A bookworm (insect, not man) starts at page 1 of volume one and eats his way through to page 100 of volume three. Disregarding the covers, how many pages does he eat through?

And please, dear Mister Editor, print your own solution of that one under my letter and stop my never ending flow of "fanny" mail.

Excuse, please, mail truck here again,

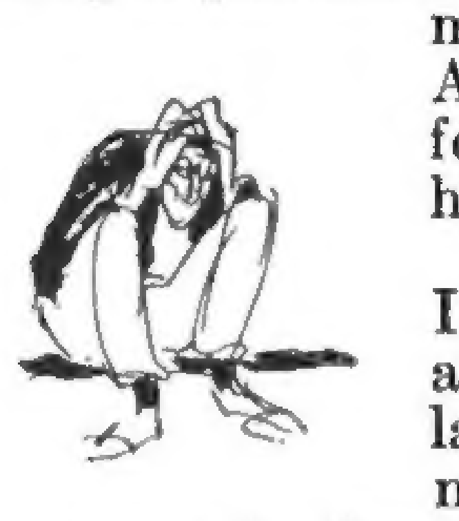
Danvers, Mass. Erlon W. Towne

Editor's Note: *We'd say 100 pages but we wouldn't say it was very tricky so maybe we're wrong.*

NO. YOU?

You a gentleman? Hah! No. Rather a lousy little misconceived double-crossing bastard who has kept up the pretense of so being for some time but when the test finally came found woefully lacking.

The October issue is the cause of it all—your failing to publish my previous letter as you advised me you would in your letter of August 27th AND the advent of feminine advertising into your hitherto honored pages.



First about that damn letter. I sent it in with both trepidation and hope which turned to jubilation upon receipt of your communication. Hot damn! to see my name in the best feature of your magazine. Pridefully and I must confess a bit boastingly I spread the glad news amongst my intimates. Then—then came the black day which brought the October issue, shattered my self-esteem and plunged me into abysmal depths of despondency. For no matter where I looked no trace of my letter could be found! Woe was me! To think that this world could shelter so infamous a blackguard as could break faith with a trusting supporter. The respect and admiration of my friends turned to sneers and gibes—nay, enough, enough. I can't dwell upon my ignominious downfall any further.

Thank God that that drivel is now out of my mind, but it *does* serve to assuage my feelings a bit. Seriously speaking though, don't you think it was rather a filthy trick to pull on one?

Now to my other plaint anent feminine ads and your apology and "irrefutable" logic in defense of same. Surely in view of your often reiterated taboo on such it was in the first place hardly logical to accept it for publication irrespective of to whom it was addressed. And to whom pray, did you lose out? Surely it couldn't be that the management succumbed to a greedy desire for more coin of the realm? There isn't even the pressure of necessity to condone it as you got along without the additional revenue when you only had a circulation of 100,000 whereas you now have 250,000. Your very untenable position is another example of past statements returning to plague and very effectively annihilate one's new position. You also very graciously state that your readers come first so why don't you see what their sentiments are?

No, let "the magazine for men" remain so. The women (bless them and curse them) have taken over so many of our institutions that it was time a halt was called.

Not so cordially yours,

Tunbridge, Vt. Theodore Paulsen

SHAKESPEARE ON ESQUIRE

Now more than ever must one be convinced that your masthead on page 6 is apt—all too apt. Why not, therefore give the full quotation from Macbeth, Act V, Scene V—the most quotable ten lines in the language and, moreover, ten lines that have furnished more book and play titles, I believe, than any other quotation:

"*Tomorrow and tomorrow,* and tomorrow, creeps in *this petty pace* from day to day, to the *last syllable of recorded time;* and *all our yesterdays* have lighted fools *the way to dusty death.* Out, out, brief candle! Life's but *a walking shadow;* a poor player, that *struts and frets his hour* upon the stage, and then is heard no more; it is *a tale told by an idiot,* full of *SOUND AND FURY,* signifying nothing."

The contents of your attempted "masculine" organ (much appreciated by the feminine side) records the "petty pace," in futile "syllables," enlightens the "fool's" dust, lengthens the "shadows," applauds the "struts," listens to the "idiot's" tales, and is "significant of nothing" even in "The Sound and The Fury."

New York, N. Y. J. C. Menkin

NOW IN NOVEMBER—ECHO OF OCTOBER

Congratulations, Eskie! It's about time you began catering to the female sex. The full-page perfume ad was a noble beginning, and thanx, Mr. Editor, for the hint you dropped to the gents about *What to Give Her.* Now let's have a few pages of the latest Parisian styles for the lounge lizard (and don't forget to devote at least one page to the traveling salesman's wardrobe just for the sake of the forgotten man—poor Mr. G. B.).

And to Henry Shoenfeld let me say this: We Sound and Furiators like to hash things over, tell the authors and artists where to get off, and throw a few compliments to Petty. If you don't like it, why don't you skip this section and turn to Hemingway?

Toodle-oo!

Englewood, N. J. Dorothy Amend

Editor's Note: *Or, by and large and as a general rule, vice-versa.*

PRINTERS PREFER COLOR

I have and am a very true follower of your magazine. I have been, since its first issue. And I have very little to criticize you on. Oh, I have read some stories at times in its pages, that made me wonder how in the devil you could have slipped. But, on the whole, your magazine is one of very swell distinction.

However, the big kick I get from Esquire is its pageant of color. You see, I am a printer, and I am very much interested in color. And don't ever fool yourself that you are wasting money on color. It sells, Lads, where black and white would fear to tread. So keep it up and I'm sure that the public will keep you up.

Hoping for your continued success, I remain,

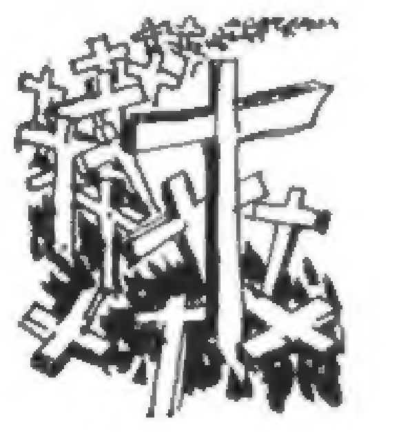
Sincerely,

Carthage, Mo. George Stump

MAYBE SOMEBODY WILL

Broadmindedness and common sense are necessary adjuncts, not only to everyone generally, but specifically to magazine editors.

You say, "we will keep our columns open to all kinds of suggestion." Now, that's a broadminded attitude. In the next sentence you go on to say, paradoxically, "Maybe somebody will suggest what does justify war." This implies a pacifistic attitude, and not very broadminded.



You're not as smart as I thought you were. If you hold fast to your stand, you'll go the way of John Kovac, in "But for this . . ."

There IS justification for war in these days. The main justification is the preservation of the nation's character. If it is not preserved, dissolution and national suicide are the offspring of such a course. However, I do believe there will be a pacifistic world some day through international rational action education.

In your way you are helping to educate this nation pacifistically, idealistically. Your course is not justifiable unless pacifism is internationally embraced. It makes for weakness in our country.

As long as war is provocable by one nation, retaliation is justifiable by another. That is another way of saying; as long as one nation is inculcated with the war bug, other nations are justified in resistence and retaliation.

Education alone can cure the war evil. But it must be international education. And war is an evil, but in these times, a necessary one. Witness the American Revolution, a mere 160 years ago. If that war was not justifiable, and fought, the Esquire Magazine wouldn't be in existence today.

Chicago, Ill. William Gundersen

Editor's Note: *A mere 160 years back to find a justifiable war in these times. And that one a revolution. The columns are still open.*

ASSIGNMENT FOR HEM

I have just finished reading Ernest Hemingway's article on *Topics of War.*

For sheer punch and plain talk it is the greatest piece of literature ever written since the Bible, and I've never read the Bible, I'm only taking the words of those who have and liked it.

Through an arrangement by which I give a fellow who runs a magazine shop, here, a dollar a month for the privilege, I read everything from Hooey to the Atlantic Monthly.

But none of them have contributors who can handle the king's English like Comrade Hemingway.

I'm not so interested in congratulating you or him on this item as I am in seeing him do several others.

For example I heard the other day from a fellow who's been to the city, that the head men of this country who give away millions now and then aren't as philanthropic as the daily prints would have you believe.

In my own naive way, I always figured that when John D. gave 50 millions to some fund, he gave it in cash with no strings, like I give the girl in Woolworth's a nickel for a handkerchief.

Now, I'm told that instead of that, the big fellows' charitable desires are more to duck income taxes than they are to see that progress is made in the discovery of a cure for dreadful diseases that keep patients laid up, thus preventing them from buying gas for their cars.

Also that instead of money the big boys give away blocks of stocks in their own corporations.

Moreover, that with the stock, goes a Board of Investment, whose main job it is to see that the aforementioned securities are not sold and whose voting power is dictated by the donor. In this way they are tax free because they are officially owned by charitable organizations.

Now, if this is true, I for one think that it's just too ducky for words—if it isn't just another thought for a story gone wrong.

If Mr. Hemingway likes this assignment and will do anything with it, I'll have another one for him next month.

So much for that.

As a parting shot, if it makes you feel any better and as though you don't know it already, your pamphlet and the Readers' Digest, have bounded ahead so fast in the past year, that the other monthlies are merely fighting for second place.

Respectfully yours,

Arthur Zuro

Continued on page 8

What Is Good Taste?

Good rye whiskey
Should taste of good rye

Should remind you
When you sip it
Of tall stalks
Heavy with sun-plump kernels
Nodding in the breeze

Should be extra rich
In body too
Robust in flavor
Deep in color
Grainy in bouquet

And mellow as a lute note

That's the kind
Old Overholt
Straight rye whiskey is...
Has been for 125 years

And it's back again now
Bottled in bond
4½ years old

And as gracious to the palate
As barreled Nature

A corking drink to uncork!

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.

OLD OVERHOLT

BOTTLED IN BOND

UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

A GOOD GUIDE TO GOOD WHISKEY

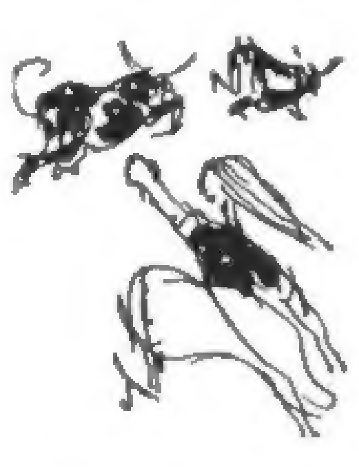
© 1935, A. Overholt & Co., Inc., Broad Ford, Pa.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

A DOLL'S LIFE

You men haven't been able to keep your barber shops and bars away from us, so why expect to keep anything as good as Esquire all to yourselves.

Maybe it is because I have worn riding breeches so many years, though I am a grandmother, even so, anyway I get more real pleasure out of your publication than any so far discovered. Your sports articles, the kind I can understand, horse, dog and hunting, are the real thing in their line.



Live way out in the woods where I hobnob with cow persons and chase cows and their relatives as recreation now and then. Don't like the talkies but how I adore your reviews. No theatre down here but lived up north all but six of my 50 years and those clever things by John Weaver just fill the void.

Never too much Hoff. And that Howard Baer's Dumb Blond. But what's the use. Would wear the magazines out if they were not so well done.

Do give us some of the life story of little Esky. Is he a little mannikin, dressed and photographed? And he is a marvelous relief from those neck stretching females that goggle from the clothes lines outside the newsstands. Long life and more adventures to the little man.

Thanking you for plenty of good laughs and fine stories.

Orlando, Fla. Mrs. Leon Curwood Eden

Editor's Note: *The cover figure is first modeled in clay by Sam Berman in New York, then fired to porcelain (we forget where Berman has this done), then shipped to Chicago, where it usually arrives with one hand or foot broken, then photographed in direct color in* Esquire's *daylight gallery at the printing plant, then sent to the engravers, who use it as a guide for their etchers in touching up, by hand, whatever color values the camera has missed in making the color separation negatives from which the four-color plates are made.*

HANG ON, HANIGHEN

What is this strange trick of memory that makes me think that the army tank was being used on the Western Front at a time when we were still "too proud to fight"?

Frank C. Hanighen's *Caterpillar Cavalry*, in the September issue of Esquire, was right interesting, but if the army tank received its baptism of fire in the Battle of Cambrai in 1917, then it must have been mice that made the hole in the wall of a sugar factory in Flers Village in September of 1916.

I could have sworn that the army tank was used in the Somme offensive and especially with the Anzac divisions in September of 1916. If not, then a lot of headaches attributed to the army tank must now be blamed on biliousness or some other functional disorder.

Yours very truly,

Shreveport, La. J. G. O'Brien

MAYBE YOU ONLY UNDERSTAND US

One day last year Mother told me that if I wanted to understand men I should read Esquire. It was swell advice. After a course of fourteen Esquires, I understand men. My latest Esquire will be the finishing touch, the last semester.

But, as I have only glanced through it, I am going to make a few belated comments about the August issue, if you can stand sophomoric chatter.

First and foremost, I am not a Slap Happy. I love Hemingway. He has beautiful legs. Besides, he's like a good comedian: he needs only to walk across the stage to make me happy.

It was a shock to see Walter Duranty come through with such a cheese-under-the-nose story. But, I suppose the pendulum must swing. After Russia, one can't blame him. Do tell him, though, that Mother says the next time she sees him skipping through the Metropole, she'll dash a daisy at him.

Walter Brooks is grand, and Bernard Sobel's article on Ziegfeld was all right; I guess the old folks enjoyed it. But the title cheapened it. Mother said: "I'll bet he carries a Mirror around in his pocket." (Double meaning, tee hee!)

Your articles and satires are much better than your stories. Why don't you do something about them, like taking a course? And you've fallen down on your illustrations, which are as sad as the tales they adorn (?). What happened to the fellow who illustrated that Escape from the Foreign Legion? But your cartoons are most of them lovely. I adore Campbell, also McKay and Hoff and Bundy. But Mahon and Petty—well, really! Mother says I'll appreciate them when I grow up. I hope not.

What do I think of Eskie? Well, me thinks he's a little bit of all right, but something like the Shakespearean lady protesting her virtue. He harps too much on his masculinity, his picture on the cover to the contrary notwithstanding. There!

Cordially yours,

Lake Placid, N. Y. Fay Guggenheim

THE SIDESHOWS HAVE TRICKY MIRRORS TOO

I am another reader of Esquire who turns to *S. & F.* first. Not that I like amateurs better than professionals when it comes to writers—but when I go to a circus I always see the freaks in the sideshow before I go into the big tent. Just my way.

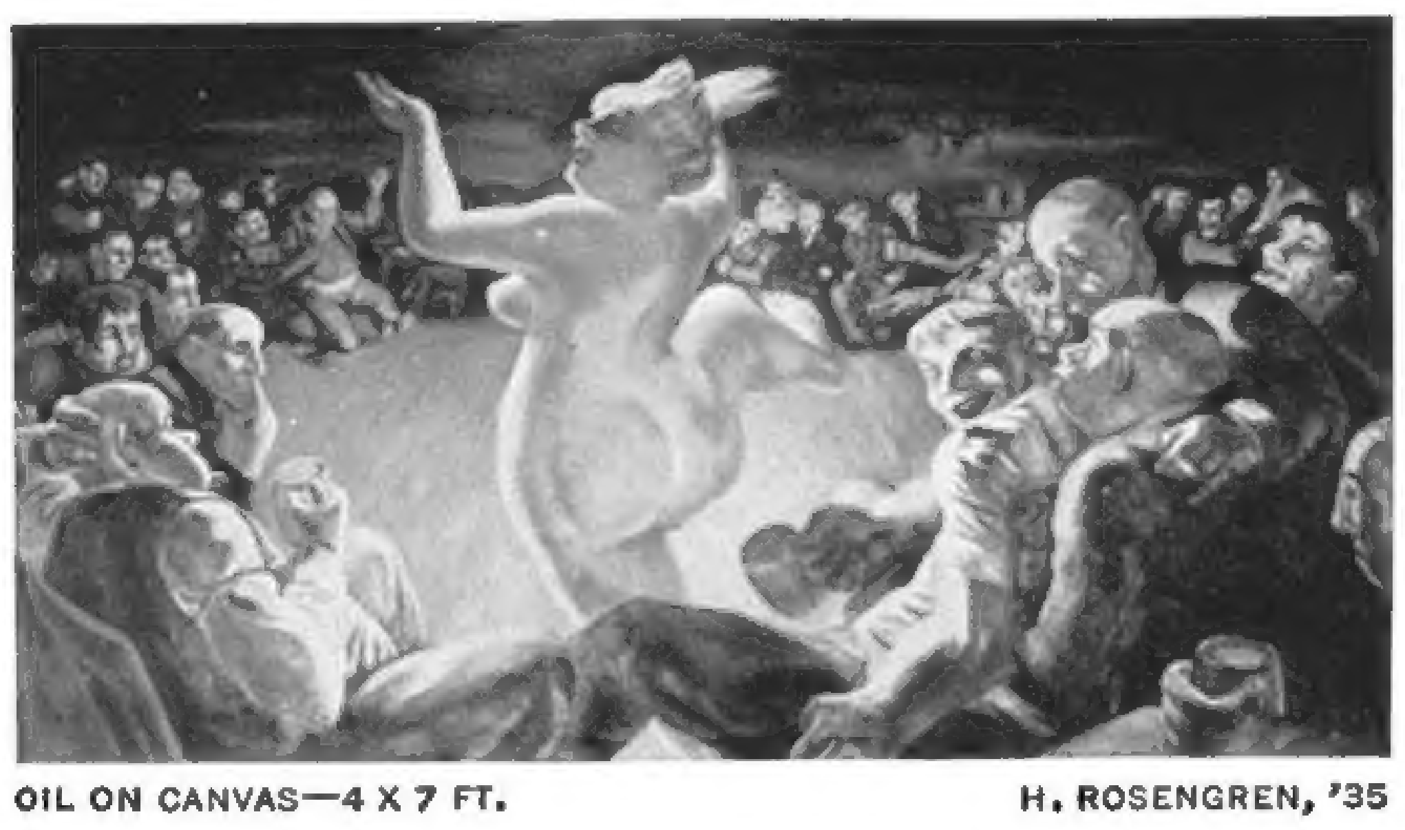
Now, I'm not going to tell you how I'd run Esquire. But as a jester to his king, may I suggest that I'd never give any moaner more than half a column in *S. & F.* And I'd not print bellyachin about Hemingway or any other writer or artist. Just tell 'em to skip it if they don't like it. You give us enough so no one has to read from cover to cover to get his four bits worth.

One more thing. Don't let anything the brainocrats say influence you to do away with Eskie. Just ask 'em to search all the news stands for a cover that comes up to the one on your October issue. Tops I call it.

Washington, D. C. C. L. Chapin

PRINTED WITHOUT CRACKS

Since no one seems to have the courage or gentility, to tell you that your sheet should bear the title . . . "Esquire" the mag. for lechers, I am taking the liberty of now doing so. Of all the tripe ever culled from sexually dissatisfied middle-aged males, of all the adultery committed in the name of sophistication, of all the drool ever preserved from the fat jowl of a north shore fish-catching loafer, armed as all of his sporting kind, with machine guns, tear gas, and that inexcusable fluid "art," every fish a bastard, every fat compatriot a son of a bitch; goes to Africa and writes home cunningly about his being flattered all to pieces in meeting a male who reads his verse; of all the wit and humor in a nude knocking down the hands of a slavering moron . . . a magazine for males who can't get a normal reaction without looking at lascivious pictures, and who after said feat is accomplished can't forget it, and are just thrilled all the time about it and can't resist the urge to draw pictures about it and write stories about it, and then try desperately to wear the right knitted things that will give them chic, as males, even down to silk panties with monograms on them and the cutest embroidered tobacco bags, and male knitted scarves and stuff . . . My, my, what a struggle it is . . .



OIL ON CANVAS—4 X 7 FT. H. ROSENGREN, '35

COMPANY SMOKER

This is just a mild reminder that a few of your readers do not lap up the peeping tom stuff nearly all of your cartoons contain . . . I am sending you again, a picture which should satisfy the most lascivious of your readers, and by God, it's a work of art . . .

This painting is in full color, and could be reproduced as such. Please take into account the fact that this photograph was not made with proper color filters, plus the fact that ham photographer got a shine on the surface.

I was burned up the first time by having office boy pass summary judgment on it, in the absence of people in authority . . .

And I can take any crack you might choose to let fly in my direction for the indiscretions of the obverse of this letter . . .

Ding Dong . . .

Pearl River, N. Y. H. Rosengren

THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Congratulations on the job of scrubbing up Esquire . . . for a fact three months ago it was so damn dirty it stunk up the house, and the only place I could read it was in the wood shed . . . this month it is fine . . . now don't get it too clean . . . just dust it up a bit . . . because I'll be damned if I'll pay you five bucks for the stinking crap that you have been putting out up until two months ago.

Yours,

Cloquet, Minn. P. D. Childs

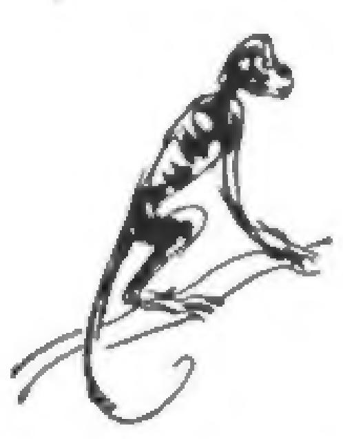
Editor's Note: *Just as we get it cleaned up you boys muddy it up with such language!*

MONKEY PRATTLE

I have been reading Mr. Marston's article on Monkey Thinking, and it has given me a pain in the region known as the pratt.

Mr. Marston says: "Why do monkeys and the great mass of humanity prefer used ideas to new ones?"

He knows as well as all of us do, that most ideas are used ideas and he uses these used ideas to the same extent that we all use them. If he has a flock of better ideas why in hell doesn't he trot them out instead of taking up time and space complaining about used ideas?



For instance he found out that by writing an article and mailing it to Esquire, he would, if the editor liked it, have a check mailed to him. That was a used idea but Mr. Marston found it a damned useful idea. It was plain and simple Monkey Thinking but it worked didn't it? And Mr. Marston will do it again, won't he? And I repeat that when Mr. Marston complains about the "great mass of humanity preferring used ideas" he gives me a pain in the pratt.

He says "Here's a test for you—why shouldn't a woman if the weather be suitable ride naked through the streets of New York."

Well Mr. Marston you wouldn't do it, I wouldn't do it and the lady wouldn't do it for very simple reasons. In the first place, if the lady used a Texas saddle she would be likely to scrape some of the skin off her pratt, and so would you, and so would I, and we would all be going around with the skin off our pratts and nobody can be comfortable with a skinned pratt.

And in the second place Mr. Marston clothing is worn because the old idea of going around naked is a very old idea indeed. It was one of the "used ideas" that you complain about. You and I are far more comfortable physically in a suit of clothes than we would be without them.

Finally Mr. Marston, no sensible person has any objection to using new ideas if they are better than the old ones. For you to tell us that "the great mass of humanity prefers used ideas" is no information at all. You talk as if you suddenly discovered something. We have known this for a long time.

If you have any really new ideas write an article about them and send it to Esquire and we will read it gladly, all of us. And the editor following his usual routine of Monkey Thinking will send you a check—and the mailman following his system of Monkey Thinking will put it in your mail box, and you, along your own lines of procedure, will cash the check and spend the money any way you like. Which really makes monkeys out of all of us.

Texarkana, U. S. A. J. E. Molyneaux

LITTLE MISS STRUMPET OFFERS A TESTIMONIAL

The funniest damn thing I ever read in Esquire was Mr. Sivad of Beverly Hills in the September issue. Doesn't he know that you all, agreeing with H. L. Mencken that "women's real value is as comedians," publish a few letters from Obvious Strumpets to amuse your he-man readers? We strumpets are more tolerant—I wouldn't let Mr. Sivad's remarks hurt me, but am I leffing!

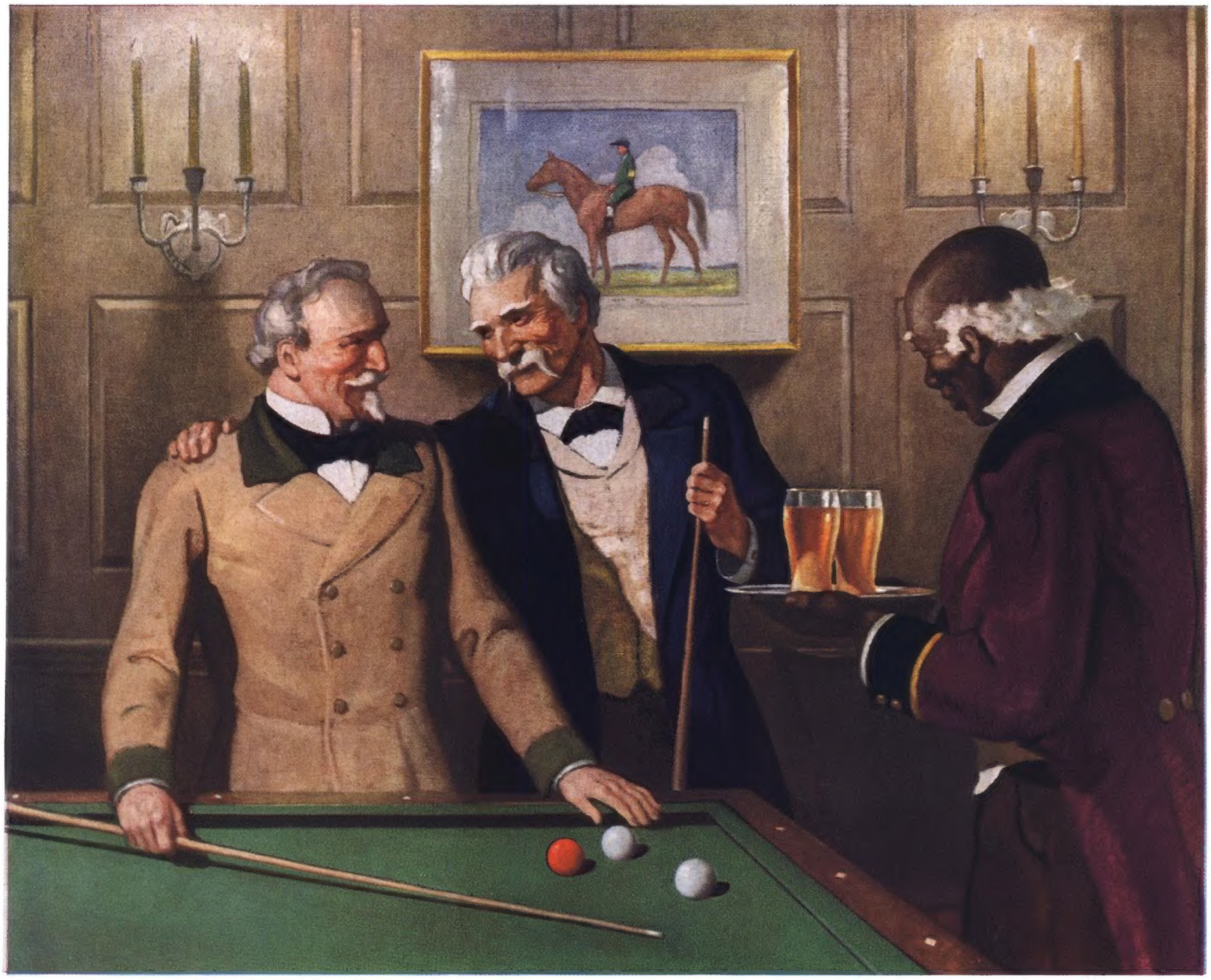
What to do with old Esquires is a worse problem than what to do with old razor blades. I can't part with Esquire—tho in another year or two—I will be forced to live outside the house, while Esquire occupies the interior. And every month, *S & F* letters cause me to look up something I have missed in previous letters. Reading Esquire from cover to cover is a career in itself.

I've had enough trouble—and met enough funny people—and been in more strange beds—because I did sign one *S & F* letter to Esquire.

Affectionately,

Tulsa, Okla. A More Obvious Strumpet

Continued on page 171



"Now, Major, for the best part of the game!"

It didn't make much difference who won when billiards were played at Colonel Paul Jones' house.

For the best part of the game came afterward, when Toby appeared with tall drinks made with the famous liquor that bore the Colonel's name . . . *Paul Jones Whiskey!*

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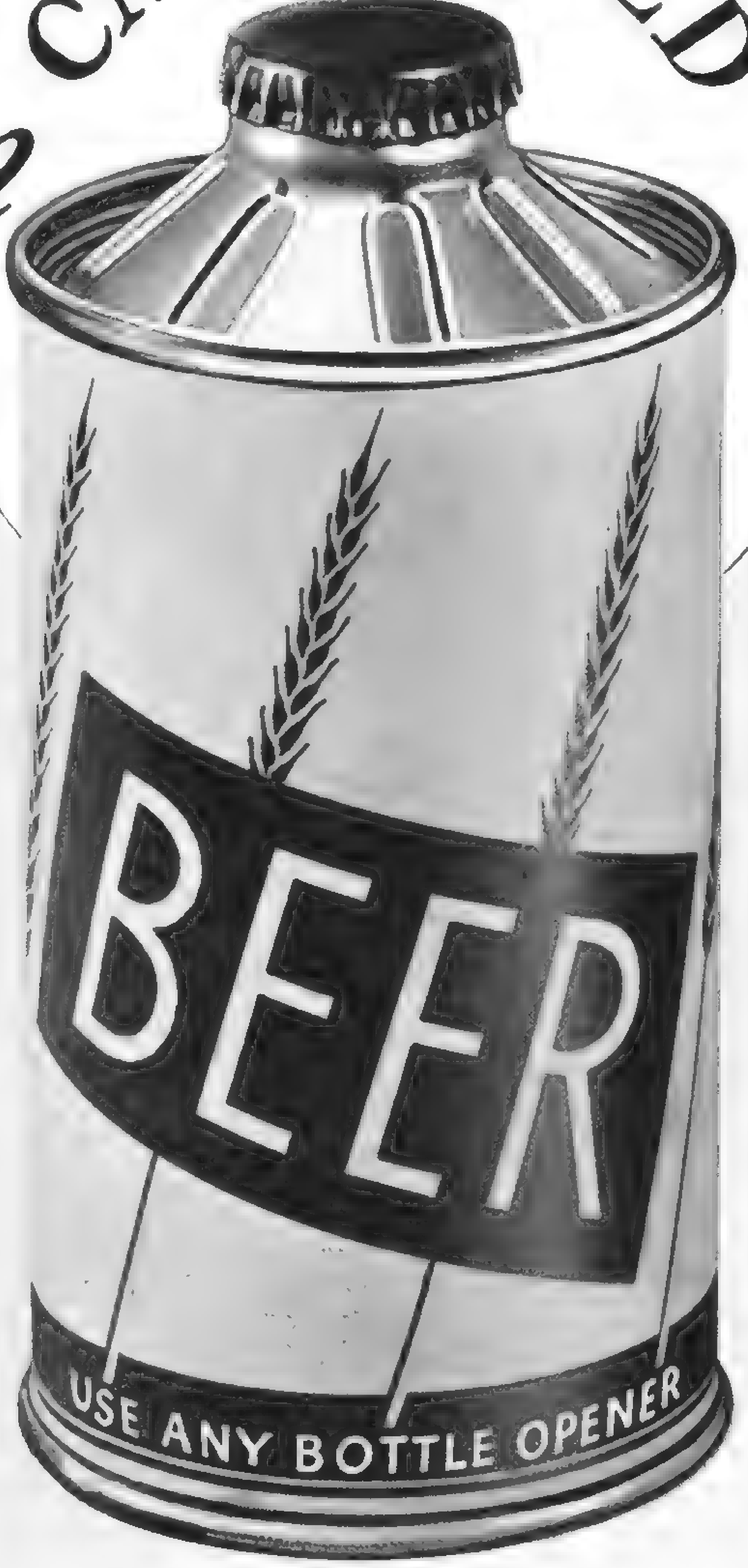

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Why is this?

Because the can permits faster pasteurization. Because it keeps out flavor-robbing light. And because Continental's special lining retains the brewery goodness unchanged.

At present we can't make these cans fast enough to keep up with demand. But before long you should be able to enjoy your favorite beer in this new and better container. Watch for it, ask for it—and you'll thank us.

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Brewers have been pleased to learn that Continental's Cap-Sealed Can may be run on present bottling lines with very little change in equipment. Full details on request.

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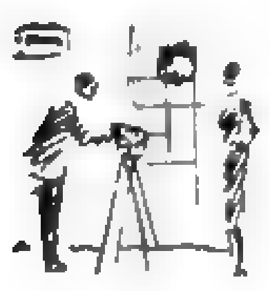

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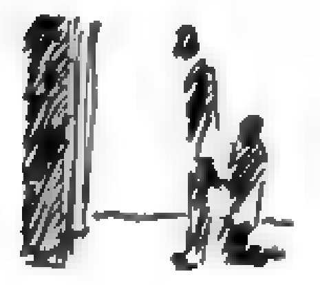

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IT'S USUALLY at this time of the year that the boys start figuring up how many days it is to Christmas. This Department is not going to go to all that trouble, so if you really want to know you'll have to count them up yourself. In any event, we want to call to mind the fact that there is nothing that makes a gift more acceptable than the addition of the recipient's own initials. Hand-embroidered initials or monograms applied to shirts, pajamas, robes, handkerchiefs and similar articles are the essence of smartness, and it is not too soon to order this sort of thing if you intend to do anything about it. Further on this subject, we have just seen a new cigarette lighter that in addition to the wind-proof feature, may be ordered with specific initials in color.

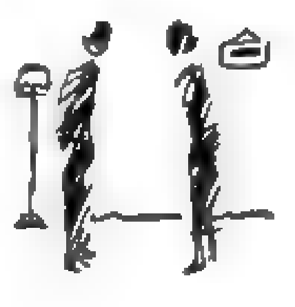
For those who like to read in bed and at the same time enjoy a cigarette without getting ashes all over the sheets and blankets or sending a hurry call for the Fire Department, there is a new combination ash tray, cigarette holder, and hubble-bubble tube that has been all worked out just for this purpose. The cigarette is held at an angle so that the ashes drop off onto a small tray, and the butt is easily ejected from the holder by a sleeve-like affair.

If you take your sporting activities purely from the spectator side, the new collapsible seat that you may carry about like a cane should be of more than usual interest. A sharp tap on the end of the stick opens the seat up and it is closed in a similar manner with no more effort. You sit on it like a witch on a broom, with the exception that you do need the ground underneath.

A very famous pipe and cigarette lighter outfit is about to present two new lighters, both of which eliminate the necessity of turning any wheels, gears or gadgets. One of these lighters is purely for table purposes and works merely by touching two of the elements together, while the other is a small pocket size lighter that lights automatically when it snaps open.

Our Fashion Department has been reporting that many smartly dressed men are wearing plain pearl stick-pins with their town clothes, and particularly with deep, plain-colored neckwear. This fashion is spreading and we now report that stick-pins made in small animal figures of plain gold are not only smart for wear in town, but with country clothes as well. They're to be had in horses, hounds, and fox masks.

There is nothing more disconcerting than a pair of cold "dogs" at a football game. Various methods of eliminating this condition are, at best, unsatisfactory. The blanket wrapping school finds itself with the difficulty of wrapping, unwrapping, and rewrapping every time the home team looks as if they're going to get away for a touchdown. The opposite school of thought, which advances the theory of getting the heat in liquid form, inwardly, does not find this always efficacious as far as the "dogs" are concerned. We report, therefore, on what seems to be the final solution of this perplexing problem for football fans, which is no more than a pair of overshoes made especially for this purpose. These overshoes are fully fleece lined, have a light weight gum rubber sole and come up high over the ankle, being made full enough so that the trouser bottoms may be tucked in. The shoes are very light in weight, close with a Talon fastener, and look perfectly able to stand being thrown in the corner of the car or in the rumble-seat, without any ill effects.



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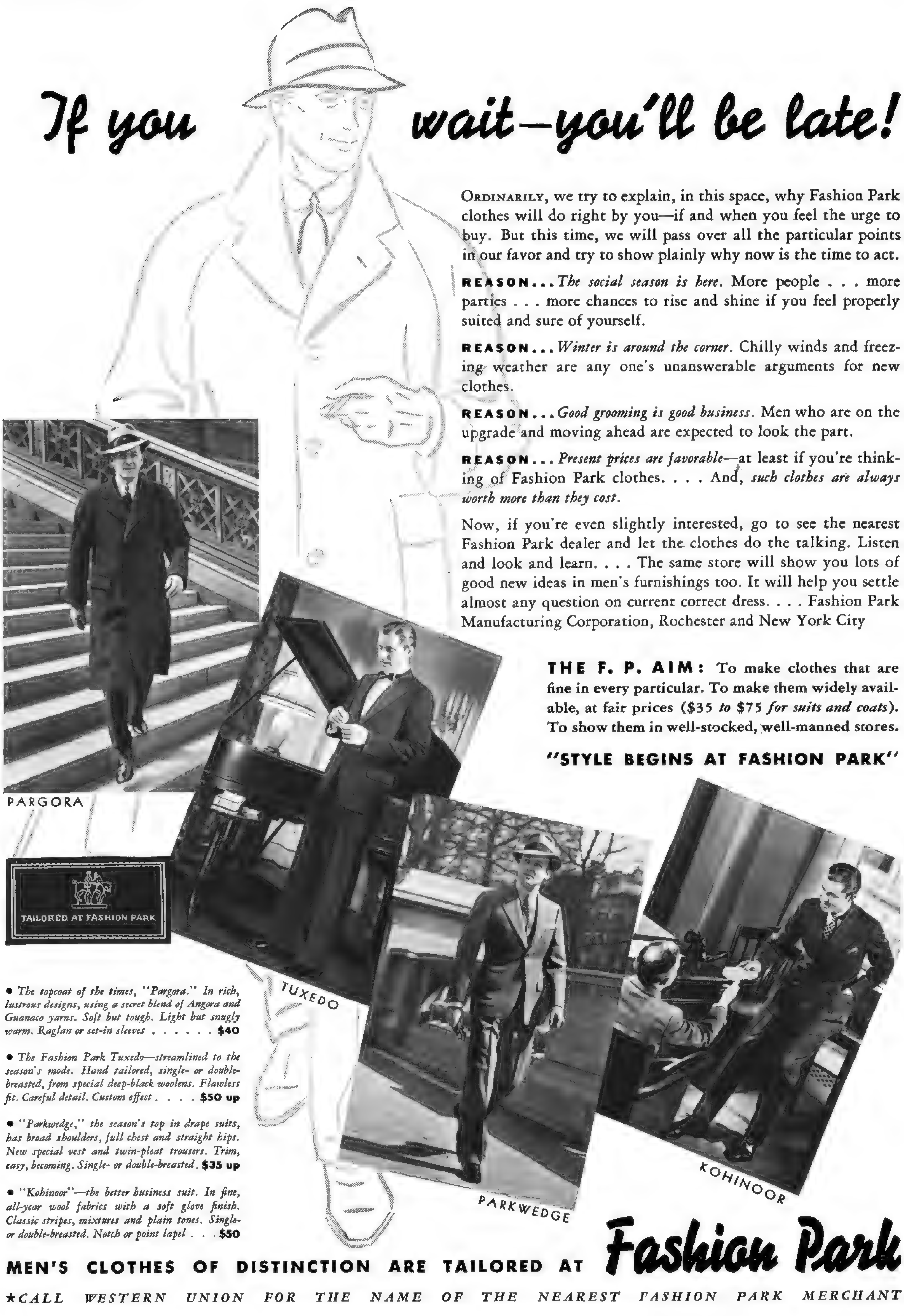

If you wait—you'll be late!

Ordinarily, we try to explain, in this space, why Fashion Park clothes will do right by you—if and when you feel the urge to buy. But this time, we will pass over all the particular points in our favor and try to show plainly why now is the time to act.

REASON... *The social season is here.* More people . . . more parties . . . more chances to rise and shine if you feel properly suited and sure of yourself.

REASON... *Winter is around the corner.* Chilly winds and freezing weather are any one's unanswerable arguments for new clothes.

REASON... *Good grooming is good business.* Men who are on the upgrade and moving ahead are expected to look the part.

REASON... *Present prices are favorable*—at least if you're thinking of Fashion Park clothes. . . . And, *such clothes are always worth more than they cost.*

Now, if you're even slightly interested, go to see the nearest Fashion Park dealer and let the clothes do the talking. Listen and look and learn. . . . The same store will show you lots of good new ideas in men's furnishings too. It will help you settle almost any question on current correct dress. . . . Fashion Park Manufacturing Corporation, Rochester and New York City

THE F. P. AIM: To make clothes that are fine in every particular. To make them widely available, at fair prices ($35 *to* $75 *for suits and coats*). To show them in well-stocked, well-manned stores.

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- *The topcoat of the times, "Pargora." In rich, lustrous designs, using a secret blend of Angora and Guanaco yarns. Soft but tough. Light but snugly warm. Raglan or set-in sleeves . . . . . .* **$40**
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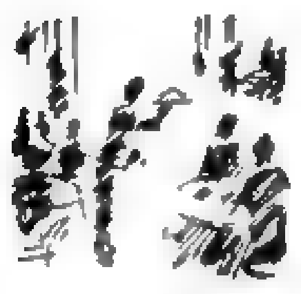

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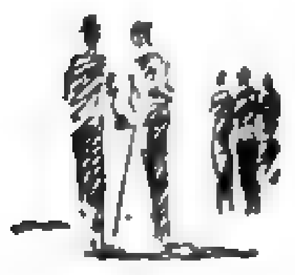

MEN'S OUTFITTERS

What's *"in the New York Manner"* in men's outfits this fall? Drop us a line and we'll tell you or drop in and see the newest and smartest New York fashions in clothes, haberdashery, hats and shoes. Write to
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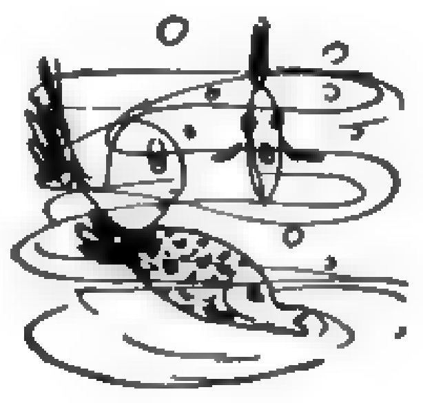
It seems that the folks who make the swanky wrist watches have not just been satisfied with a case that would curve to match the turn of the wrist, but have now gone and tinkered with the works so that they too are as curved as the case itself.



The care and feeding of tropical fish in aquaria has become quite the absorbing subject. Those addicted to this sort of thing will find much of interest in the fact that the latest phase of this hobby has taken up tropical marine fish which are even more colorful and more fascinating than the usual fresh water kind. These fish have to be kept in a tank of salt water, which is circulated by a small pump that both aerates and filters. Interesting specimens are a French Angel fish, which is black and yellow striped; Dascyllus, which is similar to the Angel fish, but is all black with the exception of a small spot abaft the eye, about the size of a dime; a small spotted Blowfish that bears the name of Tetrodon fluviatilis; and another flat fellow that is spotted all over and called Scatophagus argus. To get variation in shape and color, there is a Blue Head which is about 3½" long with brilliant blue coloring. Other interesting occupants of the tank may be a Sergeant Major, Spade fish, Sea Anemone, small Star fish, and small Horseshoe crabs. Coral and other deep sea forms make up the decorative effect, inasmuch as the usual greens used in fresh water tanks do not flourish in salt water.

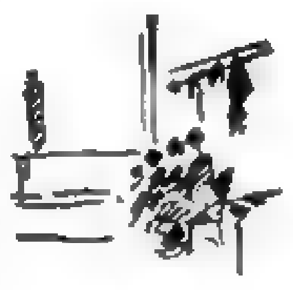
There is a new leather on the market for men's shoes that is impervious to the weather. Inasmuch as last month we mentioned new rubber overshoes, which find no objection even with rubber haters, we know this will interest the same men, as this shoe eliminates the necessity of rubbers at all. It is obtainable in several appropriate models, and is one of the few leathers that is water proof on which you can work up a good shine.

Some real genius of a gadget-maker with a nice sense of humor has turned out what we believe is deserving of a place near the top in the ranks of this year's best gadgets. The article in question is a door-knocker which, with no attempt to be overly artistic, but with a fine simplicity, turns out to be made with a plaque that is screwed to the door, the two screw holes forming the eyes of the outline of a face. The knocker itself is in the shape of a spread hand. The operation of knocking is performed by the simple method of "thumbing the nose" with the aforementioned hand.

Setting up cocktails and setting up exercises can now be performed simultaneously. A cocktail shaker in the shape of a dumb-bell is the means by which this may be attained. Of course, it is not necessary to get a pair of these, but it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a brace for dispensing to larger gatherings.

For those who want a sea-going atmosphere about their auto dash boards, we have seen a small binnacle, compass to you landsmen, that may be attached easily and can give you an accurate idea of just which direction you may be traveling. There are many men with a poor sense of direction for whom this will prove to be a very practical article.

A vest pocket size tobacco pouch has made its appearance, made of latex which looks and acts like rubber but, nevertheless, is still latex. The important feature of this pouch, in addition to its convenient size, is the fact that it is seamless and has no odor. The people that make it say it will keep tobacco moist for six to eight weeks.



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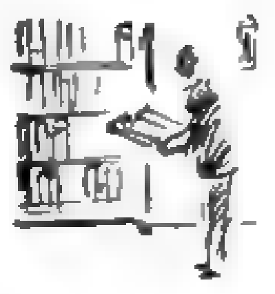

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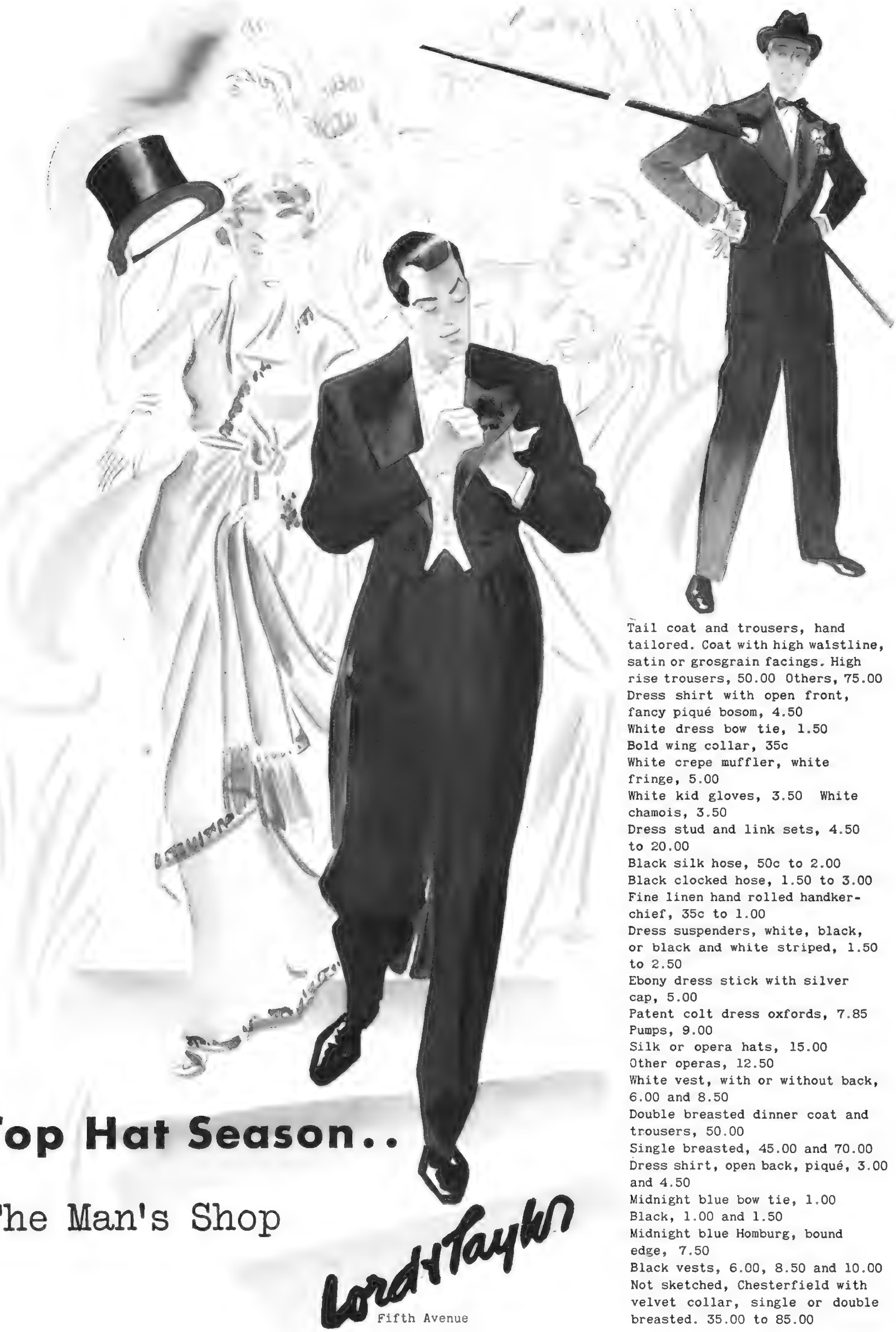

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PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

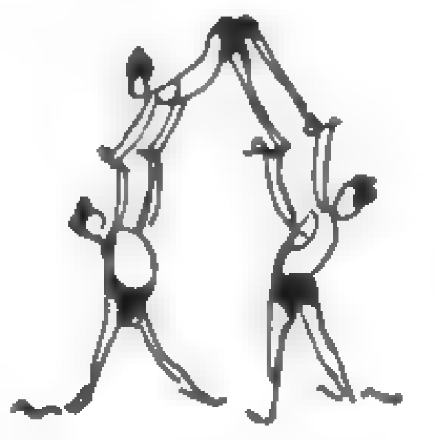
THE CARRIAGE TRADE is in full whinny these evenings—feeling its oats, yet avid for the feed bag at some happy stamping ground or pasture new where all bits are off.

And nowhere more agreeably than at Mon Paris. This petite spot (East 53rd 'twixt Lex and Thoid) offers an attractively tapestried *salle* wherein, beneath a canopy worthy of a royal bedstead, spirited Gene Fosdick and lads render dance selections, with Oscar Calvet & Co. rhumbaing betweenwhiles. Dainty Claire Willis sings piquantly and naughty boy Jimmie Rogers patters off some of the neatest-turned lyrics in town. For famine relief there are Snails á la Bourguignonne, Terrine of Liver of the Goose Mon Paris Style, Tripe in the Mode of Caen, Suprême of Quackie, and such like. Those willing to break away and pioneer toward the back of the establishment will find quite a bright and shiny Bar muraled with damsels nymphing it.

More spacious yet *intime* and populated with smiling faces is the Coq Rouge, 65 East 56th, where hospitable Frank rules the roost, deferentially suggesting the wine that will make your pigeon or filet most rejoiceful. (That Graves of the Rosechatel breed—what a *vin!* And Frank has a cellarful of things like that.) Incidentally, there is a newly-oped Salon Azure featuring four Royal Boxes in which the specially privileged may dine with lofty exclusiveness. Mezzanined off this high-ceiled room a cocktail sippery of a comfortable sort houses the music supplied by Joe La Porte and his orchestra (few, but inspirational for ankle-shakage) and Clarence Tisdale's Coq Rouge Trio (Ethiopian Carusos).

"Right People" (restaurateur's term for the sort of persons who read *Esquire*) are to be found also at Tony's, 57 West 52nd. A small place, smartly snug rather than sumptuous and so genteel that not even nightcaps are worn cockeyed. The crudest that could happen would be for some Harvard professor to blow his demi-tasse in amazement at mine host's vocabulary, even on topics unrelated to the menu and wine list. He's that erudite—but non-obtrusively, as he visits around from table to table. Otherwise conversation is mostly side-by-each and protracted, the amenities of the old-fashioned parlor sofa having seemingly been brought up to date and made continuous.

In the realm of magnificence the Waldorf-Astoria, possessed of a private Milky Way, entitled Starlight Roof, recently took on a couple of additional stars, called the Hartmans—strange and unaccountable in their dance orbits, to the point of kidding the panties off of Terpsichore. Your earnest scout, present on the occasion of their unloosing (Hartmans, not garments), found himself taking part in a general panic of joy and applause at the way Ravel's Bolero was manhandled and woman-clutched. (Careful, Hartmans, or the movies will kidnap you!)...



But the place for sincere eye-strain is the French Casino, 7th Avenue at 50th, whose last year's spectacle, constituting the most gorgeous display of pulchritude that American audiences had ever blinked at, is surpassed by this year's, entitled "Folie Parisienne," with Balieff as urbane barker—is surpassed both in costumes (by Patou) and out of them. Tumblers, acrobats, and other gifted stuntists elicit enthusiastic tattoos on the tables, but Venus (*many* of her) is the heroine, making the French Casino's excellent food seem just a ham sandwich at a Banquet of the Goddesses.

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STOPS TRAVEL SICKNESS by SEA, AIR and TRAIN
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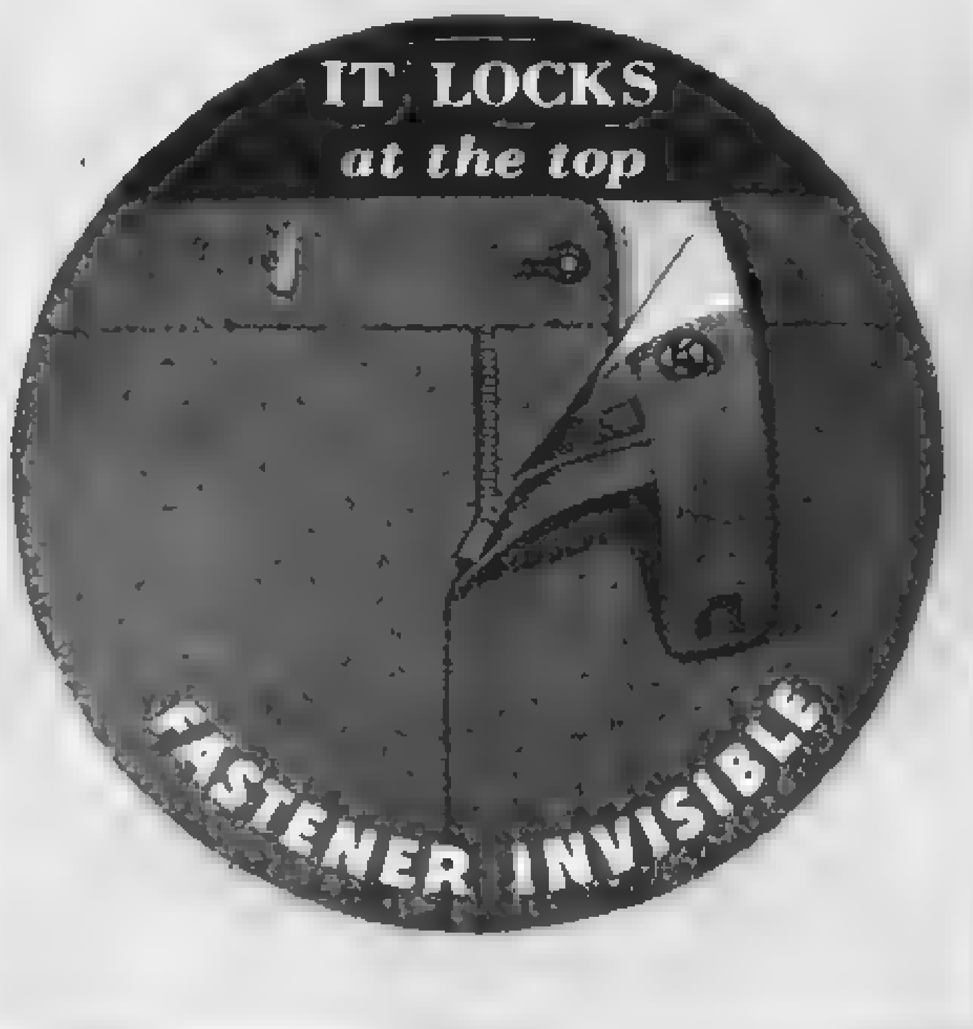

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In lieu of the conventional kettle singing on the hob there were buckets, of the champagne-cooling kind—a sweet parade of them coming upstairs (no less than three consigned to the party next ours, with two Mumm's in each, the greedies!)—for John Prete's jolly palazzo, by the name of Town Casino Club (9 West 52nd), was being popped open and nothing less would do, this being that kind of place. Three floors of it. You surrender your topper at street level, dine in state in the Blue Room on the second floor, and sup one flight higher, in the swankous Modernistic Room where music by Albert Bianconi et al. distracts you out of your red-and-oyster-white lounge-chair. Slanky Harriet Carr, "the girl with the violin voice," and Adrienne Lucine, blow-torch belle, are heard from. In fact, things get to be rather a party.

Down at El Chico (Sheridan Square), where Spanish whoop-skirts cover olive-skinned limbs momentarily, castanets click and Flamenco guitars are strum-te-tummed, exotic adventure is enhanced inwardly by means of casserole classics of an Andalusian sort, with wines and brandies to match. What surprised me was that my steamer home had four wheels.

At Leon & Eddie's she's blonde and subject to shaking-fits somewhere between mop-top and tootsies. Mere detail, however—for there's quite a bill, including Eddie Davis the Unique (in the Western sense of the word).

Less snappy and more seemly, the Weylin Bar, Park Avenue's little tonic-station around the corner, at Madison and 54th, has Charlie (debonair) with an accordion on his chest and songs coming out of him, plus a couple of Latin string-twingers.... In the social uppers of lower Fifth Avenue vocaliste Lee Brody is back at Number One Bar where she's been longed for. Naturally, Jules and Joe remain at the twin grands, or there'd be dudgeon.... Strollers overtaken by thirst in the westerly sector of Central Park bee-line it for the Mayflower Hotel (61st Street) whose southern corner harbors a den of comfort and cheer, entitled Café du Parc. Some, having cocktailed themselves, even go beyond into the lureful dining room. And who that has tried it would question their sagacity?

Apropos of food—and I'm an eater myself, occasionally—there is discoverable at 128 West 52nd, a restaurant called the Caviar where gourmets' palates commune with subtleties of flavor as sybaritic as ever came out of pot. Dining there the other evening I contacted a soup of the terrapin and the small green peas, which gloried the way for Duckling Bigarade—heavenly hunked in a sauce of orange plugs—with a bottle of special Margaux. As finis, a multi-fruit marvel, bottomed with cream-of-the-cream; and, after the demi-tasse, a glass (encored) of Cockburn's No. 150 Port Wine, truly subliminal. What makes these miracles possible is the fact that the place is run by Monsieur A. Dadone, master mind of the Vendôme importing concern which ransacks the universe for epicurean treasures and knows how to use 'em. He's an oracle, and the Caviar is his temple of tumtumery.

As regards the food miracles of New Orleans, New York possesses a sage exemplar in Mr. Irvin Furst, of the Sazarac restaurant and bar, downtown at 112 Greenwich Street, where Creole Gumbo with Rice, and Crab Meat Gumbo, and so on, account for many a Wall Streeter lingering in town after his hours of toil. Likewise a little trifle by the name of Sazarac Cocktail, containing the Absinthe that makes people fonder.

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At Jimmy Kelly's (181 Sullivan Street), pet spot of pillars of society playing hookey, dance music is by Joe Capello and feminine costumes by default. Between bubble and rhinestone events of their own contriving, including a nightly-clamored-for opus about poor butterfly's misadventure with a son of a bee.

Greater and more renowned vocal commotion got going recently amid the snootesque éclat of the Central Park Casino with the arrival of the Yacht Club Boys, jongleurs extraordinary, dispensing the height of jinks. But in this hullaballoo let it not be overlooked that the Casino's victual list boasts an invention which the chef and Headwaiter Bernardi are both entitled to take a bow on—namely, Chicken Calcutta, consisting of a slice of broiled ham, chutneyed, acting as plinth for a coverage of white-meat *poulet* hash, with stewed cherries as tops. Toying with it you feel like a Viceroy.

Nor is there any hardship in dining at the Restaurant Robert, located in decorous exclusiveness at 33 West 55th. After certain preliminaries in the small, whimsically attractive Drum Room (bar), your earnest scout settled down to serious intimacy with a plate of Petite Marmite Henry IV (chicken-and-beef bouillon flotsamed with vegetables and toasted crusts, and Parmesan-sprinkled), noblest of the noble; then Curried Lobster and Shrimps, sauced seraphically upon green and tasty Wild Rice, with a chilled bottle of white-magical Pouilly-Fuissé (Bellowes); and, ultimately, a wedge of choice-conditioned Brie, with toasted crackers and a sip of crusty vintage Port—Christopher 1916. Indeed, I rather gathered the impression that Robert, whose career embraces five countries, knows more than one nuance of nourishment.

Further reports culled from my cuff: Park Avenue's palmy evenings at El Morocco have the benefit of some new decorations (though the bar still has the same dear old zebra stripes). Ernie Holst and men have taken up where they left off, and for Latin rhythms Gustavo Martell officiates . . . At Longchamps establishments all over town things sizzle suavely . . . At the Savoy-Plaza's new Savoy Room it's Dick Gasparri, with Rosita (ah!) and Fontana dancing, and Dwight Fiske droll-telling 'em . . . The Hotel Lexington Grill now houses the tunefulness of Señor Ozzie Nelson plus the voice and looks of his not unknown Miss Harriet Hilliard, gathered from a certain Coconut Grove in Los Angeles . . . Down at the Amen Corner of Ninth Street the Fifth Avenue Hotel is packing 'em into its Salon de Madrid to the strains of Harold Stern, while for cocktailing the Musical Rogues still flourish with a repertoire a block long. . . . In the heart of theatredom the Edison's Green Room is dance-powered by Sid Austin and his Edisons-o'-guns (if I recall correctly). Laura Lane is beauteous bluesie of the occasion, and Cuban guitarists Roberto de Moya and Chago Rodrigo strum exotically in off moments. With a bottle of the Undarraga Chilean wine which this hostelry makes a specialty of, it all sounds lovely . . . As for mutton, no hungerer can know its possibilities until he has met one of the mammoth masterpieces served at Keen's ancient and honorable Chop House on 36th Street, East of Herald Square—especially if this King of Meats is accompanied by its blonde consort, Pilsner Urquell . . . For a novelty, the hickory-grilled Flying Trapeze restaurant (West 57th) has acrobats who swing through the air with the greatest of ease and never (or thus far anyhow) fall into your soup; of which I am glad, as I should dislike the intrusion.

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NELSON
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HARRIET HILLIARD
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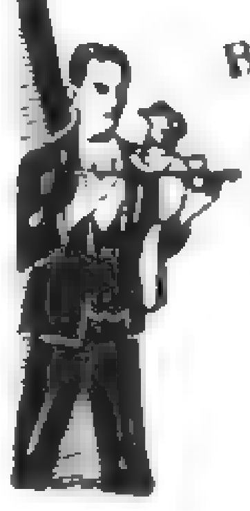
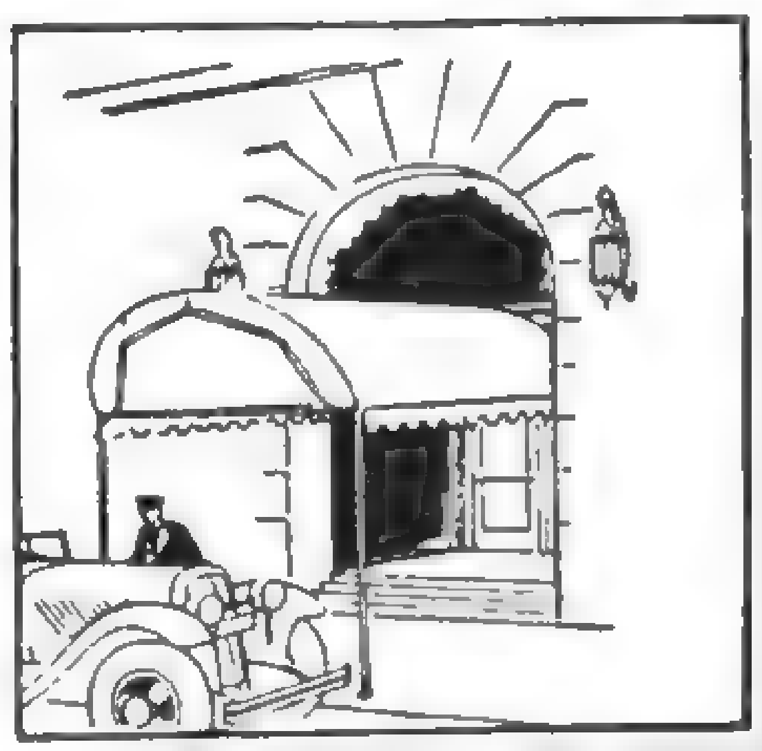
LUNCHEON-DINNER
POPULAR COCKTAIL HOUR



Caruso
RESTAURANTS
19 East 59th Street
130 West 42nd Street
Branches New York and Newark
ATTENDEZ VOUS!!
No—we are not going HIGH HAT—just wanted to remind you to have luncheon, dinner or supper at CARUSO'S. The quality is high—prices low.
COCKTAIL
BAR

At the
BARCLAY BAR
49th
St.
East
of
Park

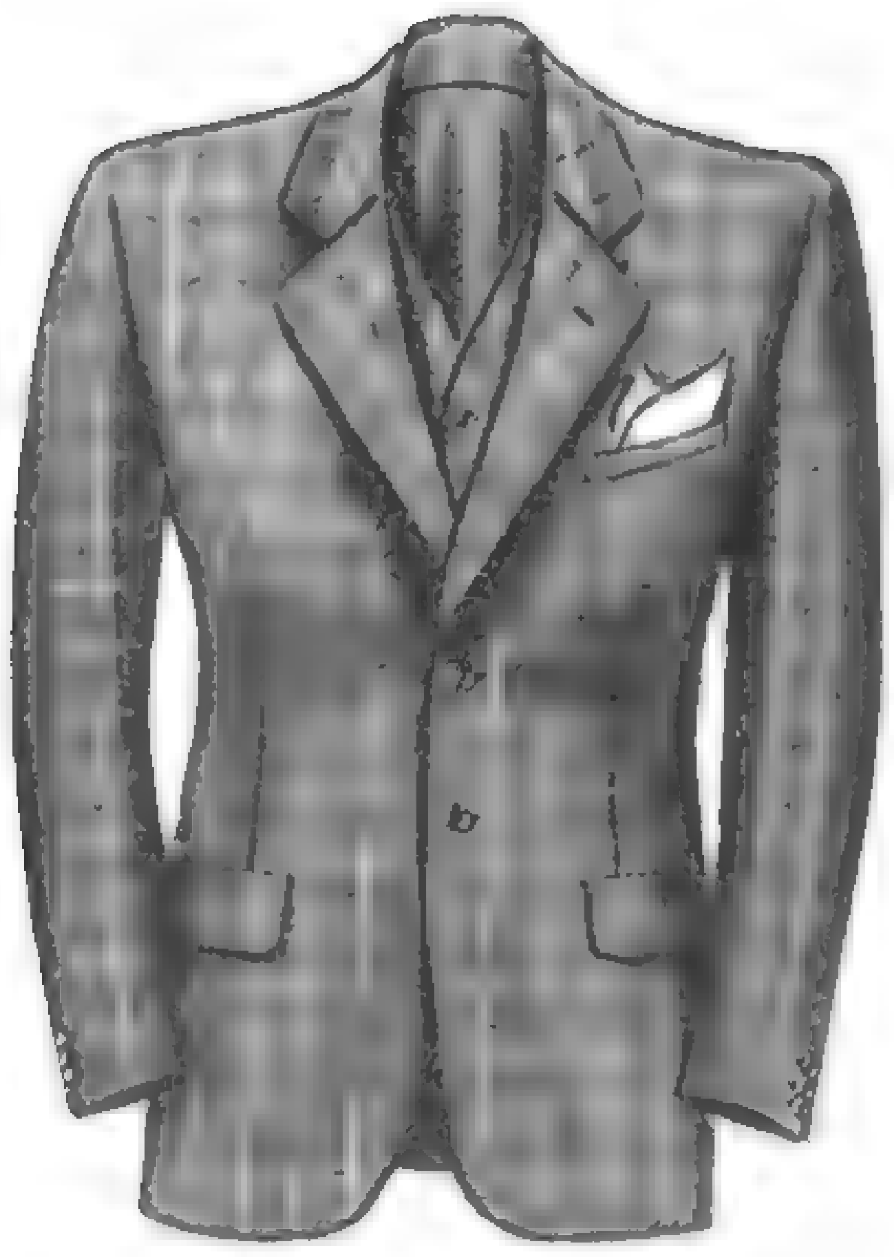


The Ultimate Luxuries
Privacy • Comfort
Courtesy • Fine Liquors

A refuge from the rush of life, the grind of business
•
COCKTAILS AND HIGHBALLS
made to your order

E. Simms Campbell

"Skip de silver, Mike—here's Hart Schaffner & Marx suits!"



Today's style trend in good clothes is toward ease and comfort . . . soft fronts, flexible shoulder, pliant fabrics. You see it worked out perfectly in this two button model featured in smart stores under the name of the Surrey Lounge . . . ideal for the recent graduate or the rising young business man because it combines correct style with a pleasing touch of informality.

NO APOLOGIES for the "yegg-men's" character—but these fellows get into the best homes . . . they know what well dressed men are wearing. When *you* visit your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer this fall (through the front door, of course, not the skylight) you'll see exclusive new models, fabrics and patterns that would tempt any man . . . to spend the very moderate sum they cost.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR *A BIG THING TO FIND*

It was over a half-century ago that Arthur Ellis went to work under his father in the granary of the distillery. He knows that only the richest of grain gets into "Canadian Club."

"In all my 54 years here, we've used nought but the finest grains"

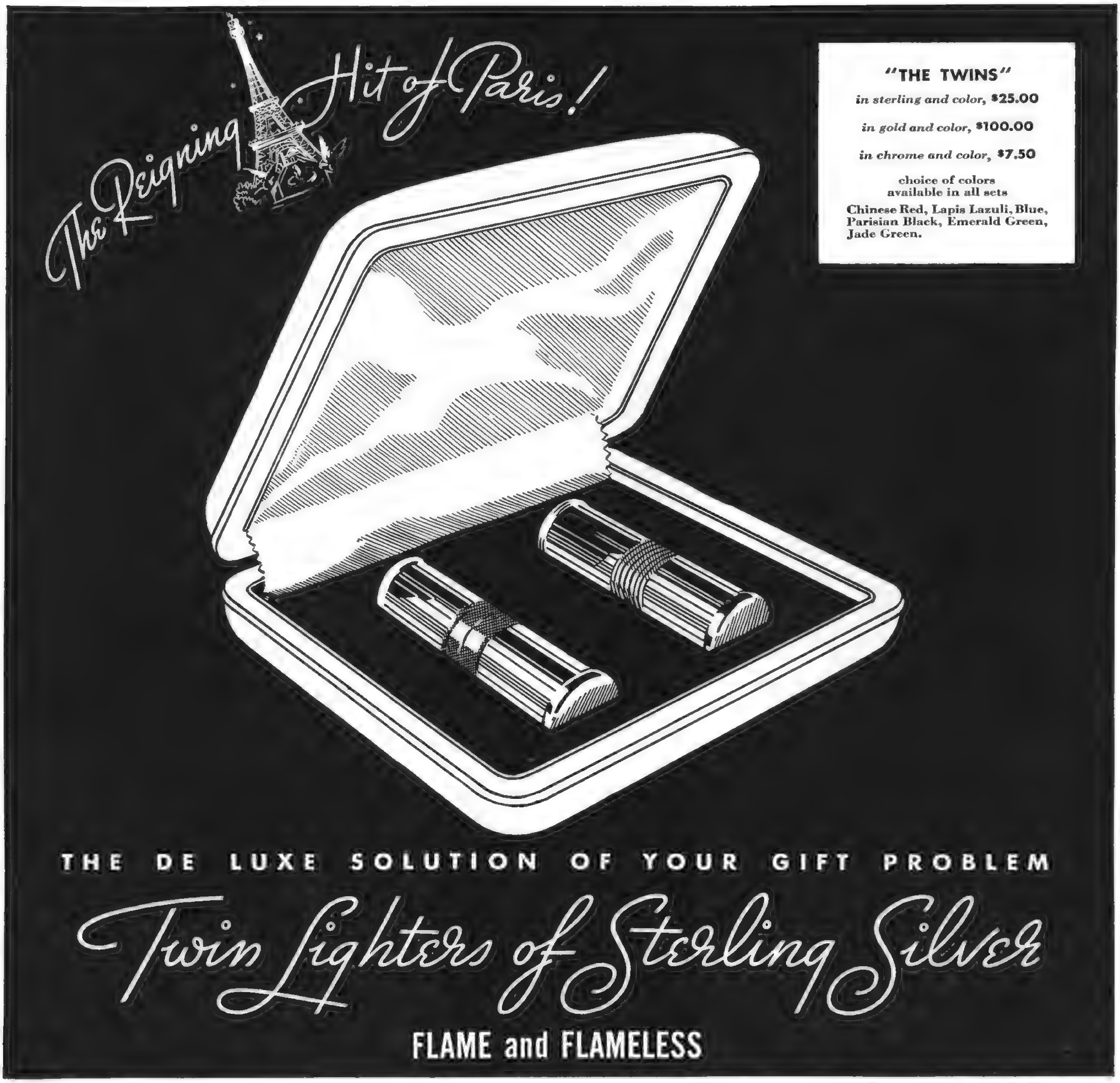
Canadian Club
Straight Whisky
Produced in Canada
Distilled and Bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons

Some of the old-timers around the distillery could tell you why our bonded whiskies are of such level excellence. They know Hiram Walker's strictness at every step of the process. . . . They know that good whisky must be good from the start, and that age will make it better.

HIRAM WALKER'S "CANADIAN CLUB"

To make this smooth, mellow, straight whisky we take the choicest grains and grind them between French millstones, now 55 years in use. Then we distill "Canadian Club" by a secret formula and put it away in special casks made of fine-grained oak, cut from the north side slopes of the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas. "Canadian Club" slumbers in the wood in rack houses kept the year 'round at summer heat, for six years. Then it is bottled in bond under the supervision of the Canadian Government. Try it and let your taste tell you why "Canadian Club" is the leader in world sales of bonded whiskies. Distilleries at Walkerville, Ont., and Peoria, Ill.

Hiram Walker's BONDED WHISKIES


The Reigning Hit of Paris!
THE DE LUXE SOLUTION OF YOUR GIFT PROBLEM
Twin Lighters of Sterling Silver
FLAME and FLAMELESS

"THE TWINS"
in sterling and color, $25.00
in gold and color, $100.00
in chrome and color, $7.50
choice of colors available in all sets
Chinese Red, Lapis Lazuli, Blue, Parisian Black, Emerald Green, Jade Green.

IN A RICH CASE OF PIGSKIN AND CHROMIUM

Paris is cold till it finds something it likes—then it goes crazy. And Paris has gone wild over "The Twins"—these ultra smart lighters in their rich case of pigskin, satin, and chromium! London and New York follow suit.

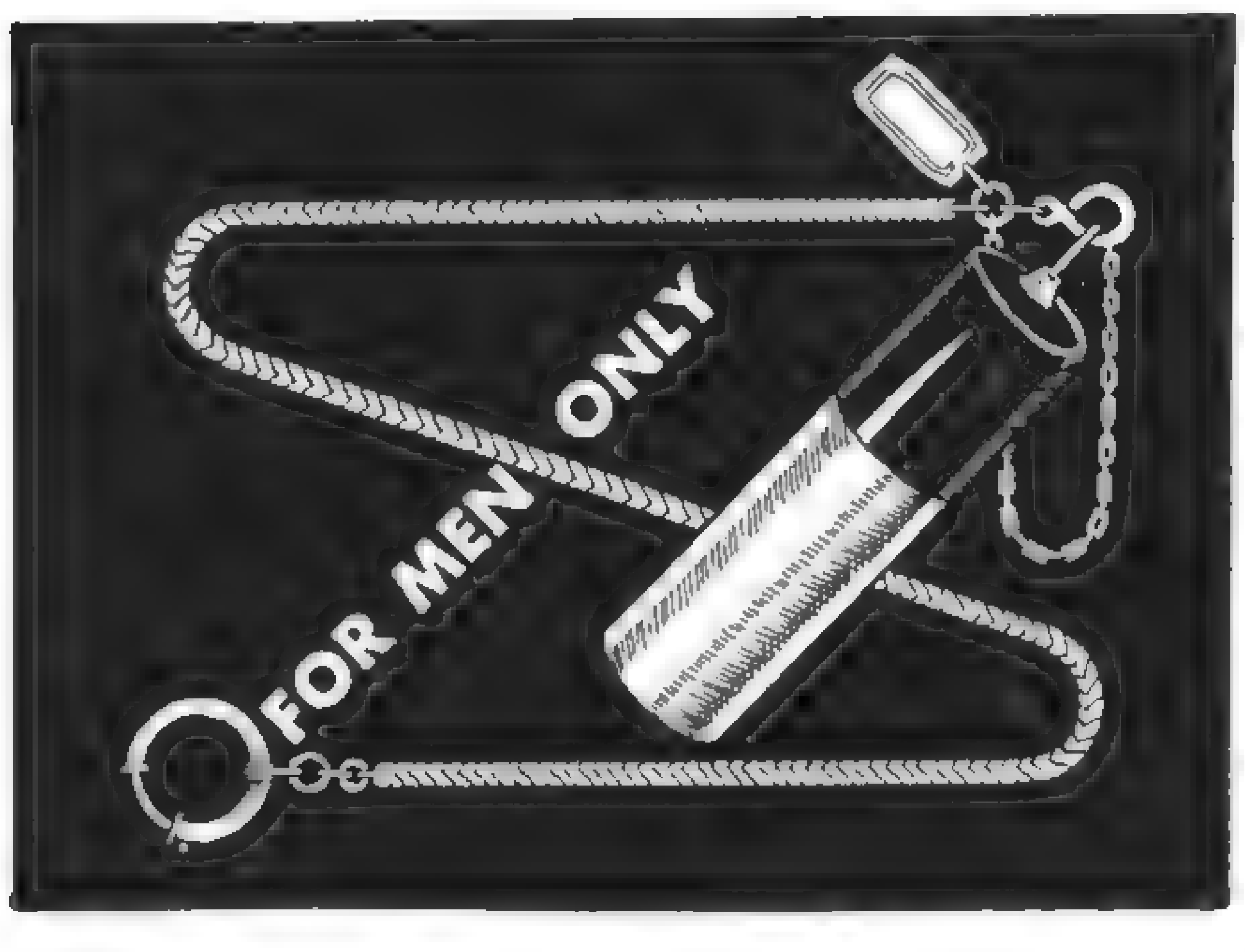
What a gift for anyone! In particular for man and wife, for bride and bridegroom, for fiance and fiancee. Modern, dignified, beautiful, yet practical, these twin lighters of sterling silver solve your gift problem, Christmas or otherwise, as few things can.

Flameless for those who like cigarettes ... Flame for those who smoke cigars or tackle pipes in gusty outdoor winds.

Both Flame and Flameless have eliminated troublesome flints, uncertain wicks, and antiquated wheels for thumbs to turn.

With Flameless you merely lift the cap and gently press your cigarette against a magic screen and puff. There's your light —every time. With Flame you lift the cap and lo! there's a baby bonfire that neither wind nor rain can extinguish... always ready for pipe or cigar.

"The Twins" are on sale in New York at: Saks Fifth Avenue, Abercrombie & Fitch Co., B. Altman & Co., Parker & Battersby, Lewis & Conger, and at all leading jewelers the nation over. If your local jeweler or shop cannot supply you, they will order for you immediately.



ANOTHER MATCHLESS GIFT
FOR MEN ONLY

Many a man of nervous habits will appreciate this sterling Flameless lighter on its sterling chain, which also accommodates keys or watch. The lighter simply cannot be mislaid. Price of lighter and chain in sterling silver, $15. The same in Chrome, $8.50. Like "The Twins" this item makes an exceptional gift for a man.

IF YOU PREFER, ORDER BY THIS COUPON

Simply fill out and enclose check or money order

Platinum Products Co., 521 Fifth Ave., New York City

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find_____(check)_____(money order) for $________, for which please send me postpaid:

☐ The Twins in sterling silver $25 ☐ The Twins in gold $100
☐ The Twins in Chrome $7.50
☐ Lighter and Chain in sterling $15
☐ Lighter and Chain in Chrome $8.50

Please check color desired:
Chinese Red ☐ Lapis Lazuli-Blue ☐
Parisian Black ☐ Emerald Green ☐
Jade Green ☐

NAME________________________
STREET________________________
CITY________________STATE________

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

William Seabrook was born in 1886 in Westminister, Maryland. After receiving his education in southern universities and spending a year on the Augusta *Chronicle*, his restless spirit led him to Switzerland where for nine months he worked his way through the University of Geneva studying philosophy and metaphysics. The next year and a half he spent wandering about Europe, returned to Atlanta and entered the advertising business. After the war, at the encouragement of H. L. Mencken, he began to write the books which have won him a firm place in the literature not only of America, but of England, France, Germany, Spain, Sweden and Italy. He is the author of *Jungle Ways, Magic Island, Adventures In Arabia, Air Adventure and Asylum.*

•

Karl Decker is one of the best known of the working newspaper men of this country. He is frequently referred to as the man who started the Spanish War, his rescue of Evangelina Cisneros from prison in Havana, as a correspondent for William Randolph Hearst's *New York Morning Journal*, now the *New York American*, having stirred up the great whirl of excitement that kept the news from Cuba on the front pages until this country declared war against Spain.

•

Paul Hyde Bonner: "The following stark outline of my 42 years will give, I fear, little indication of their highly amusing and fantastic content. Born in Brooklyn on the 14th day of February, 1893. Educated at Grace Church Choir School, Polytechnic Preparatory, Phillips Exeter Academy, and Harvard College. Escaped, practically unnoticed, from the last of these institutions in order to pursue a career of music. Studied singing (tenor) with the late Guiseppe Campanari in New York for a year and a half and migrated to Italy with this same maestro in 1913 where I continued my studies at Milan. Made my audition at La Scala in the late spring of 1914, but the outbreak of the war made "scraps of paper" out of the resulting contracts, so I returned to New York and have never sung since, except on those rare occasions when I arrive at precisely the right degree of intoxication. Worked as a bank clerk until the U. S. A. decided to join the show, at which point I married and promptly enlisted. While in France as a sergeant was discovered speaking restaurant French to a beautiful diva of the Casino de Paris and repented for the rest of the war as I sleuthed around the Spanish border trying to find Wilhelmstrasse agents for GHQ. When the Big Excitement was over I returned to our Fair Land and got me a job as weaver with the Stehli Silks Corporation, at Lancaster, Pa. I ruined so many yards of goods that they decided it would be cheaper to bring me to New York and make me Vice-President in charge of sales. But, in spite of handsome profits, they always suspected me of being slightly mad, and in the spring of 1931 they voiced that suspicion. I heartily concurred, told them to take their lovely silks and . . . packed my trunks, grabbed my wife and four sons, and set out to see the world. Having seen France, Switzerland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Egypt, England, and H. G. Wells, we returned this summer to New Hampshire to settle down and think it all over. Having received nice checks from *The New Yorker, Vogue*, and Esquire I am seriously considering a career of belles lettres.

Paul Hyde Bonner

James Y. Craig

James Y. Craig: "Born thirty years ago in Santiago, Chile, of American parents and with the exception of the Orient have traveled the world over. Have tried all sorts of jobs from grip man in the movies to superintendent of a paving gang but never found any work I particularly liked until I started flying. I attended Kemper Military School and the University of Michigan (Chi Psi Fraternity) where I have the distinction of not having graduated with honors. Am a former Navy pilot, married, two small sons, now flying the Chicago-New York division for United Air Lines which I hope to go on doing until my long gray beard gets tangled up in the controls. First thing I've ever written, but not the last I hope."

•

Rafael F. Muñoz was born in 1899 in the city of Chihuahua in northern Mexico. His father was President of the State Supreme Court and had in his home one of the finest libraries in the country. Rafael wished to enter military college but, due to the chaotic political conditions of the country then torn by revolution, he was forced to work for a living, so at the age of 16 he became a journalist, covering troop movements in the north and along the Yankee borders, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with the frontier towns. At 21 he went to Mexico City as news editor of a daily there that has since gone out of existence. But he frequently went as a special reporter into the revolutionary zones and covered hostilities for his paper, often living on the march and under fire. His first book was a small biography of the famous Mexican rebel Pancho Villa. Then followed a collection of short stories, *El Feroz Cabecilla*, which was a great critical success in Mexico, and has since been published in most of the Latin-American countries. His first novel, *Vamonos Con Pancho Villa*, was published by one of Spain's leading houses. It also appeared in Germany, and in English in an American periodical. Two other books of short stories have appeared in Mexico, *El Hombre Malo* and *Se Mi Han De Matar Mañana*. And at present Senor Muñoz is at work on a biography of Santana, a Mexican dictator of the 19th century. He is political editor of one of the big Mexican dailies (Mexico City) and as a hobby, he is a collector of old firearms, armour, helmets, kepis, and Mexican medals of valor—possessing the largest collection of such items in the country, outside the National Museum. He is married and has one child.

•

Herman Goodman, B. S., M. D., is a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. He has specialized in the study of the skin and its disorders since his early professional days. During the war, he was in charge of the control of venereal diseases and the treatment of skin diseases among troops stationed in Porto Rico and Panama. Until its recent absorption by Post Graduate Hospital, he was in charge of one of the four services at the Stuyvesant Square, formerly the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital. Dr. Goodman has written eight books, and several hundred articles on various phases of his specialty. Many of the articles have been published by the American Medical Association in its official professional journals, and in *Hygiea, The Journal of Health.*

Jack O'Connor has owned and shot dozens of rifles at everything from bear to prairie dogs. He has contributed to *Field and Stream*, to *Outdoor Life*, and the other sporting prints. He has also written fiction for such diverse magazines as *Redbook* and *Midland*, and a realistic western novel, *Conquest* published by Harpers.

•

Donald Mulholland: "As for personal history, I was born in Minneapolis in 1909; have lived in Florida, Arizona, California, British Columbia, and Toronto; went to grammar school, college and university; have been clerk, salesman, stenographer, cashier, journalist and sacred cow; am married and have one daughter. Only during the past four or five years have I attempted to sell my works, for less than two with any success. First, non-fiction for the Toronto *Star Weekly*, more recently, fiction for *City Lights*, published locally, these liberally salted with rejection slips from most of the best magazines, including two from Esquire."

•

Gösta Larsson: "I dislike biographies of this kind. But, if I am compelled to make a confession, I'll give the following information about myself: I am a man, and a graduate from a Swedish Institute of Technology. My first novel, *Our Daily Bread*, was published in New York last year and translated to my native language. On the jacket of that book you'll find the following biography: 'Gösta Larsson was born in Sweden, but makes his home in New York and writes in English.' Every word of this is true. I have also written a few political articles for a Swedish magazine. A handful of my English poems have been printed, and about a dozen of my Swedish ones. I have worked and traveled in foreign countries; have been engineer, longshoreman, actor, snow-shoveler, and also stoker on a freighter half-way round the world, etc., etc. *The Stoker's Paw* is my second published short story, the first one being a Christmas story in the *America-Swedish Monthly*."

•

Walker Winslow: "I was born on an Indian reservation in Idaho. My parents, as well as my grandparents before them, were pioneers, settling throughout the northwest and California. Through my grandmother, I am a relative of Robert E. Ingersoll. Though Esquire is my first acceptance in a big magazine I have been submitting my work for a little over a year and have been accepted by: *Poetry, American Poetry Journal, Prairie Schooner, Frontier and Midland, The Rocking Horse, New Masses, Anvil, Scope, Space, Lance, Kosmos, Four Arts, Arise, Fantasy, Direction* and others. At present I am living at Kahana Bay, Oahu, T. H. where I am writing a novel with a background as it is lived by the Hawaiian people today on the plantations and in the rural districts. P. S. On rereading the opening sentence, I think that I had better make an amendment, to the fact that I am not an Indian! It just happened to be a convenient place."

•

Robert W. Mitchner, our Discovery of the Month, says: "I am 25. Though a native of Kansas I teach in the high school at Cannelton, Indiana. I am a graduate of DePauw University, Greencastle, Indiana and a member of Delta Tau Delta Fraternity. Up to now, my fame has rested on my ability to play the piano and the pipe-organ."

Robert W. Mitchner

Thanksgiving originated as an occasion to give thanks for plenty after a time of need. The nation's recovery is not yet complete. But a stronger note of confidence runs through the land. At this time and in this spirit the House of Seagram expresses its hope that *your* Thanksgiving will be a day on which you have much to be thankful for.

Seagram's

Fine Whiskies since 1857

Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Executive Offices: New York

RETAILORED
with EVERY BREATH
by GENTLE STRETCH
of "LASTEX"

The vest back that gives perfect fit and comfort without benefit of strap or buckle

Only when you have worn a "Lastex" vest back can you appreciate its faultless fit and complete comfort, as compared with one made of the old-fashioned rigid fabric commonly used. A "Lastex" vest back gives easily to every movement or posture—yields to the very breath you draw—yet always lies smooth and snug without binding. It tends to hold you in, to keep you looking smart and well set up. Even a textile expert has to handle this material to tell that it's "Lastex." Leading merchant tailors are showing "Lastex" vest back materials to go with any suit, for business, dress or sport. So you have only yourself to blame if you don't have a go at this new supercomfort for men. "Lastex," 1790 Broadway, New York City.

Lastex
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

"Lastex" vest back material is distributed by

John B. Ellison & Sons
Ellison Building
Philadelphia, Pa.
(Est. 1823)

Through leading merchant tailors
in principal cities throughout the country

The "Radio Honeymoon" is Over

Success in radio advertising calls for showmanship that entertains—and sells

THE good old days are gone in radio. Simply "being on the air" no longer means that millions of sets are being tuned in to your program.

People no longer listen out of sheer amazement at radio's miracle. Now they take it for granted. And refuse to come to the show unless it is good.

Building an audience of millions today calls for showmanship that entertains—and *sells.* This means: "giving the audience a program so magnetic that it wins instant welcome for the sponsor's message."

This type of salesmanship in showmanship opens up millions of sets day after day, week after week, to your selling message. Recent results prove that it gets and holds the big profits.

It has enabled us to deliver commercial messages for as low as $1.00 per thousand actual listeners.

Just a few months ago, a Lord & Thomas radio program sold $700,000 worth of one drug product alone in ten days.

For another of our clients, a radio program on four stations sold so much goods that the manufacturer had to re-open a factory unit this Spring, which had been closed for years.

Usually, to play safe, we let the thousands decide what the millions will like.

Thus, a short while since, we tested an utterly new type of daily strip show. Announcements on five consecutive days over a 5,000-watt test station brought 64,000 sample requests. So we knew what to expect from the same show on the network. We are not surprised, at the time of this writing, that independent surveys prove it the most popular daytime sponsored show on the air. And after only a few months' time.

It has been said that Lord & Thomas pioneered more new things in radio than all the other agencies combined. Those credited to us are listed briefly in the adjoining column.

Some radio "firsts" credited to Lord & Thomas

(NAMES ON REQUEST)

1. ***First Daily Radio Contest of National Scope***
   It rocked American streets with conversation. Made an average of 10,000 one dollar sales a day for months.
2. ***First Daily Network Strip Program***
   Started a new technique of commercial program building.
3. ***First to Rebroadcast Commercial Program***
   Repeat same program late at night for Far West coverage.
4. ***First Big Hit Variety Musical Show Sponsored on Network***
   Set the pattern for big commercial musical production shows in radio.
5. ***First Commercial Broadcast of Metropolitan Opera Series***
6. ***First Commercial Series of Pick-ups of Foreign Dance Orchestras***
7. ***First Sustained Commercial Series of Spot Pick-ups***
   Artists and orchestras from all over country picked up on same program.
8. ***First Authentic Police and Dept. of Justice Dramas***
9. ***First in Number of Contest Returns***
   1,800,000 forty-cent purchases in two weeks.
10. ***First Chain Sponsorship of Football***
11. ***First Network Daytime Serial Show to Women***

Talent which was first sponsored or popularized nationally through us

Amos and Andy; Bing Crosby; Eddie Duchin; Hal Kemp; Walter O'Keefe; Phil Cook; The Goldbergs; Rosario Bourdon; Donald Novis; Fred Astaire; Lum and Abner; Al Goodman; The Revellers; Walter Winchell; Jack Pearl; Clara, Lu, and Em; The Cavaliers, and B. A. Rolfe.

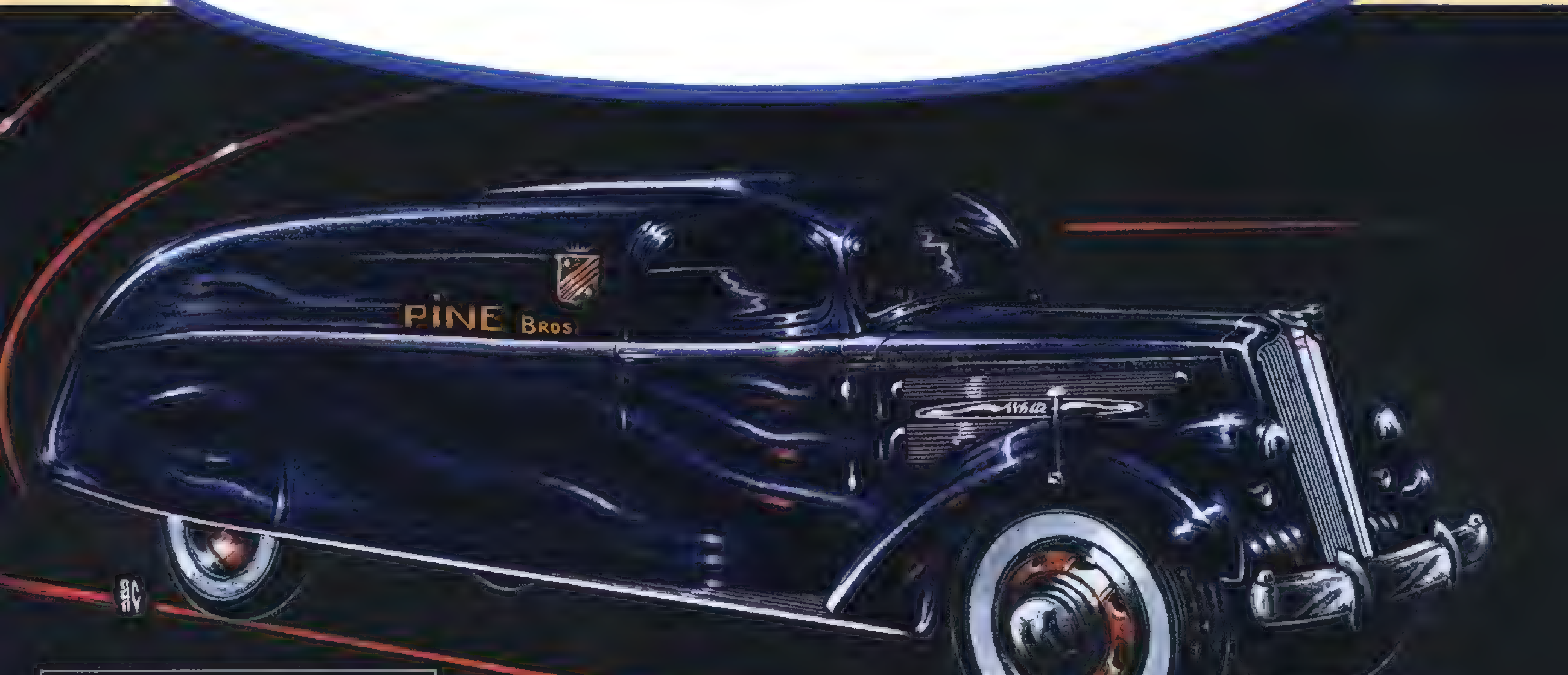
LORD & THOMAS · *advertising*

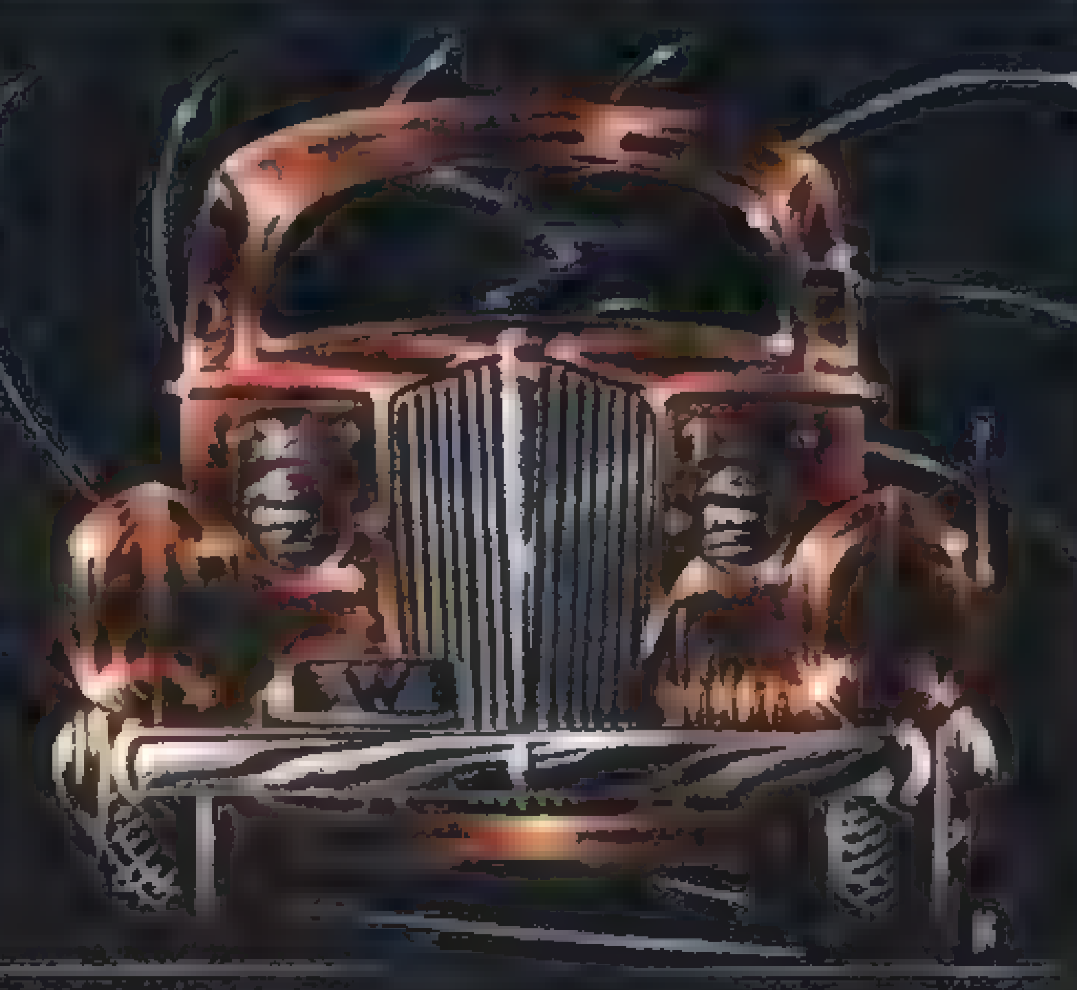
There are Lord & Thomas offices in New York; Chicago; Los Angeles; San Francisco; Toronto; Paris; London
Each office is a complete advertising agency, self-contained; collaborating with other Lord & Thomas offices to the client's interest

THE GREATEST WHITE TRUCK IN 35 YEARS

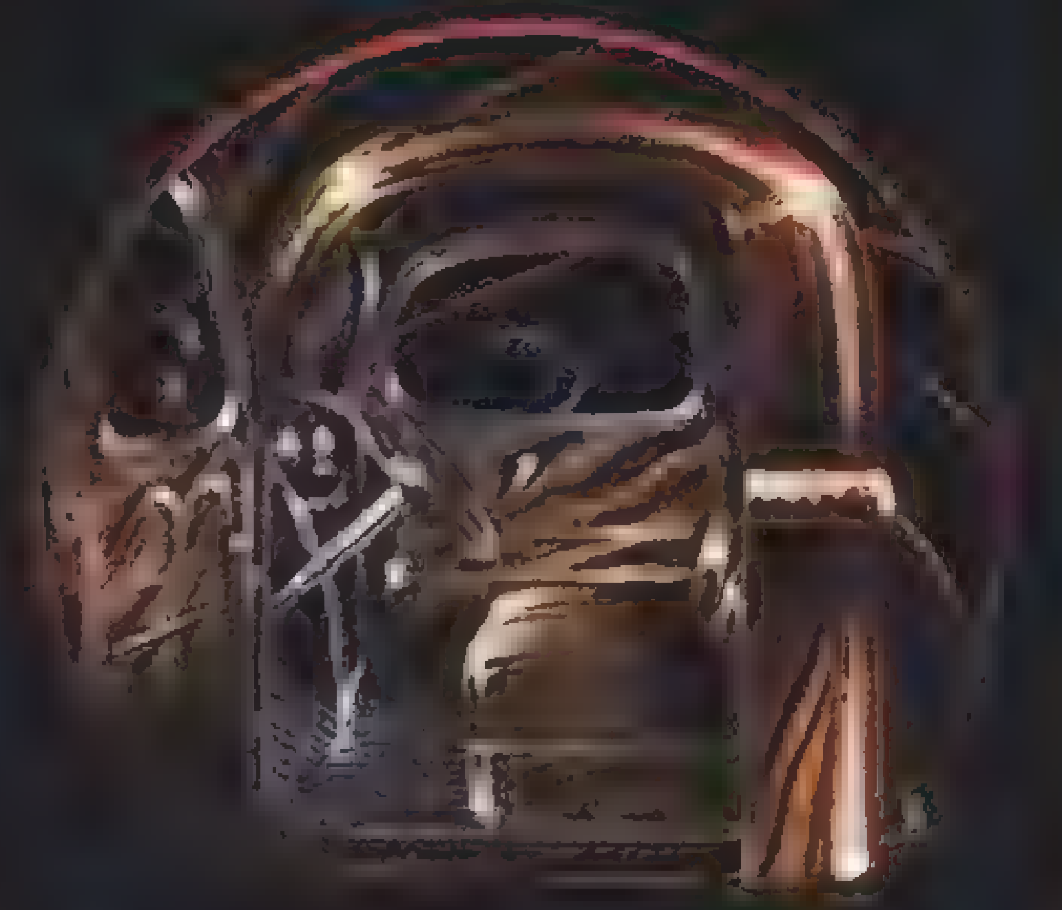
America's first truly modern delivery equipment

STYLED BY COUNT ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY





Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky has completely modernized the new White with smart streamline styling.



Automatic air conditioning is a new feature of White cabs that assures constant ventilation of clean fresh air. Shatter-proof glass is standard equipment throughout.

● On display now at White branches and dealers is the new WHITE STREAMLINED TRUCK—the very highest expression of modern design in transportation.

White now makes it possible for every thinking merchant who has need for one truck or a fleet to exploit his delivery service by rendering it a functional and permanent advertisement for his store.

For many years White has enjoyed outstanding leadership in the retail delivery field. There are today many thousands of veteran Whites serving the leading retailers of the country. In presenting the first STREAMLINED TRUCK White makes its greatest contribution in years to the retail delivery field.

The new White is a real *quality* truck. Throughout the entire specifications White has provided the type of ample truck ability that will show the owner lower operating cost, more satisfactory service and faster delivery time.

Only the finest materials are used. Quality features such as heat treated steel, screwed-in stellite valve seats, four wheel booster operated hydraulic brakes, the first automatic air conditioned cab, extra rugged chassis and the White-built 270 inch engine—all these combine to give the operator the greatest truck value on the market today.

The WHITE STREAMLINED TRUCK offers every retailer a supreme opportunity to reap the reward of the trail blazer. See it in your city.

THE WHITE MOTOR COMPANY • CLEVELAND
BRANCHES AND DEALERS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

THE NEW
White
$1240 • CHASSIS AT FACTORY

The Malady of Power

A Second Serious Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

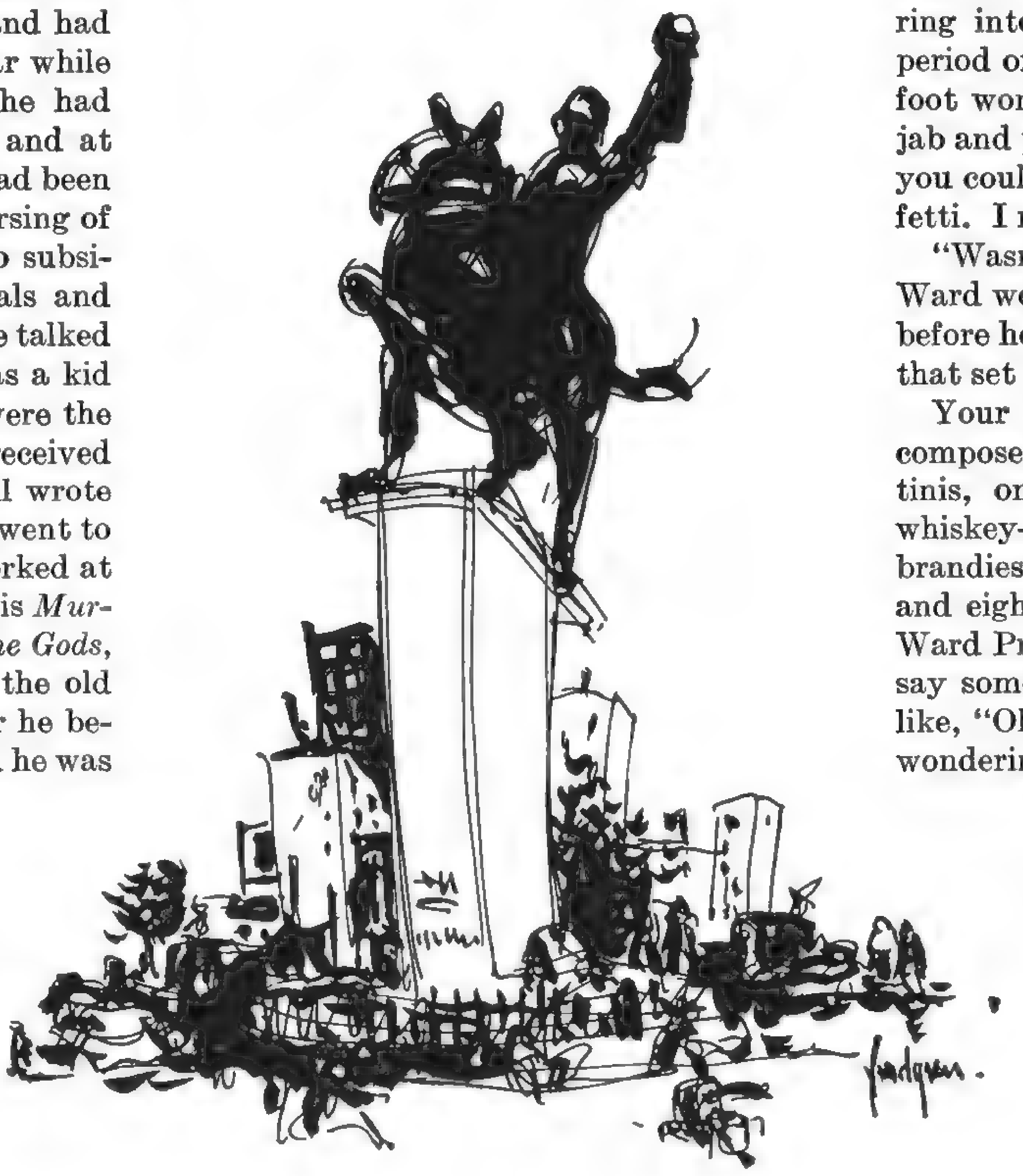
If you tell it to them once they think it is marvelous. When you tell it to them again they say, "We heard that before somewhere. Where do you suppose he got that from?" If you tell it to them a third time they are bored to death and they won't listen to it. It may be truer every time. But they get tired of hearing it.

So this month we wrap it all up in a series of anecdotes so that perhaps you will not taste the castor-oil in the chop suey sandwich. But having read the President's reported statement to a group of Representatives that he could, if he would, put the U. S. into war in ten days, this one is still about the next war.

In the old days, when your correspondent was a working newspaper man, he had a friend named Bill Ryall, then a European correspondent for the Manchester *Guardian.* This Ryall had a white, lantern-jawed face of the sort that is supposed to haunt you if seen suddenly in a London fog, but on a bright windy day in Paris meeting him on the boulevard wearing a long fur-collared great coat he had the never-far-from-tragic look of a ham Shakespearean actor. None of us thought of him as a genius then and I do not think he thought of himself as one either, being too busy, too intelligent, and, then, too sardonic to go in for being a genius in a city where they were a nickel a dozen and it was much more distinguished to be hard working. He was a South African and had been very badly blown up in the war while commanding infantry. Afterwards he had gotten into the intelligence service and at the time of the peace conference he had been a sort of pay-off man for the disbursing of certain sums spent by the British to subsidize and influence certain individuals and certain organs of the French press. He talked very frankly about this and as I was a kid then he told me many things that were the beginning of whatever education I received in international politics. Later Ryall wrote under the name of William Bolitho, went to New York, became a genius, and worked at it until he died. You may have read his *Murder For Profit,* his *Twelve Against The Gods,* or some of the pieces he wrote in the old N. Y. *World.* I never saw him after he became Bolitho, but when he was Ryall he was a wonderful guy. He may have been even finer when he was Bolitho but I do not see how it would be possible. I think sometimes being a genius in that hick town must have bored him very much. But I never saw him to ask him.

In the fall I am remembering we were all covering the Lausanne Conference and Ryall, a man named Hamilton, and myself used to eat together nearly every night. The weather was very pleasant in Lausanne that fall and the conference was split up into two main parts; one was the enormous, spreading Beau-Rivage Hotel down on the bank of the Lake of Geneva where the British and the Italians were and the other was the very red plush Palace Hotel up in the town where the French and the Turks were lodged. To get from one to the other you took a steep little funicular railway, you walked up a steep stairway, or you wound your way up the terraced roads in very expensive taxis. The sessions of the conference itself were secret and your official news came in hand-outs or press conferences with the spokesmen for each country and, since each country was anxious to present its version of what had happened before credence was given to any other country's account, these press conferences followed in rapid succession and you had to step very fast to get them all in.

Your correspondent at that time was running a twenty-four hour wire service for an afternoon and morning news service under two different names and was accustomed to file his last dispatch around three a. m. and leave something with the concierge to open the wire with in the morning at seven. Then at eight-thirty your correspondent would wake, read the papers, interview his tipsters, have breakfast in bed and during breakfast file another powerful piece. He would be slipping back into sleep when the telephone would ring and there would be the ruddy, well tubbed, cheerful, outdoor voice of G. Ward Price, the Best Dressed Newspaper Man of the Ages, the Monocled Prince of the Press, The Inheritor of the Tradition of William Harding Davis and one of the best newspaper men of his time, and it's still his time if you read his recent interview with Mussolini for the Rothermere papers, saying, "What about a spot of exercise?"



"No," your correspondent would reply and hang up the receiver. The phone would immediately ring again and Ward would say, "Come on. I'm off to the gym."

Always a moral coward, your correspondent would dress, cursing, and reach the gym, slightly bleary-eyed, just in time to see Ward finishing a quick turn with the pulleys and getting ready for a go at the heavy bag.

"You're a lazy mucker," he would say. "Come on. Get the gloves on."

After this, with pauses for rest during which your correspondent would lie on his back and breathe heavily while Ward did exercises or shadow boxed about the ring, the very debonair, handsomely built, tall, one hundred and eighty pound, perfectly conditioned Price would stick the finest left hand I've ever seen out of the professional ring into your correspondent's puss for a period of a half an hour. He had very good foot work, he stayed way behind that left jab and popped it into you like a piston and you couldn't hit him with a sack-full of confetti. I mean I couldn't.

"Wasn't that a marvelous work-out," Ward would say after we had showered and before he selected a fresh monocle. "Doesn't that set you up for all day?"

Your correspondent with a headache composed of one part yesterday noon's Martinis, one part last night's before-dinner whiskey-and-sodas, two parts last night's brandies until three o'clock this morning, and eight hundred and seventy-three parts Ward Price's bloody left hand would try to say something very open air and sporting, like, "Oh rugger ruddy bloody," and fall to wondering when the people who paid him to send news dispatches would begin to discover he was getting punch drunk.

So in the evening we were all having dinner and your correspondent was all but crying into his Chianti.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Ryall. "You're a jovial cove tonight."

Continued on page 198

Visiting Stranger

A world parasite behaves so true to character as to be exquisite even in decay

by ALDOUS HUXLEY

FICTION

THE battle was over. Vienna was itself again. Itself? Or was it perhaps, under the same external forms, some other, sadder city? As the train drew out of the station, I felt all the sadness of one who says good-bye forever to a place he has known and loved.

Yes, I was sad to be leaving the old Vienna; but how thankful to be escaping from the new! Those days of civil war had been a nightmare. Tomorrow, in Venice, I should be awake again. The train gathered speed. It was a merciful escape. I thought of all those poor devils in Vienna for whom there would be no escape—no escape from their enemies, no escape from poverty, no escape from . . . I picked up my volume of Tauchnitz and started to read. There are times when it is better not to think.

It is one of the fundamental laws of journalism that the greater the circulation, the greater is the amount of space that must be devoted to lust and blood. The paper for which I occasionally work has more than two million readers. Hence the divorce court reports and the actresses' romances. And hence, on the first hint of trouble, my headlong mission to Vienna—to write picturesquely about slaughter.

Habit is a great hardener; and for one who has to be taking notes and making phrases about the horrors that are going on all around him, there is very little time for feeling horrified. Still, in spite of everything, those days in Austria had left me feeling chilled and almost physically sick—as though the whole world had become a channel steamer and were heaving unsteadily under my feet; had left me, also, feeling curiously ashamed. Of what? I hardly knew. Of being still alive, I suppose; of enjoying a decent income; above all of being only a journalist, only a professional looker-on. Decidedly, I needed those three days of holiday I was proposing to take on my way home.

Venice in February can be almost arctic. I was prepared for the worst, but, to my delight, found the best—a bright warm sun, and the city, as I approached it across the lagoon, like an old and intricate jewel, palely glittering against the fringes of a flawless sky. It was as though the elements had conspired to make the waking world as different as it could possibly be from the world of nightmare I had just left. Art consummated the work of deliverance that nature had begun. After a spell of real life—of that too real, nightmare life which a newspaper reporter has to lead and look on at—what a consolation it is, how wonderfully reviving, to find oneself in the ordered world of intellectual beauty! Lust and blood, lust and blood. Here is the news editor making up his daily record of romances and sodomies and fornications; here am I, looking on, while men are being maimed and killed, through a pair of Zeiss's most expensive binoculars. But St. Mark's exists; and Titian's Virgin climbs the steps of the temple, and Veronese shows how magnificent, Tintoretto how darkly and yet nobly passionate, man's life might be. Feeling the need for more consolation than even these could give me, I took the train, on the second day of my holiday, and went to Padua. In the church of the Eremetani, Mantegna's creatures were so fiercely stoic, so implacably rational, that the substance of their bodies had turned from weak and fallible flesh into polished bronze, and every one of them had become a Man in an Iron Mask. I felt, I confess, a little appalled as well as cheered and strengthened by the spectacle of so uncompromising a human dignity. But, across the way, in the Arena Chapel, consolation was wholly unqualified. The men and women in Giotto's frescoes achieved the serene height of dignity without any loss of their humanity. There was no metal here, but flesh; flesh raised, so to speak, to a higher power, transmuted into the pure essence of tangible corporeality. It was the Resurrection of the Body into a world where the laws of gravitation were such that the relations of matter to matter could never be anything but harmonious. Space here was so curved that bodies could take no other paths than those whose intersection must create the maximum of serene and majestically significant beauty.

I spent an hour in this other world of perfected humanity; then made my way through the arcaded streets to pay my respects to Donatello's statue and St. Anthony. Superb, on his bronze horse, Gattamelata rode on through time. And behind him the cupolas of the huge fantastic church bubbled up into the sky. The whole building seemed alive, in ferment, as though the dark passions of religion were for ever yeastily working within it. I entered. From the other end of the huge cavern of twilight came the monotonous noise of praying—a single voice, and then the response of many voices in unison; the single voice again, and again the many. Endlessly. There seemed no reason why it should ever stop. An incessant muttering in darkness. I felt myself once more uncomfortably near the reporter's nightmarish real life.

From a group of kneeling women seen dimly far down the aisle, a figure rose, made a final gesture of reverence towards the lighted altar, then turned and came walking up the church towards me. The silhouette was youthful and seemed, in this ancient twilight, incongruously elegant. A page out of *Vogue* come to life. And then, suddenly, this fashion plate stepped out of its remote impersonality and became a part of my private universe. That movement of the shoulders, and the springing step—surely these were familiar. But, no, it couldn't be! And yet, unquestionably, as she came nearer, unquestionably . . .

"Laurina," I whispered.

She started violently and looked up. Yes, the face was Laurina Magnelli's. But the expression—that was surely somebody else's. I had not imagined it possible that Laurina could look so miserable: Laurina whom I had known as the very embodiment of irresponsible gaiety; beyond good and evil—or rather paradisaically on the hither side of such miseries, in another world—yet another other-world—where it was one's business only to laugh, only deliciously to exist, and where, providentially, there was still just enough hard cash to make laughter and delicious existence materially possible. What malignant fate had expelled her from this Eden into the universe of suffering, the universe where one walks with bent head, biting one's lips and frowning as one goes?

Recognition broke luminously through that mask of unhappiness.

"But how extraordinary!" she cried, with that rich rolling of the r's that gave her English its peculiar, exotic charm. Her mother had been American, her grandmother French, and she spoke their respective languages to perfection—but each with just the slightest touch of the other's accent. Even her native and paternal Italian had a faint indefinable flavor of foreignness in her mouth. She was everywhere, even at home, a visiting stranger—on a trip, you decided when you had seen and heard her, from the Earthly Paradise. "Extr-raordinary!" she repeated.

In the dark and muttering silence of the church, her voice rang out embarrassingly loud, outrageously warm and vibrant and sensual. Bare arms are not allowed in Italian churches. But what of naked voices? When Laurina spoke, it was like Boucher's portrait of *la petite Morphil*, it was like all Renoir's *Baigneuses*.

"Darling!" she went on, with that extravagant protestation of affection that is always so endearing, even when one knows that it means nothing, and is no more than a mannerism, the password of a clique. "*Je suis si contente . . .*"

I took her arm and hurried her towards the door. That voice would sound less indecent outside the sacred precincts. I did not want to be arrested for vocal exhibitionism.

"But I thought you were in London," she went on, as we stepped out into the sunshine.

"And I thought you were in Rome."

Laurina explained that she had been skiing at Cortina d'Ampezzo and was stopping for a night in Padua on her way home.

"To visit St. Anthony?" I questioned, laughingly.

But instead of laughing back at me, she suddenly became very grave. "Yes, to burn a candle," she confirmed.

"That sounds serious."

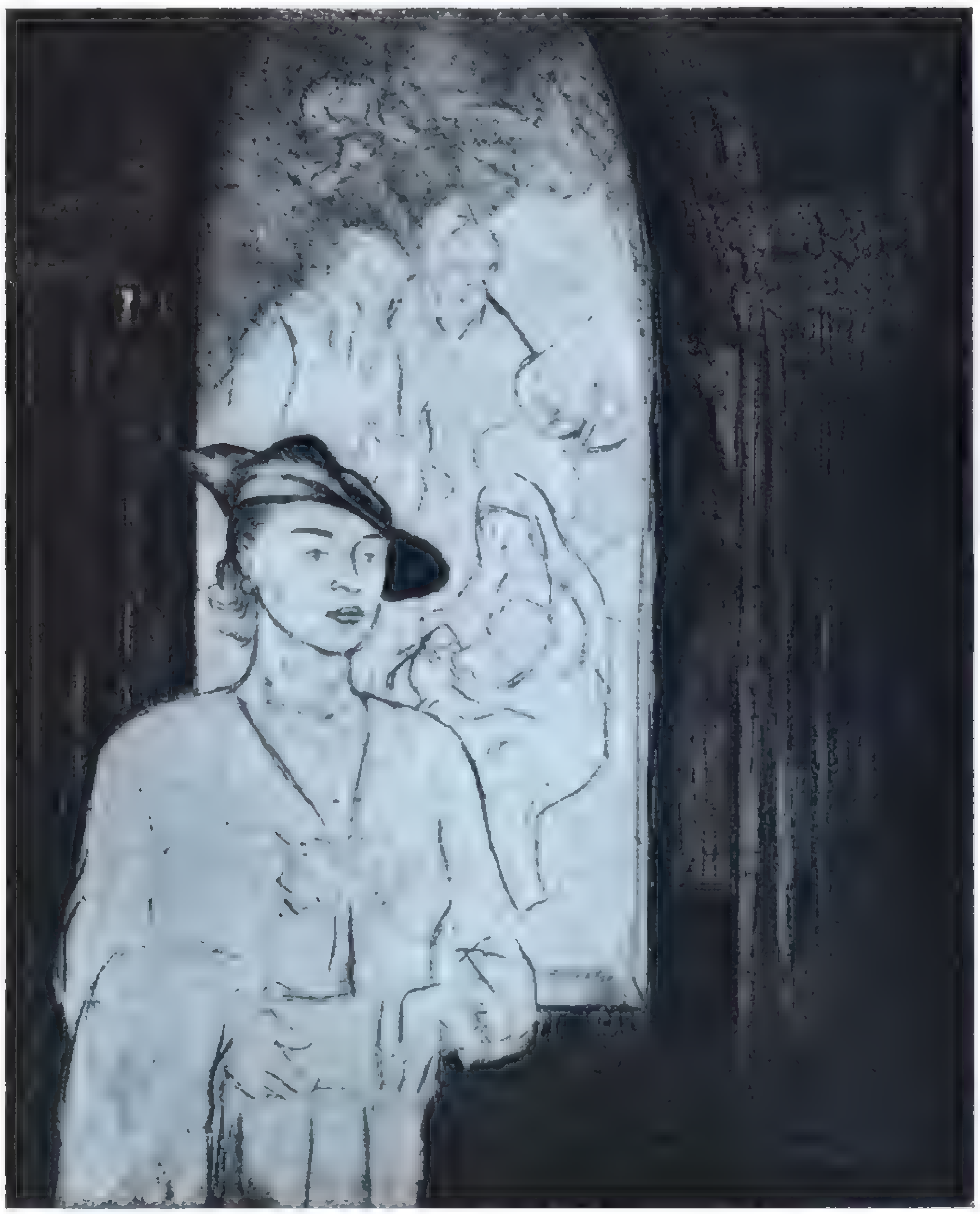
She only sighed profoundly.

"I thought you were looking rather miserable."

"Oh, if you only knew!" She clasped her hands together in a gesture of despair.

"Have you lost something?" I asked, remembering the saint's reputation as a finder of lost property.

"Lost?" she echoed. "I only wish I had. It's just the opposite."



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

She was silent for a moment, then laid her hand on my arm, and, halting in the middle of the street, looked up at me appealingly. "You'll be discreet?" she asked.

Her eyes, under their beautifully painted lashes, were quite extravagantly, improbably large and blue. And there was the exquisite small nose, there were the parted lips, the bosom, the clothes, the little round hat, like the rakish caricature of an aureole. She seemed too good to be quite true. One could have believed in her on the screen or in Southern California; here in Padua she was frankly incredible. One suspected her, under these arcades, of being only a figment of the heated imagination—one of the Temptations that had so much plagued that other St. Anthony in his desert. "But of course I'll be discreet," I said, thinking, as I did so, that it was very pleasant, after all, to be tempted, very salutary even.

"*Vous le jurez?*" Laurina insisted. For some reason—perhaps because most of the novels she read were in French—an oath seemed to her more solemn when uttered in the native tongue of Maurice Dekobra.

I swore. We walked on again for a little in silence.

"*Sono proprio disperata!*" Laurina broke out at last, lapsing for a moment into Italian.

"But what about?" I was beginning to feel alarmed. She seemed so genuinely distressed. "What about?"

"*Je crois,*" she began slowly, in French, "*je crois que . . . enfin,* that I'm going to have a baby." The last words came out with a rush.

"Oh, is that all?" I felt relieved.

"*Mais c'est épouvantable!*"

"But you've always said that you wanted . . ." I began; then, as the truth dawned on me, broke off. "Oh, I see!" I visualized that frail, shy little husband of hers. "You mean it isn't . . ."

She shook her head. "*Ce pauvre Fosco,*" she explained, "he couldn't come to Cortina this year." Then, indignantly, "It's really scandalous," she went on, "the way they make him work at the ministry. Only a week's leave at Christmas. It isn't r-right! If only they'd let him come in January . . ."

"This wouldn't have happened," I concluded.

She nodded.

"Or if it had happened," I qualified, "Fosco might still have imagined that he . . ."

"You're always so cynical," Laurina complained.

There was a long silence.

I was thinking—rather resentfully, I confess—of that superb young Galeazzo Inghirami, who had hung so persistently round Laurina during all the months I had lived in Rome. A magnificent specimen. Like a young panther, I had always thought. Almost as stupid as a panther, too. Still, there had been moments when I would gladly have exchanged my wits for his appearance. Not for ever—heaven forbid! Just for a few days, now and then—a few hours, even. One gets tired, if one is an intellectual, of playing only father confessor and court jester to the princesses of this world; one envies the Rizzios and the Orlovs. "I suppose it's Galeazzo," I said at last.

"Galeazzo?" And for the first time since I had seen her that afternoon she laughed. That laughter of hers—it was the audible symbol of her being. So frank, so wholehearted, so irresponsibly happy. The rich clear sound of it made one feel warm, as though one had drunk a glass of wine; the vibrant undertone of its sensuality was like the most delicious of invitations.

I laughed by infection; it was irresistible. "But what's so funny?" I asked between two paroxysms.

"The idea of its being Galeazzo," she gasped, and began to laugh again. "Galeazzo!"

"It didn't seem so ludicrous when I saw you last."

"*Mais, mon cher, c'est de l'histoire ancienne.*"

"Two years ago," I specified.

"And he's such an *ass!*" she went on.

"He always was."

"And not really my type at all. Too fair. You know," she confided, "I've discovered that I don't really like fair men at all. *Mais pas du tout!*"

"He's not a negro, I hope—the new one?"

"How can you be so vulgar!" she cried indignantly. "Ugo belongs to one of the best Neapolitan families. Besides, I'm so utterly unhappy!" She was suddenly on the verge of tears. "I think you're horrible."

"But, my dear Laurina . . ."

"Making fun of me when I'm in such despair."

"But I wasn't making fun of you."

"And besides," she went on, "I've decided to change my life altogether."

"No, please don't do that!" I begged.

"It's so stupid. I really hate it . . . *D'ailleurs, les hommes—sa, sono proprio schiffosi! Ils me dégoutent. Tous.* Even Ugo. And besides, it's *wr-rong.* I think I'm the unhappiest person in the whole world."

"Oh, come," I protested, "come!" Should I tell her about that woman I had seen in Vienna, kneeling in the street by the body of her husband? But no. What would be the point?

"In the whole world," she repeated; and the naked voice dissolved in tears. Cautiously, so as not to smear her face with the black on her lashes, she wiped her eyes. "I've been in church ever since lunch," she went on, brokenly. "Praying. He's my only hope now."

"Who is?"

"St. Anthony, of course. He's always been so good to me."

"And you think he might . . . even in this case?"

"*Pourquoi pas?*" she asked. "I've promised to embroider him an altar-cloth, if . . . if it's all right." Then, more cheerfully, "I've found such a lovely old pattern-book," she went on. The nakedness of her voice was almost dry again. "Here at Padua, in an antique shop. Such beautiful *cinquecento* designs! I'll show it to you at the hotel, and you must help me to choose a nice one for St. Anthony."

While her maid finished off the packing, we sat on the edge of the bed and looked at the book. In the end we agreed on a magnificent flowing pattern of foliage and flowers and pomegranates.

"I know he'll adore it," said Laurina, holding out the book at arm's length and looking through half-closed eyes at the pattern. "Simply ador-re it!"

"I'm sure he will," I agreed. "But don't forget, he's got to do his miracle first."

Laurina put down the book and looked at me. "But he will do it," she cried, with a

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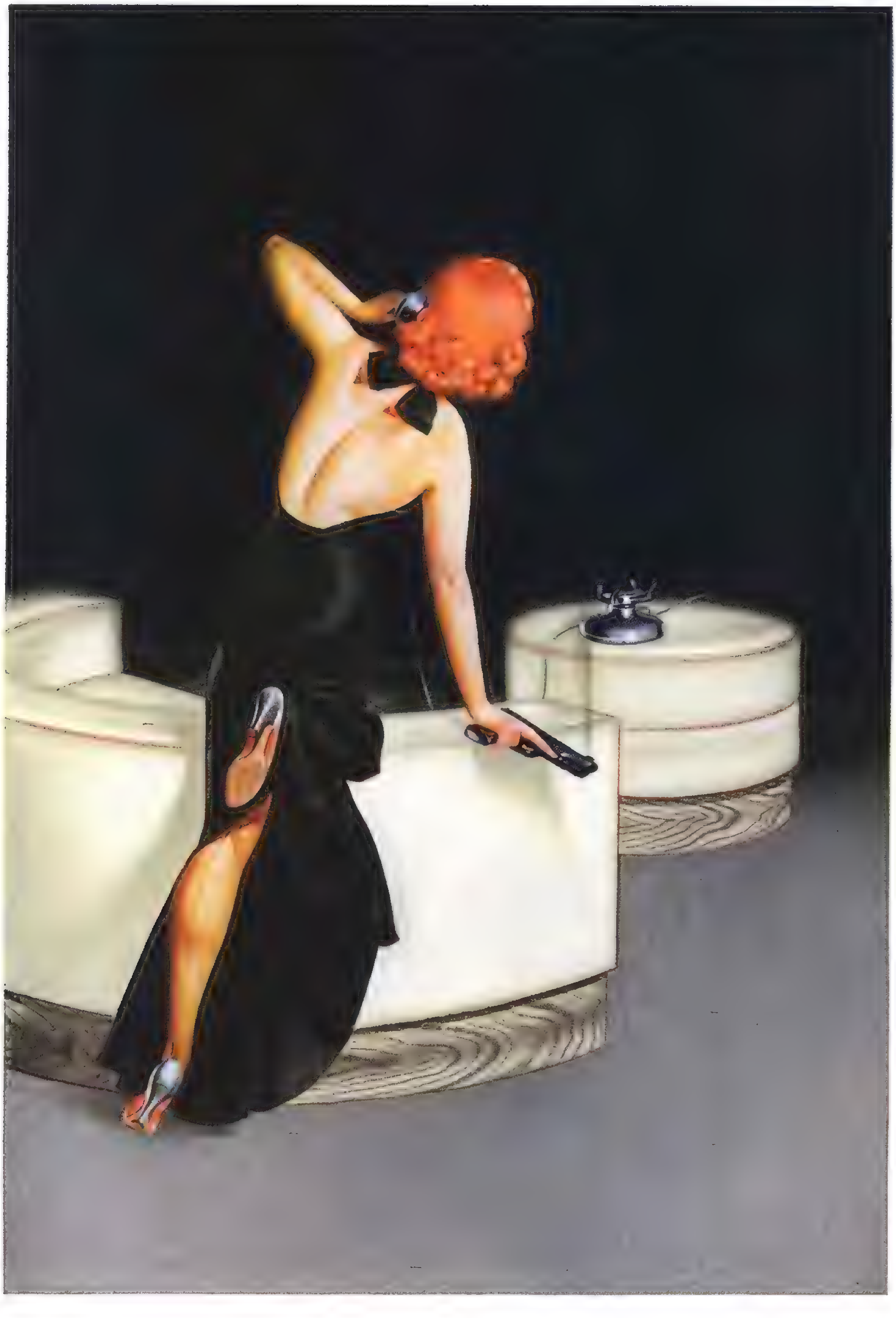

"My husband doesn't object to my going out with you any more!"

... two for the show

Viewpoint: football is a pleasure in itself, and it engenders its own reward in its spirit of comradeship

by CLARK SHAUGHNESSY

▪ SPORTS ▪

At a recent informal gathering of football coaches and newspaper men, some nationally prominent, one of the writers quite naïvely asked "What do boys play football for anyhow?"

One would think that such a question would be quite readily, uniformly, and completely answered by such a group. The surprising thing was that they all had different opinions.

No doubt it is a little hard for many people to understand why in the world a boy in high school or college indulges in an activity that sends him to bed at night so tired he cannot hold his head up long enough to eat his dinner, his face scratched, his body bruised and sore and often his feelings badly ruffled. An Oxford University graduate recently exclaimed "Why do you play such a —— fool game? You can't play it after you get out of school—you don't get anything for it!"

This brilliant scholar inadvertently touched upon the heart of football—"You don't get anything for it." He was speaking commercially. He could understand professional baseball and professional football. Professional baseball and football players—in fact all professional athletes—are entertainers. They are worth and are paid just what they can bring in at the gate.

There are some who advocate that college men should be paid in like manner. It is very certain that such advocates do not understand football, that is, intercollegiate football, without which there would be no professional football. The almost tragic thing in this connection is that some of the advocates of paying the college player, are themselves former college players. It is very certain that these former college "footballers"—like the Oxford scholar said—did not get anything much out of the game. It is also quite possible that the institutions, of which it is hoped they are alumni (frequently boys with this professional attitude quit school as soon as their period of eligibility expires) are to blame. In order to have winning teams these institutions know they must have good men—and rather than lose these "good men" when they were prospective students offering themselves to the highest bidder, they "got together."

From a business standpoint this is usually an excellent thing for the particular school or college. These green, but greedy, youths don't cost much. Many times of course they are poorly chosen and there is some waste—that is—a certain amount of board, room and expense money must be expended before it is discovered that such "bad picks" aren't any good. This fact, once established however, immediately becomes quite momentous for the boys involved. They are dropped "pronto," sometimes under the pretext that their scholarship is bad but it is amazing how in such institutions—and there are too many of them—there seems to be a definite relationship between football ability and scholastic ability. Actually, though, the boys who are told to shift for themselves are much better off than their brothers who are given "rides." Four years later they will have something besides a scrap book of clippings, a lot of bad habits and a feeling that the world owes them a living.

It is difficult to understand how some so-called educational institutions can exploit these boys on their football teams the way they do. These boys think they are getting an education—they do not know any better. They are young, inexperienced and do not stop to realize that they have been shoved into "crip" courses, to be sure that they won't fail. Good athletes don't fail when their studies consist largely of penmanship, shower baths, fresh air, etc. All universities and colleges must comply with certain eligibility standards—and technically then these men are up in their work. What in the world they will be good for when they have lolled away four years in this sort of thing is hard to determine. They would have been much better off working at a trade or at anything that would teach them something besides how to loaf and be "drug store cowboys." The welfare of the boy is not the object of such institutions in their conduct of football. They do not worry about whether playing football is good or bad for the boy. What they are interested in is the publicity that a good football team will achieve for their respective selves and—the gate receipts.

Fortunately for the sake of the game, there are many institutions, despite political and other influences, that are still resisting the commercializing of football, particularly the subsidizing of the players. Football at these institutions is conducted with only one objective in view—the good of the boys playing the game. There is no remuneration involved to cloud the issue. The boys play the game because they want to—and not for what they get out of it commercially. These boys are too smart to be hoodwinked into taking courses just because they are easy. Football to them is not their primary objective in life. They have come to college to prepare themselves to pursue certain careers. If, perchance, as occasionally is true, football interferes with this preparation they give up football. They are too intelligent to be sidetracked by the glamor and excitement of the game. They appreciate the benefits of playing the game—but if it is a case of taking a course of study they are only secondarily interested in, if at all, in order to play football and be eligible, they pass up football. It is amazing, however, to what lengths this type of boy will go, not only to pursue the course of study he wants, but also to play football. He will give up all outside pleasures, put himself on a strict schedule that accounts for every minute of time of the day and sometimes even work nights to support himself, all to play a game that punishes him severely physically, and in the case of a great majority—especially the linemen—he doesn't even get any credit—either in the newspapers or by the crowd in the grandstands. As a matter of fact unless he is "good" he is likely to be "booed," for being a "bum." It is no wonder the Oxford scholar could not understand anything as inconsistent as that seems to be.

Professional football doubtless has its place in the scheme of things. It is astonishing, however, that we are beginning to hear about young men going to college to equip themselves for careers as professional football players. It is hoped that there are not many such. Many fine young men are playing on the various "Pro" teams of the country—there are probably a few of the other kind also. It is a certainty, however, that this better type did not attend college for the purpose of becoming professional football players. They are marking time until opportunities present themselves to embark on their life's work. Some use the money earned in "Pro" football to continue their school work. Those players, however, whose interest is solely in football are to be pitied. It is inconceivable that anyone can be so dumb to think that "Pro" football is a worthwhile life's work. The life of the average professional is only a few

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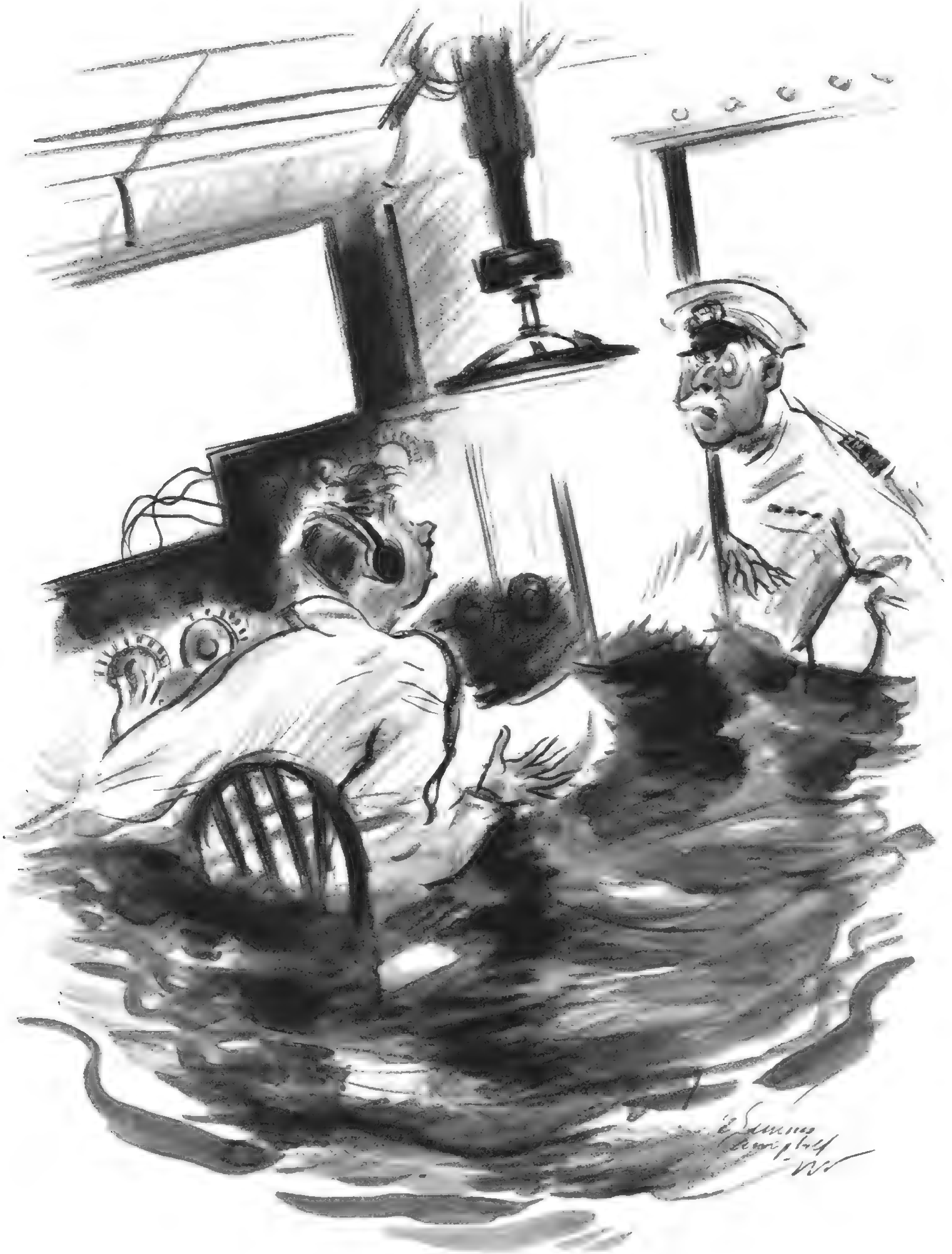


"All they keep sending, sir, is Yale 6, Harvard 0—Yale 6, Harvard 0—"

Sarnoff, RCA, NBC

Success story featuring a brass pounder who looked up from his key to see castles in the air

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

• ARTICLE •

One night John Hays Hammond, the elder, expressed to a dinner guest a half-pessimistic, half-perplexed concern for the future.

"Man," he said, "has gotten his wealth, his adventure and his progress from the earth. Gold and coal, oil and timber, diamonds and wheat—in short, the bread and butter and sugar of his existence have come from the soil. The search for those resources has kept man moving ahead. When there are no more new fields to explore, then what?"

The guest said: "I think the answer is that man is already looking up from the soil. Between here and the stars is a new realm. We are barely beginning to investigate it but its possibilities become more and more apparent.

"Flying is already commonplace. Radio communication is taken for granted although its possibilities are still beyond the belief of the man on the street. In Germany they are taking nitrogen from the air, opening an inexhaustible supply of cheap fertilizer, and keen minds are already exploring the air as a potential source of energy. Soon we will learn how to capture sunlight and preserve it in some sort of storage battery: the cosmic radiations, the temperature gradients of atmosphere—even the winds themselves are waiting to be harnessed.

"I don't think man need worry so long as he continues to look up."

You'd recognize the guest at once as a leading capitalist, and an industrial executive who could well afford to look up in the well-fed after-glow of a good dinner. But in the jump to that conclusion you wouldn't get to know the man at all.

Begin, instead, before the dinner—say, about forty years before when his Russian parents and three brothers and a sister came wide-eyed through the gates of Ellis Island. A grandson of the soil, he probably found it difficult to retain any contact with Mother Earth through the cold insulation of the sidewalks of New York. And the issue was further complicated by the untimely death of his father, leaving him, in his 'teens, the chief breadwinner of the family.

You needn't wade through another Horatio Alger story at this late date: you need only consider the significant highlights. Running errands and peddling papers led more or less naturally to a job as a telegraph messenger, and it was right then that the boy began to look up. The field of telegraphy charmed him and in it his keen mind saw possibilities for improved income. Out of the five or six dollars weekly earnings he saved a nickel here and a dime there until he had enough to pay for a telegraph key. And in that orthodox home there came nightly a new study not covered in the Talmud: the Morse code.

At dull periods of the day the fifteen-year old found opportunities to practice sending and receiving with an operator in the main office, and eventually he spoke to this man on the possibility of getting an operator's job. As one up-looker to another, the old brass pounder sagely advised him to crack this new field, wireless—that's where the opportunities of the future lay. And promptly the lad hied himself to the Marconi company's office to put in his bid.

Sizing up the applicant, the chief engineer smiled tolerantly and gave him a job—as office boy at $5.50 per.

And not to be outdone in tolerance, the kid accepted.

The point here is that the average youth at that age and with those ambitions would have snorted at the office boy proposition: but not this one. He grabbed it because it at least got him in. And once in, he proceeded to soak up wireless until it stuck out of his ears. Unable to speak English a few short years before, he was now wading through technical books after hours and spending his week-ends in the Marconi experimental shops. When an operator's opening presently came at one of the company's stations, he grabbed it.

Who wouldn't?

Well, the-run-of-mine operator wouldn't because the post was at Siasconset, a godforsaken, dreary spot on Nantucket Island, so lonesome and cheerless that nobody wanted the job.

But the up-looker wanted it for two good reasons: first, it was an operator's job; second, it was at the station which boasted of the finest radio library extant.

It took him two years to read all the books and then he was ready for a change. The company wasn't because it was hard to keep men at Siasconset, so they said he could come back to New York at $10 a month less. That would shut him up, they figured. But they figured wrong. He jumped at the chance. Because the next item on his program was an evening course at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, in electrical engineering. And the subway doesn't run to Nantucket.

If you have any eye for the obvious, you can guess the rest of the story. This kid was going places—and calling his shots. Every move he made was calculated with a sharp eye on the future. And any time the future became somewhat obscured by the present, he'd climb up where he could get a better view.

In 1915, for instance, he wrote a memo to the Marconi general manager. "A radio telephone transmitter," he said, "having a range of say 25 to 50 miles can be installed at a fixed point where instrumental or vocal music is produced.

"The receiver can be designed in the form of a simple 'radio music box' and arranged for different wave lengths. This box can be placed on a table in the home, the switch set accordingly and the transmitted music received." And so forth at great length.

This, remember, was long before wireless matured into radio and learned to talk: it was still sputtering its raucous hisses into the ether when this lad, just past the voting age, was mentally dragging the Marconi company into the broadcasting field.

The significant thing is that once again he was calling his shot. For the name signed to that memo was David Sarnoff. When it is signed today, some typist's nimble fingers always add, President, Radio Corporation of America, or President, RCA Communications, Inc., or Chairman of the Board, National Broadcasting Company, or R-K-O Corporation or RCA Manufacturing Company, Inc., or whatnot.

And for the benefit of those who read that memo with an amused smile in 1915, be it noted that while the communications end of Sarnoff enterprises grosses around six millions a year on wireless, the take of NBC's broadcasting activities is in the neighborhood of thirty millions.

A prophetic memo, indeed, as one can realize only by reading it all. In one paragraph, for example, the estimated cost of this radio music box was fixed at around $75 and the probable sales for the first three years calculated at one million boxes.

If you will compare the Sarnoff guess with the RCA sales, you will begin to appreciate something of the practical,

Continued in center of page 176

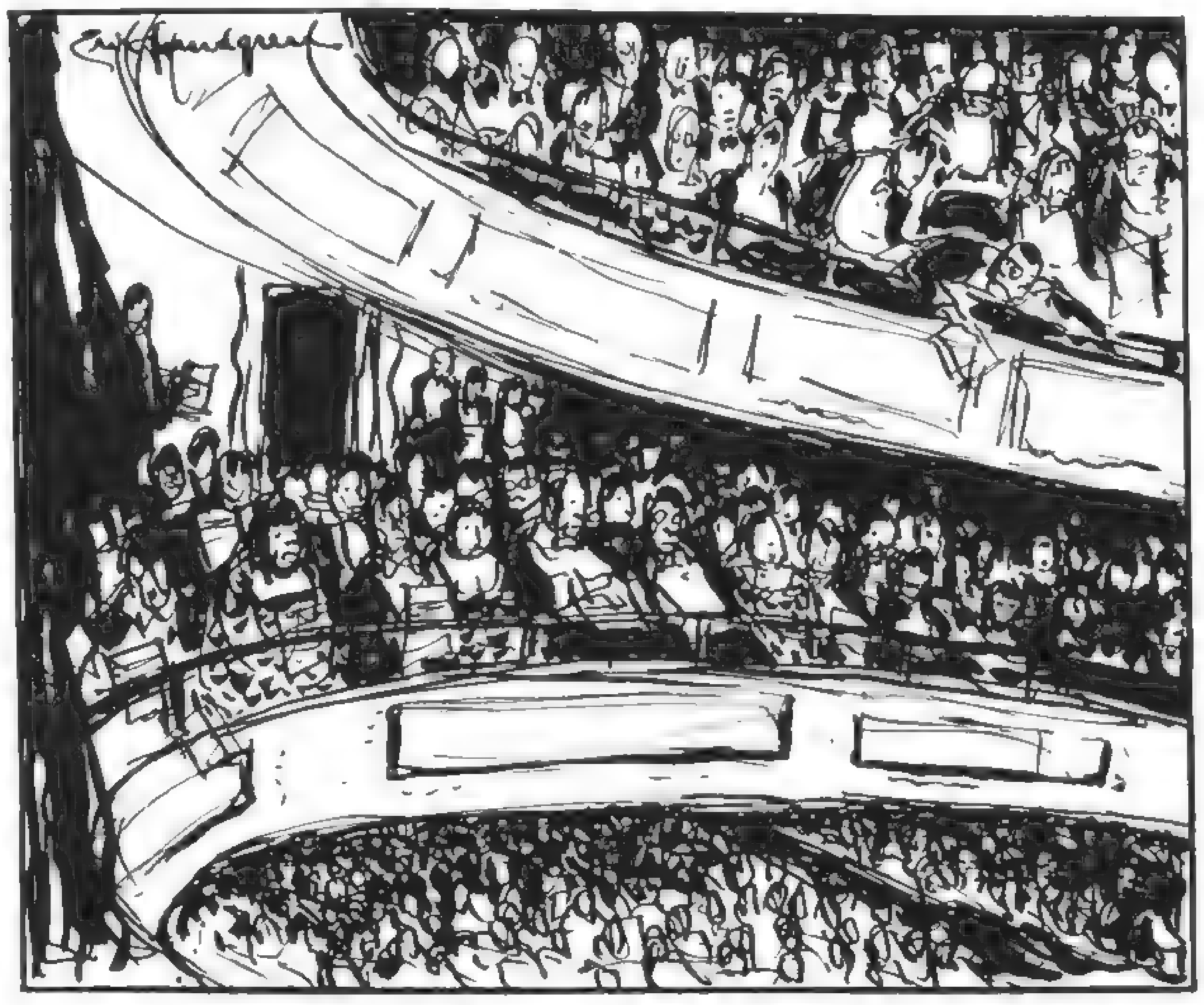
Over Mozart's Memory

Salzburg: Toscanini triumphs and the tourist trade multiplies while the ghost of Mozart stops his ears

by VINCENT SHEEAN

• ARTICLE •

The Music Festival business, which owes its modern form to the shrewd commercial intelligence of Richard Wagner, seems to be one of the few gold-mines still capable of exploitation in a harassed, embittered world. There may be wars in Africa or threats of war in Europe, political and economic disturbances on the five continents, strong personal and private worries for every one of us, and yet a dozen little towns in the United States, England, Germany, Austria, Italy and France have found it possible to overcome their depressions, at least temporarily, by hiring some musicians and making a great fuss over performances of opera, oratorio, symphonic and smaller compositions. Such programmes, being performed in surroundings of special appeal, with an Alp here or a Dolomite there, a tree and a spring in the middle distance, succeed in attracting the attention (and the money) of large numbers of people who like to have their music dished out with as many trimmings as possible.



With many of the festival-goers, indeed, the trimmings are more important than the music, and performances that would be hissed in New York or London or Vienna are applauded wildly by fingers that flash with diamonds.

Salzburg has the honour of being the most notable, and probably also the most characteristic, of these spring-summer-and-autumn outbursts. It is a charming little town in a charming country, where the peasantry wears regional dress (at least when visitors are present) and where there is a genuine pleasure, even for the most unmusical of people, in mere sensation of moving about through scenes of romantic unreality and papier-mâché quaintness. Its architecture, even when unnoticed, gives it a wholly individual quality, as of something precious and preserved, something dreamlike, an interval of ballet between severer dramas. Partly because the town possesses this otherworld, holiday character, and partly because Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born and lived a good many of his few years there, it occurred to a number of practical souls before the war that a Mozart festival would be a good thing in and for Salzburg.

In the beginning it was a Mozart festival pure and simple. Those who are old enough may recall its first performances; they were very good. In 1914, when the war broke out, it interrupted a festival that was to have been, considered from this distance in time, little short of miraculous. For the *Don Giovanni* performance alone, Lilli Lehmann, Geraldine Farrar, John McCormack and Antonio Scotti had been engaged. The war put an end to that first phase, and when the festivals were resumed after the so-called peace, a new element had been introduced: the genius (whether you like it or not) of Max Reinhardt. Reinhardt started producing his pompous spectacles on the steps of the Salzburg Cathedral, and the heyday of the Salzburger tradesmen began. For a few years in the 1920's Salzburg meant, not Mozart and his music (although Mozart worried along just the same), but Reinhardt and his shows, so massive and complicated in their mechanism that one wondered why they had been brought to this scene at all. They were, however—while their novelty lasted—good productions, and there is still something staggering about the sheer magnitude of them, something irresistibly effective in their vast vulgarity. They were and still are, in the words of a typical Salzburg music-lover of this year's festival, a "jolly good show."

The element that has now thrown Reinhardt into the shade so far as Salzburg is concerned is the presence of Arturo Toscanini. He came to Salzburg last year for two concerts with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, and liked it so well that he was willing to come back this year and conduct a number of opera performances as well. The mere announcement that Toscanini would conduct opera was enough to bring more visitors to Salzburg than the toy town has ever seen before. From all over Europe, the Americas and the British Empire, from Java and Japan and Russia, people have travelled to this place to hear the work of the great little man from Milan. And, as happens in such cases, the movement of those who wanted to hear Toscanini was followed immediately by the movement of those who wanted to say they had heard Toscanini, and even by the movement of those who wanted only to watch the others move. It has been a snowball of success and acclaim. And from the point of view of the permanent welfare of the Salzburg Festival, it has been a very great pity.

To say this so flatly may seem impertinent, lacking in respect towards that unique and unapproachable genius. It is not so intended. Toscanini's performances were of a quality nobody could have expected, even from him. With that erratic orchestra, the Vienna Philharmonic, which can play so badly when it is in the mood, and with singers who were in no case fully equal to their tasks, he gave some performances of absolute perfection. This is not my own unsupported judgment; it is also the judgment of every musician I have heard speak on the subject, including the great man's rival conductors. The two Toscanini orchestral concerts were marvels of creation; even with the New York orchestra (which is in general a superior orchestra to any in Europe), he has not surpassed what he did this summer in Salzburg. His performances of the Brahms *Fourth Symphony* on August 15th, and of the Debussy *Fêtes and Nuages* on August 22nd, are said by his most ancient admirers to be wonders which even he has never before equalled. When the Brahms *Fourth Symphony* was over you felt that you had heard it stated in perfection forever, and that you never wanted to hear it again. This finality, this perfection, is Toscanini's alone. It was achieved also in his opera performances, although there he was handicapped by a great many mediocre singers and innumerable difficulties of production, weather, colds and temperaments. The *Falstaff* and *Fidelio* performances (his two operas) were of a quality I have never met before in some twenty years of opera-going all over the world. The *Fidelio* performance of August 14th, in particular, when Mme. Lotte Lehmann was in full possession of her exquisitely moving voice, was a new revelation of that score. It was surpassed only by one other, the *Falstaff* of August 17th (the second performance), which had a precision and perfection of detail which, I have no doubt, have never before been achieved in the execution of a difficult master-work. A distinguished conductor at the end of that

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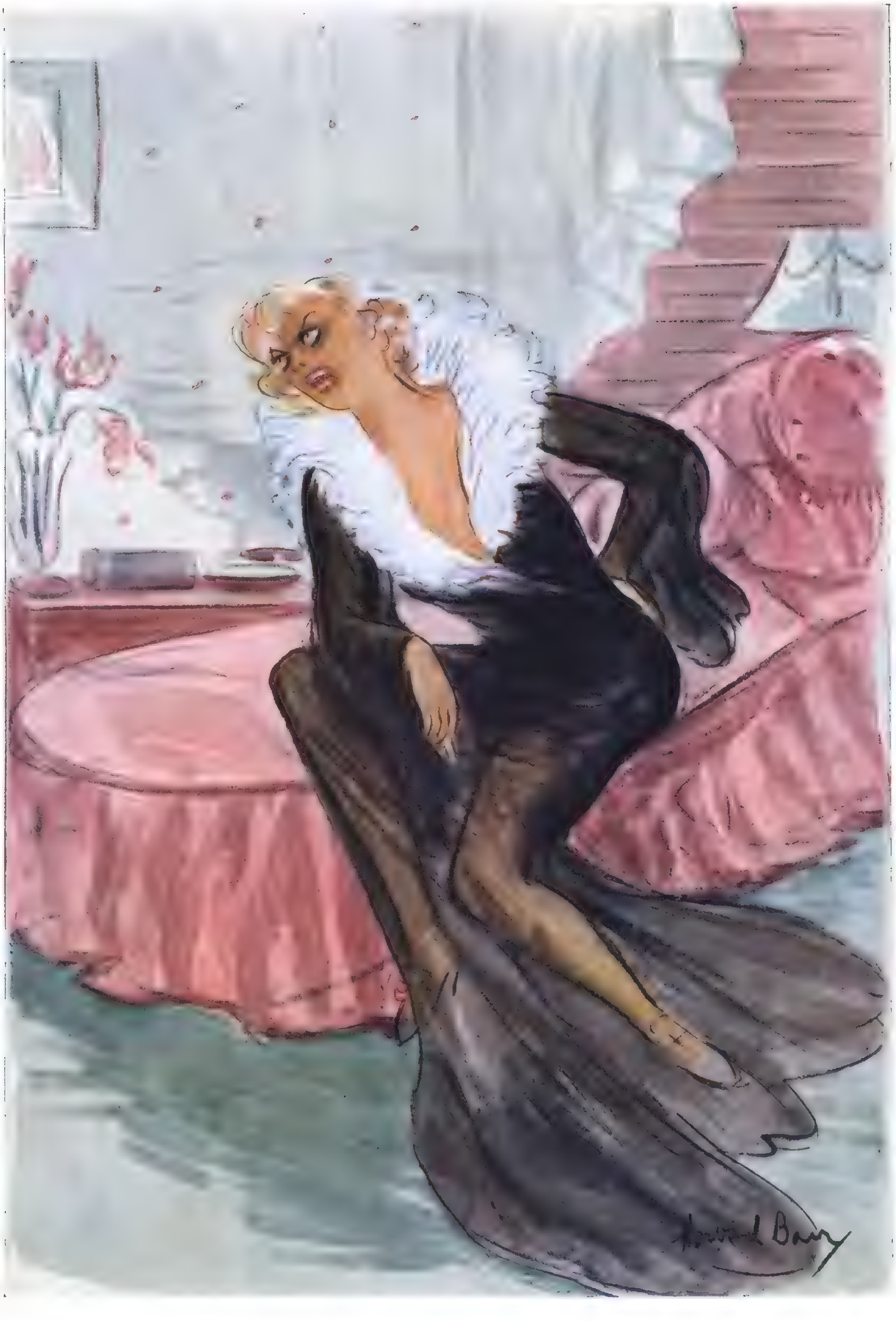
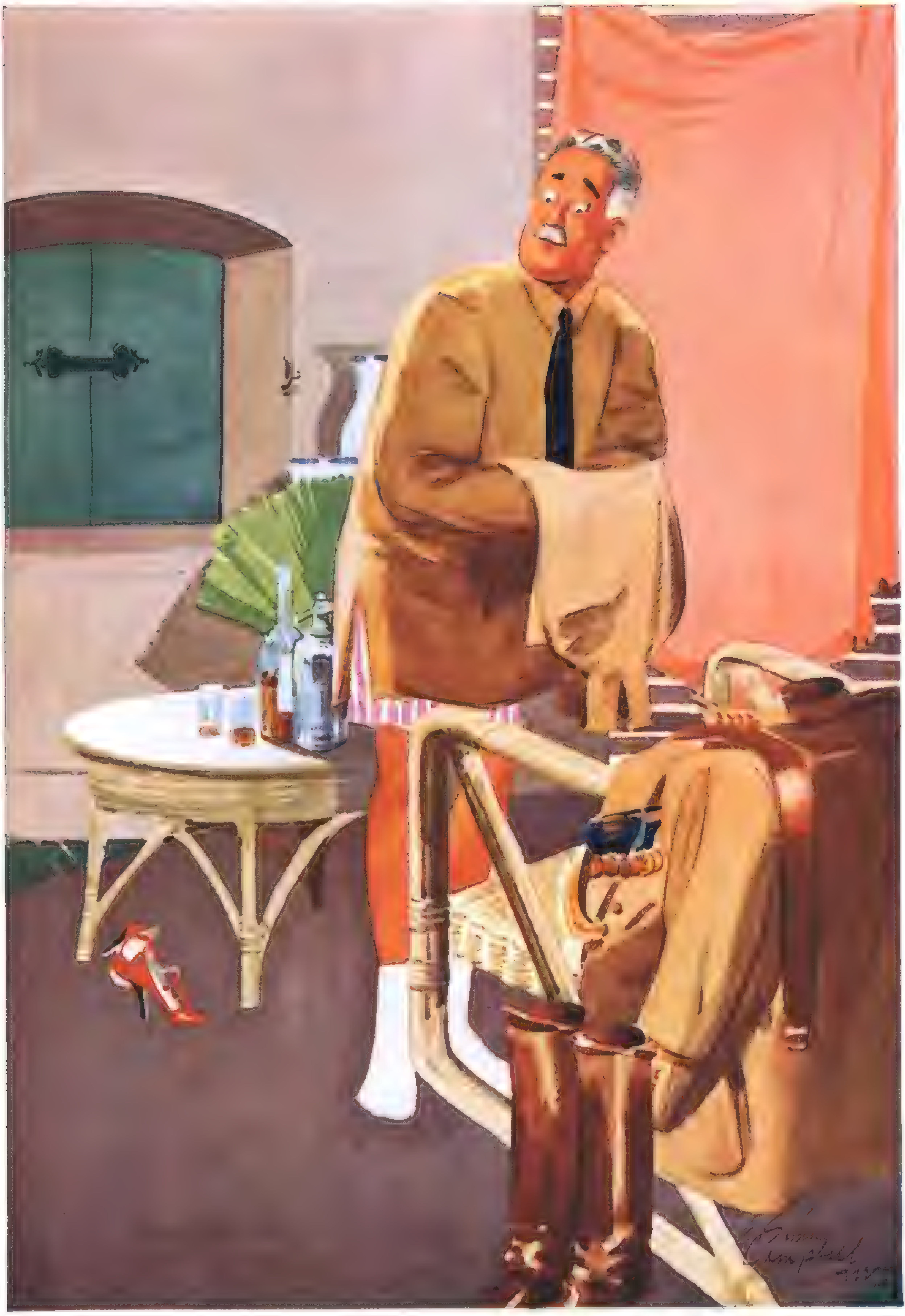

Howard Baer

"Oh! — So now you're in a hurry!"



"You army men—so neat"

Men, Bullets and Scalpels

Plastic surgery regretfully prepares for the terrific demands of the coming wars

MAXWELL MALTZ, M. D.

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THERE are a little more than one hundred well-trained plastic surgeons on the face of the earth. Yet, on this handful of men will be placed the impossible task of rebuilding the distorted features of the hundreds of thousands of victims of the coming Second World War!

Millions of soldiers will be active belligerents in the imminent struggle for power. Other millions, possibly women and children as well as men, may be indirect victims of the world conflagration. And for these countless unfortunates, there will be only one hundred physicians whose exclusive work is the practise of plastic surgery, whose present specialty is to remake faces, to reconstruct features distorted by accident or mischance of birth. Among these, of course, are not included the general surgeons, many of whom can be assigned to the plastic division during wartime.

In England there are from twelve to fourteen plastic surgeons; in France, a like number; in Germany, from ten to twelve; in Austria, six to eight; in Italy, four; in the United States, from forty to fifty. Truly an amazingly small number for the service ahead!

Diplomats scurry from conference to conference, striving diligently to forestall another world war, but even to the man on the street it is plain that, sooner or later, such a conflict is almost inevitable. The people of no nation want war, but Mars smiles sardonically as the machinery of preparedness roars ahead at full speed. Admitting the seeming headlong flight into destruction, what will be the work of the plastic surgeon in this next war?

He will have to remake faces for those unfortunates whose noses and ears and mouths are blasted away by the refined, new weapons of warfare. Human flesh is notoriously weak when pitted against the bullets of the Stange machine gun, which fires six hundred rounds a minute. "All-piercing" bullets, which can penetrate armor six inches thick, have no respect for the faces of those youngsters who are the human armaments of nations. Shrapnel, explosives, dum-dum bullets, all the paraphernalia of modern warfare, will create for the plastic surgeon thousands of cases which will make the responsibility of his peace-time job fade into insignificance.

He will have to lift the scars of burned and mangled faces and restore a semblance of normality. He will have to replace noses that have been shot away; transplant flesh from other portions of the body and build new eyelids, eyebrows, foreheads, cheeks and mouths. For mutilated heroes whose faces have been all but shot away, he will have to carve new faces in semblance of the old. His task will be to become a sculptor in human flesh, an artist whose job is to recreate what the gods of war have destroyed.

If the statesmen in whose hands the peace of Europe rests could foresee as clearly as does the plastic surgeon the vast number and the terrifying types of cases that the coming war must produce, they could hardly fail to find some means of keeping the peace.

The World War of 1914-1918 taught some pertinent lessons in restorative surgery. Never before was this branch of the healer's art practised on so wide a scale as during and after those four mad years. Facial and bodily mutilation exceeded all previous records. But although the task of the plastic surgeon was greater than ever before, he was likewise better able to cope with disfigurements than at any previous period.

At the outbreak of the war, however, there were only a few surgeons specializing in plastic surgery. All the nations were more or less prepared to kill and maim their enemies, but they were almost totally unprepared to try to restore to normality the mutilated bodies of their own young men. The disheartening number of casualties forced quick action to bring relief to thousands of pitifully mangled men. The surgeons working at the base hospitals on various head specialties turned their efforts to perfecting old methods and devising new ones with which to rebuild ravaged faces. Young physicians with no experience in plastic surgery were pressed into service, to be instructed by older surgeons who had a little knowledge of the procedure of reconstructive surgery, and who gained more skill quickly under the pressure of the great emergency.

Miracles were performed in the base hospitals during those days. Stretcher-bearers brought in soldiers whose faces were horribly mangled by exploding shrapnel. In some cases, quick action saved lives; in others, lifelong deformities were avoided. In many serious cases it was necessary to wait for months and to have the cases treated in veterans' hospitals far from the front.

Those soldiers whose faces were thus reconstructed by plastic surgery—and there were thousands—returned home with features approaching normality, and were, therefore, able once more to find places for themselves, socially and economically and physically. But such adaption would have been impossible if their faces had still borne the livid marks of their war sufferings.

More thousands on the other hand, were crippled beyond repair. These unfortunates were so badly mutilated that it was impossible to reconstruct their features, and as a result they could not be re-established in normal society. They are the LOST BATTALIONS which still exist today in every country that took part in the World War. They live in the shadowy fringes of a civilization that has learned to forget quickly. And now their weak voices are lost in the new uproar as the fighting forces of Europe hammer their weapons of destruction into form. These are the men really forgotten, for they can not show their torn faces in a society that will not tolerate repulsive features.

Although the reconstruction of faces and features, shattered during the conflict, gave a great impetus to restorative surgery, plastic surgery is not merely an offspring of the World War. On the contrary, it has been practised as an art for tens of centuries. The Aryuveda, a sacred journal of the Hindus, reveals that marked skill in plastic surgery was attained in India more than twenty-five hundred years ago. And the Hindu method was used during the war by both German and allied surgeons in fashioning new noses for soldiers who had had their own noses either blown away or cut away by the surgeon's scalpel after infection had set in. Despite its ancient origin, it is certain that in the next war this same method will be used to an even greater extent than heretofore.

Tagliacozzi, an Italian surgeon of the Renaissance, developed another technique for the restoration of lost noses, which was also used widely in the last war. He was a profound student of anatomy and held the chair of surgery at the University of Bologna. Furthermore, he possessed an uncanny gift for reconstructing disfigured faces, but the narrow-minded clergy of his day obstructed his efforts by asserting that the eminent surgeon was meddling with the will of God. Tagliacozzi's indisputably great contribution to restorative surgery is the method of using skin from the arm for transplanting to the face. This technique is now known as the Italian method, in contrast to the Hindu method of using a flap of skin from the

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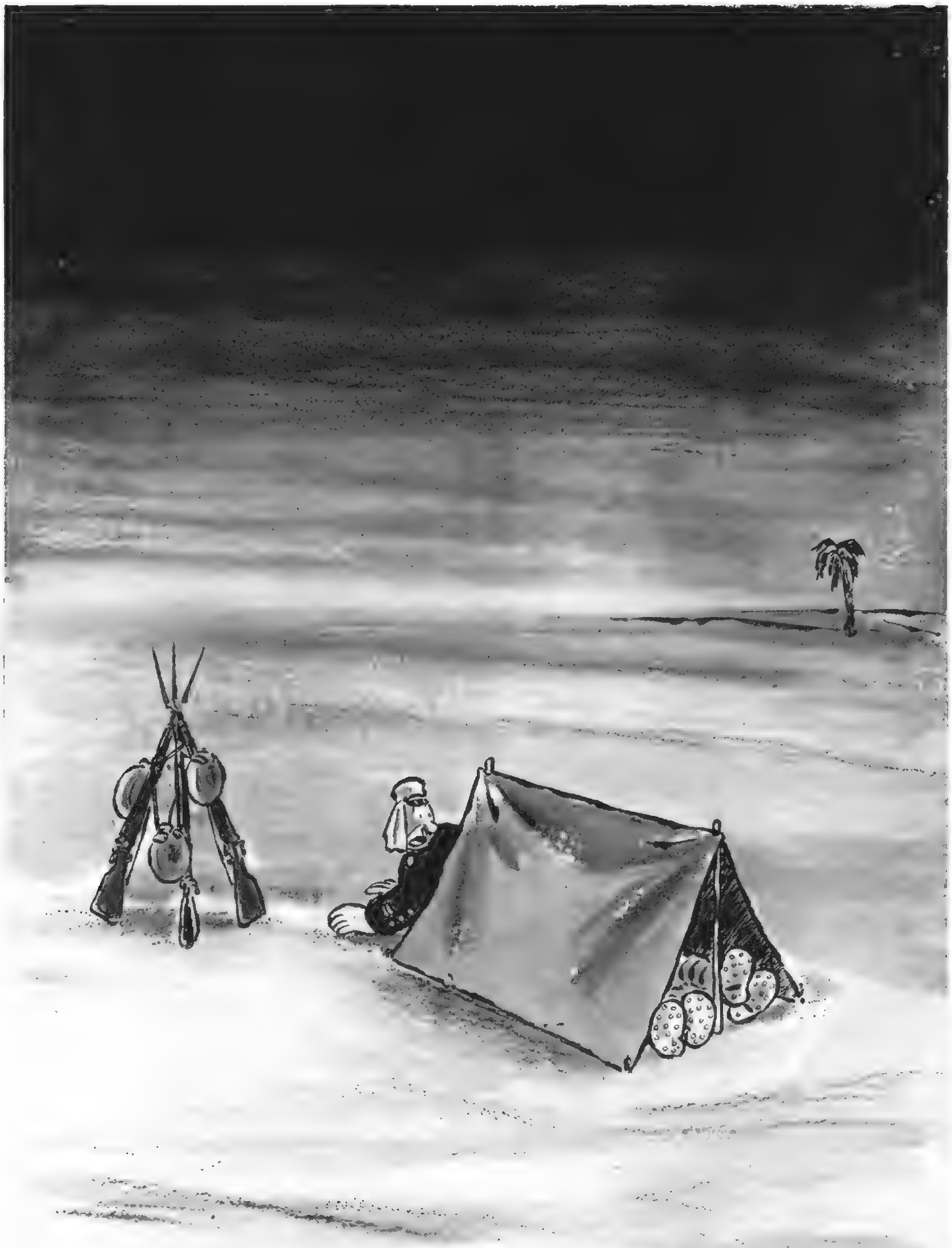


"Hey! Somebody swiped our cream again this morning!!"

The Yatanga Naba

A modernized jungle potentate fulfills the ancient ritual by which he proves himself a lion

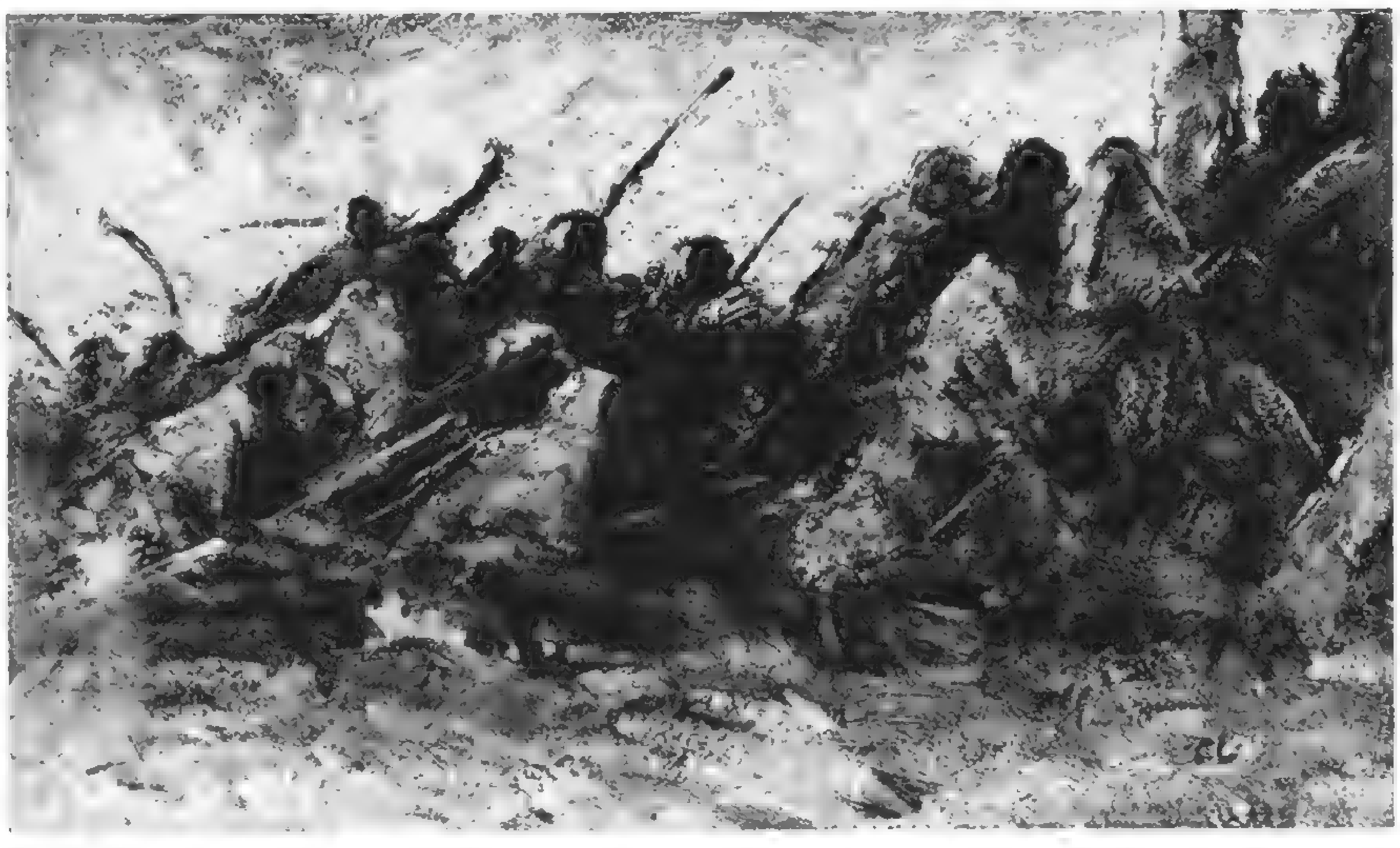
by WILLIAM SEABROOK

• FICTION •

The old Yatanga Naba, Black Pope of all the Mossi, ancestral custodian of the ancient Fetich, reclined on a huge couch of crimson leather in the great hall of his mud palace at Ouiagouia, surrounded by his musicians and concubines, solacing himself with a third bottle of vermouth from a case recently sent by his friend, Monsieur Courtot, the French administrator.

Ignoring his harpists and dancing girls, thumbing idly a pile of back numbers of *Voilà* and *La Vie Parisienne*, intelligent and cynical, but bored, he was reflecting without enthusiasm that the month was now January, that he was the Yatanga Naba, and that tonight would be the dark of the moon. Not even the irrepressible Briolle, who had known him for many years and was privileged to play the fool, could cheer his gloom. As for me, I was seeing the Yatanga for the first time.

He was a giant of a man, grown soft from dissipation and too easy living, but still a giant. Ancestrally, he was the Lion of the Tribe, and, dangling round his neck as he lolled there, was the biggest *grigris* I had ever seen in Africa—an actual lion's paw, silver-mounted, as a rabbit's foot is sometimes mounted in Harlem or Louisiana. It was impressive, but beneath it, incongruously, pinned to his tunic, were various bright-colored ribbons and crosses—the green ribbon and golden wreath of the *Mérite Agricole*, the sober purple of the *Palmes Académiques*, the red ribbon of the *Légion d'Honneur*—which proved that the Lion's claws had long since been painlessly clipped and that the one-time supreme savage potentate had become a puppet of the French Colonial Office.



PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

To his own loyal, if no longer entirely naïve subjects, however, I gathered he still embodied magical sovereignty, which meant that he must at certain stated times, go out and "prove himself"—that he must undergo, or seem to undergo, the ancient ordeals. And the eve of one of these trials, the most important of them all, was now upon him. In olden days, from immemorial times, on this fixed lunar date in the month of January that is, on a midnight in the dark of the moon precisely nine days before the new crescent appeared, the reigning Yatanga Naba had been compelled to disappear from his luxurious palace and to lose himself, naked, barefoot, unarmed and alone, in the wild-beast infested depths of the trackless West African bush. When his disappearance was discovered on the following morning, there would be wailing and lamentation throughout the tribe; bands of searchers, firing muskets, waving lances, on horseback and afoot, would begin rushing far and wide, seeking their lost sovereign. But he must not actually be found, must continue to survive in the dangerous wilds until the nine days and nights had passed, until the crescent moon appeared. Then he would be "found," if still alive, and brought back, amid triumphant and tumultuous thanksgiving, to the palace.

As a matter of actual fact, this annual ordeal had gradually degenerated into a harmless circus, a sort of annual carnival, a fortnight-long holiday, during which the whole nation abandoned work, rushed about, shouting, firing muskets, raising hell generally as we do on the Fourth of July. This was enjoyed by everybody, except, perhaps, by the Yatanga. It would be inexact to term it a "hoax," for everybody really knew that the Yatanga was safely hidden by his priests in a comfortable hut, somewhere not too far distant in the bush, where he was well guarded and tended, and where he could be found safely at precisely the appointed time. It had always been the custom of the French Administration to furnish freely its amiable coöperation to this turbulent but harmless tribal festival. Monsieur Courtot always sent alarming telegrams to the governor of the Volta at Ouagadougou, who replied with telegrams of sympathy to the Mossi tribes, offering troops to aid in the search, and sometimes sending a platoon or two of native gendarmes, ostensibly to help find the Yatanga, but really to police the jamboree, and never failing to follow it up with mock-serious congratulations to the Yatanga on his safe survival and return.

The present Yatanga, smart and cynical as any Paris politician, had been the royal goat of this annual humbug for nigh on to thirty years, and it was no wonder that as it again approached, he viewed the prospect without enthusiasm. Indeed, for the last several years—so Monsieur Courtot later told me, he had always spent the mortal, tiresome period of enforced retirement, by drinking himself blind-drunk on the vermouth and sweet champagne which the administration generously provided. He was always sick afterward, and the whole thing had become a deadly bore. The Colonial office could well afford to be generous about the champagne, for through the Yatanga it controlled territory richer than many a département back home.

This, briefly, was the situation in the Yatanga's palace and in Ouiagouia, on the January afternoon when Briolle and I—returning toward the West Coast from Lake Tchad and having trouble with his battered Renault truck among the cliffs of Bandiagara—broke the trip at Ouiagouia to visit Administrator Courtot, witness the annual high-jinks and repair our magneto. My eccentric little traveling companion, André Briolle, the Administrator of Man (which was a big jungle territory down on the coast) had known Courtot for years, and for an even longer number of years had been on terms of intermittent intimacy with the Yatanga. A curious intimacy considering the differences in their natures.

These two oddly assorted "potentates"—the cocky, tyrannical little veteran Administrator of Man who took a twisted pride in promenading his battered camion from Tchad to the Sahara without ever changing his greasy overalls, and the superb Yatanga who weighed three hundred pounds, in royal robes of silk and gold—had been intimates for a long decade. Both, in their different

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The Now Sainted Huey

A psychologist's post-mortem of the animating impulses of the late Senator from Louisiana

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

• ARTICLE •

At the moment of writing, a crazed assassin's bullet has transformed a jester into a martyr.

The Louisiana Kingfish was at the last being taken just seriously enough to arouse our national sense of humor.

"Every Man a King—Our Kingdom For a Job! A King for Today, A Queen for Tonight. Share Your Wealth But Not Your Wife. Our Country, Right or Long!" Those were some of the signs carried by Harvard men last class day. That meant something.

You remember the Model-T Ford. Everybody laughed at it and everybody bought one. The more Ford jokes, the more Ford sales. Farmers laughed because they could go places in their Fords where they had never gone before. City people laughed to cover their embarrassment at owning a Model-T. We were getting to be like that about Huey Long. The Buffoon of Baton Rouge was hewing a place for himself in our national destiny with keen-edged quips and frankly self-revealing slashes of humor.

Here, for example, is a naïve wise-crack that made me laugh with Huey in spite of logical reservations. Long's man Friday, nominally Governor of Louisiana, was to speak at a reception welcoming the Italian Ambassador. But Huey brushed Okay Allen off the platform and made a speech himself. The Kingfish said, "Louisiana University formerly got $450,000 from the State. Now it gets $2,000,000 more than that, and come and see us in two or three years. I am the worst politician in the United States. You can't do without politicians. They are a necessary evil. The thing to do is take the politician in. He is a thief, so make him steal for the school children." When Huey invited the public to laugh with him at himself, it took a sober man indeed to refrain from chuckling. That was one of Long's success secrets.

His second success formula was no secret but it's a hard one for most politicians to follow. Huey carried out his promises to his constituents, "come hell or high water." Not *all* his promises, perhaps, but a politically surprising proportion of them. This isn't easy to do even if a politician likes to, and most of them don't. Huey actually *enjoyed* carrying out promises.

It gave him the consciousness of a *deus ex machina*. Long took his pay primarily in power, not in money. Huey Long, like Julius Caesar, was willing any day to sacrifice money for votes. You remember Plutarch's story about the Immortal Julius. Caesar, the sardonic atheist, was running as people's candidate for High Priest, against two wealthy and highly respectable opponents. One of them—whom Huey Long would doubtless have described as an attorney for Standard Oil had the incident been a modern one—offered Caesar a huge sum of money to withdraw from the contest. "Nonsense!" responded the greatest Roman of them all, "I'm going to borrow more than that to buy the election." As with Caesar, so with Long—money meant nothing except the power it would buy. And when he had the power, the keenest realization of it was to be gained by keeping his promises and delivering seemingly impossible things to his supporters.

Huey Long delivered: free school-books to all the children of Louisiana, regardless of creed or religion; free bridges, piping in of natural gas, reduction of port charges on cotton, and payment by the State of five million dollars city indebtedness for the Port of New Orleans; three thousand miles of paved roads and thousands more miles of graveled roads for the farmers; abolition of poll-taxes—which in Louisiana amounted to enfranchisement of thousands of poverty-burdened citizens; reduction in telephone, gas and electric rates, and free hospital service throughout the State; an improved penitentiary; free night-schools for adults with reduced illiteracy by the amazing figure of one hundred thousand, a Medical School and a nationally publicized football team for Louisiana State University, modern methods of psychiatric treatment which freed insane patients from medieval plows and lock-chairs to which they had previously been chained at so-called State Hospitals; a new Governor's Mansion of doubtful architecture, and a magnificent State Capitol which puts to shame even the modernistic atrocities at Chicago's Century of Progress. There are plenty of debit entries in the Long ledger—I'm not drawing off a trial balance. I am only citing the evidence that Huey Long, in spectacular contrast to the Governors of Louisiana who preceded him, kept his campaign promises and delivered the goods.

Let's be frank about Huey Long. The old injunction, to speak only well of the dead, would be the ultimate unfairness to him. He was called practically everything. Blatherskite, cheap demagogue, clown, crawfish, grunt and puffer are some of the printable epithets spoken for the record on the floor of the United States Senate. Liar, crook, double-crossing skunk and countless pet names less polite were used by Long's home state enemies, including his own brother whom Huey refused to nominate as his successor in the Governorship lest a family dynasty prove too much for strong stomached voters. Huey called himself the Kingfish, a piscatorial term which cannot be found in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, but which Long said he used to apply to various political opponents who muscled in on his chosen preserves. At last Huey himself was caught in the same predicament, presiding over a hearing where he had no legal right even to be present. So he grinned and said, "I am participating here anyway, gentlemen. Just call me the Kingfish."

On the other hand Huey P. Long was called one of the ablest lawyers the South ever produced. His arguments before the Supreme Court of the United States were praised by such legal authorities as the late Chief Justice William Howard Taft and Mr. Justice Brandeis. He was said by unprejudiced newspaper writers to possess one of the best minds in the Senate. Even the opposition newspapers in Louisiana headlined him as "Big Hearted Huey" when it was discovered that he had helped anonymously penniless widows and children who couldn't vote. Long was called stout-hearted fighter and arrant coward, true-hearted friend of the people and ruthless exploiter of popular prejudice, protector of the poor and cheap politician. He was an altogether odd, colorful figure on the stage of American politics, whose private personality remained hidden behind a harlequin mask of purposive buffoonery.

No man attains success without ability. But you cannot judge what kind of ability any man has by the thing he succeeds at. No more can you judge his motives by what he says they are, nor his weaknesses by the attacks of his enemies. You can't get an X-ray picture of a man's body by placing something he has made in front of the screen. And when you place the man himself in position, the shadow picture of his skeleton is not in the least affected by a pious facial expression or by the sinister appearance which his hairy chest may have in the eyes of critical beholders.

Underneath the rampant meanderings of Huey Long, years before his "golden dream" of supreme political power began to emerge from the egotistical mists of his youthful

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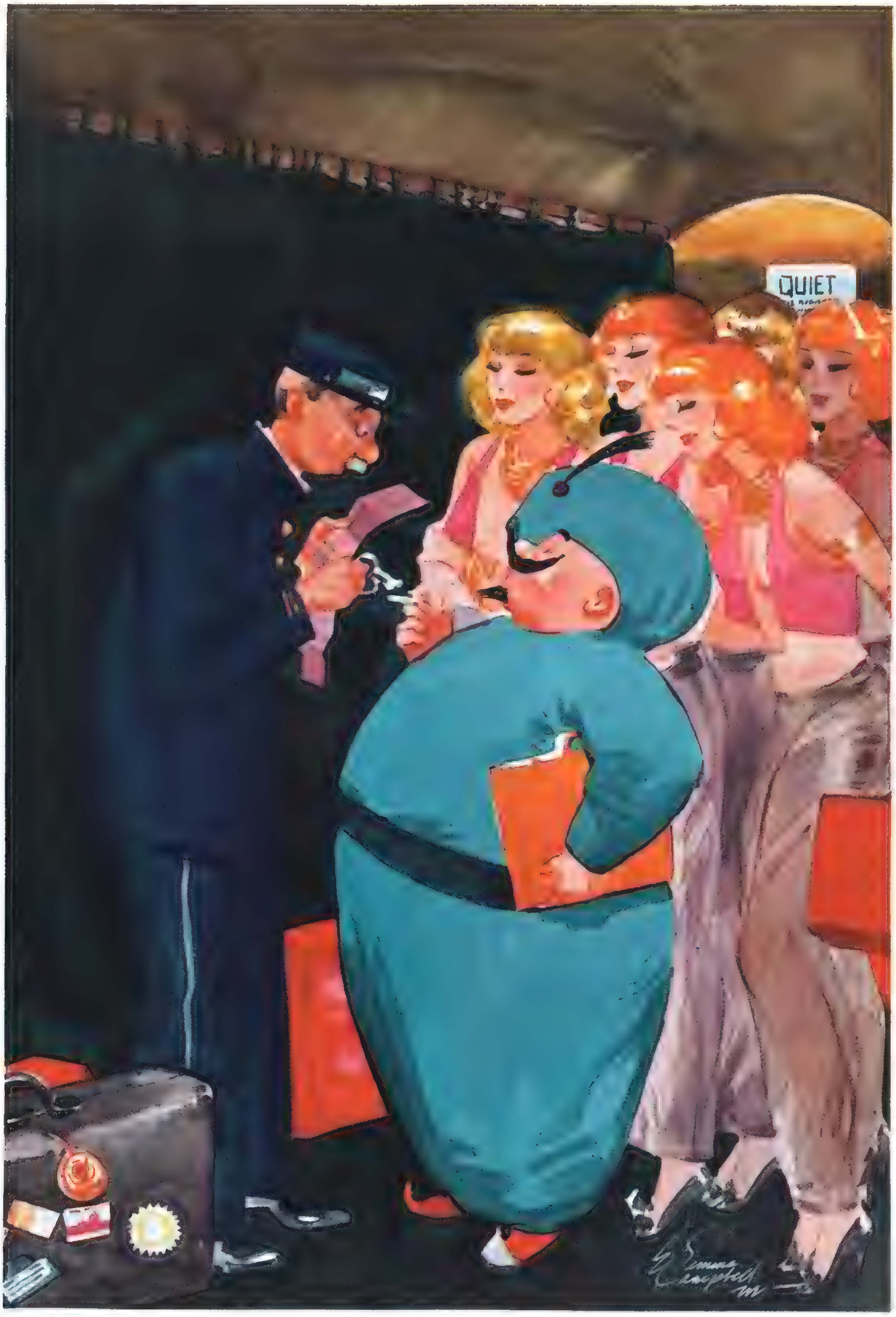
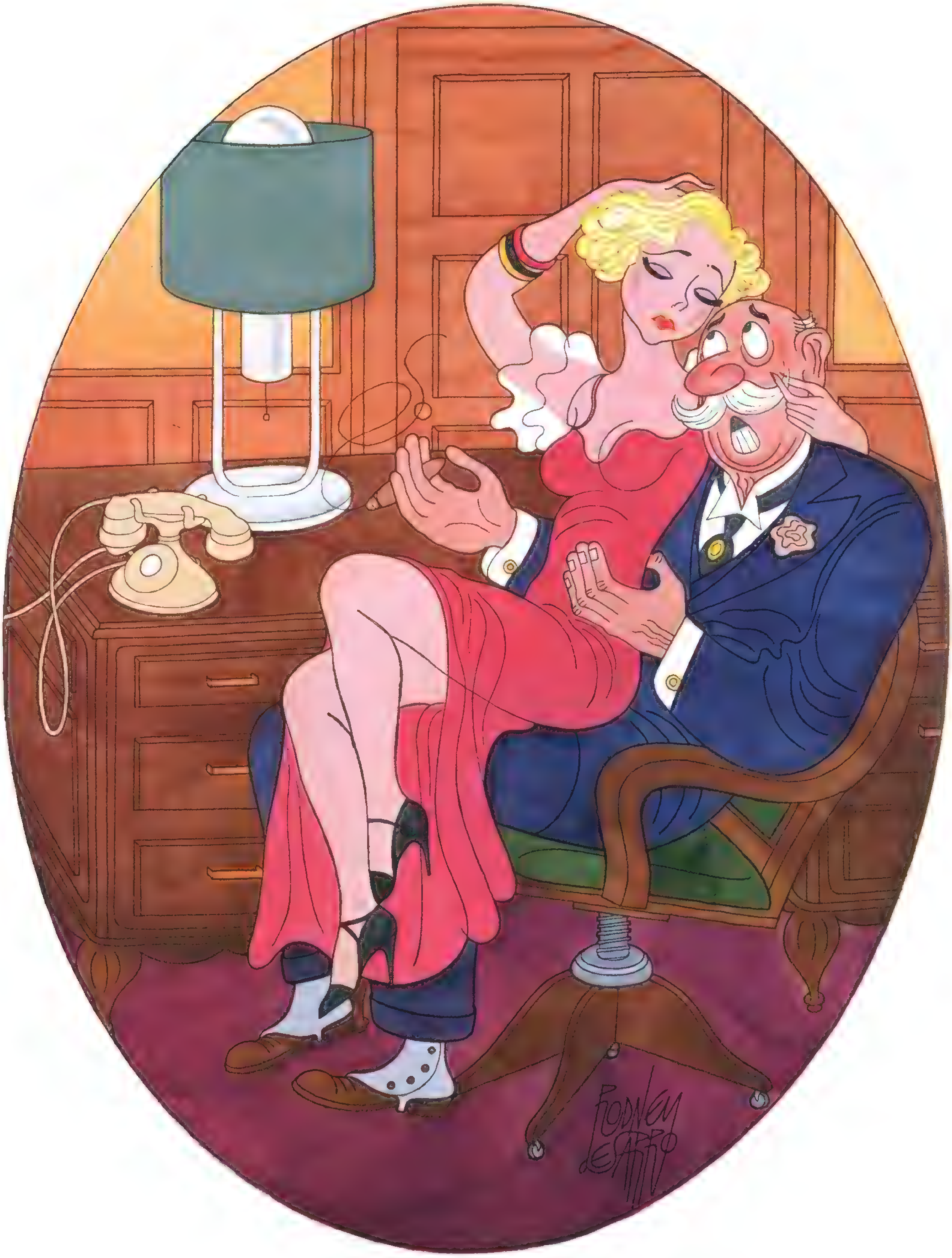


"Lower eight!"


Rodney deSarro

"You can't type, you can't spell, you can't file—but oh well, what th' hell"

A Little Sound Thinking

How private ownership and the competitive system put sex and service into postage stamps

by TOM JONES PARRY

• SATIRE •

Mr. Winterbottom, seated at his desk in his office on the eightieth floor of Industrial Tower Building, picked up the last of the letters that had been deemed worthy of his attention by his secretary, and read it carefully.

Hon. Joshua G. Winterbottom,
President, Greater Postal Services, Inc.
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Winterbottom:

Your magnificent coup in buying the Postal System of the United States Government and placing it under private ownership and control, where it belongs, commands my heartiest admiration. It is a staggering blow to the Socialistic nonsense and bureaucracy characteristic of all government operations. Right thinking Americans will draw a deeper breath with the knowledge that the postal service of the nation has been withdrawn from inefficient public ownership and restored to private initiative and sane, efficient, and economical private control. I will watch the success of Greater Postal Services, Inc., with deepest interest and with the calmest assurance of its progress and prosperity.

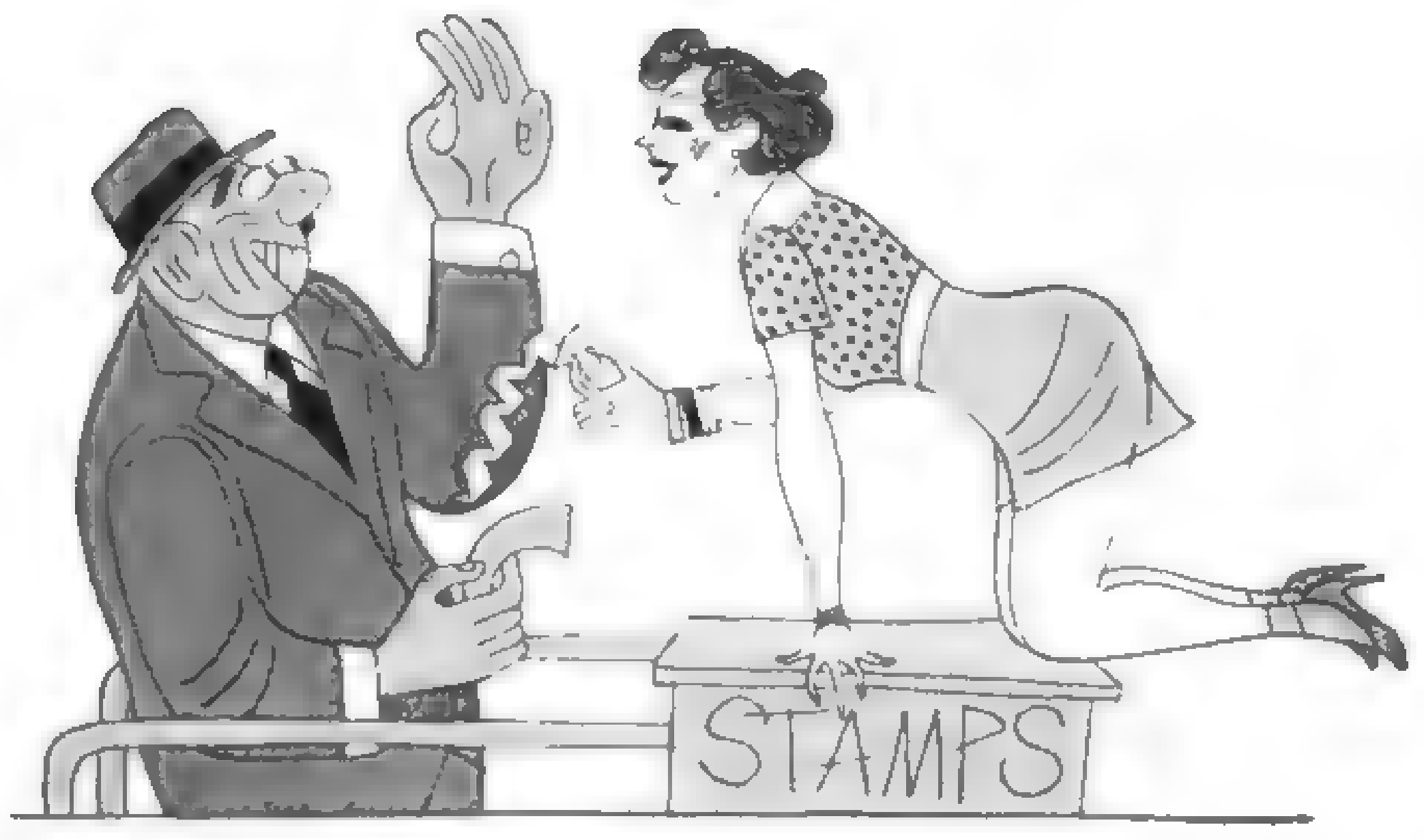
Cordially,
Horace B. Horace, President
Greater Southern and Northern Railways

Mr. Winterbottom removed his glasses from his nose and permitted them to dangle on their silken cord where they glistened brightly against his sober, dark vest. He handed the letter to Mr. Roscoe, his secretary, and placing his finger tips together, judicially, continued his dictation.

"My dear Mr. Horace:

"Of the many letters from the industrial and financial interests of this country, and I may say, the world, which flood my desk, none has pleased me more than yours. I feel as you do, that what you are so kind as to refer to as my "magnificent coup" is a blow struck at the insidious forces of Socialism, Anarchy, and Chaos that during the recent process of liquidation, erroneously referred to as the depression, have threatened the sacred rights of private business and initiative.

"I trust you will not consider me immodest if I say that I intend to bring something of the same sound principles to the management and financing of Greater Postal Services, Inc., that have always characterized the management of the Greater Southern and Northern Railways and the other great railways and privately owned public utilities of this nation.



"As I have said, your expression of interest and approval pleases me deeply. I am sure the transformation of the Postal System from the inefficiency of public control to the sound methods of private ownership will mark a milestone on the way back to the glorious America of yesterday."

Most cordially,
Joshua G. Winterbottom, President
Greater Postal Services, Inc.

When he had finished, Mr. Winterbottom replaced his glasses, rose to his feet, and walked to the window where he parted the heavy curtains and looked out to far horizons, breathing heavily. There was something sacred and holy in this moment, he felt.

"The occasion is historic," he said aloud, not so much to Mr. Roscoe as to himself. "Our Common and Preferred Issues, not to mention our Twenty Year 4½% Gold Debentures, have been snapped up. Greater Postal Services, Inc., is a soundly financed reality, and as soon as we have made a Tour of our Properties we will be ready to give the American people such Postal Service as they never, in their fondest dreams or wildest fancies, could possibly conceive of."

He paced the floor for a minute.

"Brains will replace bureaucracy; red blood will replace red tape; men will replace misfits—Men! men who can conceive, plan, execute, do, dare, finance, advertise, sell, merchandise—"

He broke off and seated himself at his broad, unblemished desk, and removed his glasses again, permitting them to dangle idly on their silken cord while he placed his finger tips together.

"Send in Mr. Adams," he directed. "We must complete our plans for the Tour of the Properties."

II

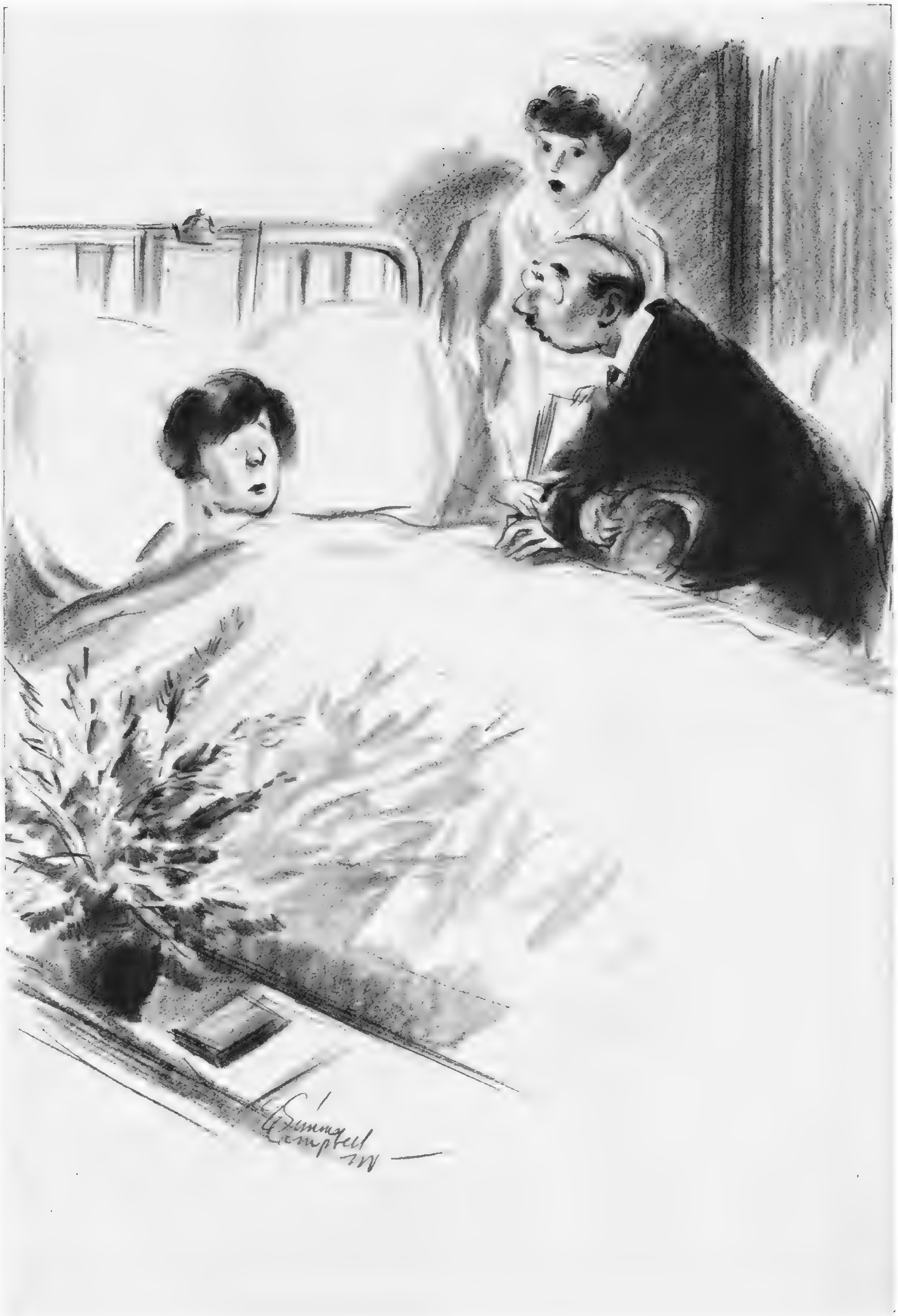
The Tour of the Properties marked an epoch in the annals of American Business History. The Greater Southern and Northern Railways, The Inter Ocean Western and Eastern Railroads, The Higher Lanes Airways Corporation and Affiliates, The Associated Canals and Rivers Boat Corporation, and The Transcontinental Bus Owners Association put private cars, planes, boats, and busses at the disposal of the Winterbottom party. At every city of importance (25,000 population and upwards), the party was met and interviewed by the press, given keys to the city by the mayors, dined by the Chambers of Commerce, feted by Rotarians, Lions, and Kiwanians, and photographed by Movietone and Metronome news reel camera men. The business world went into a frenzy of enthusiasm and delight, and clear thinking men, at their clubs, in their offices, and on the streets, were overjoyed at the return of sound methods and sane management to the nation's postal system.

The Winterbottom party was a galaxy of intellect. In addition to the Hon. Joshua G. Winterbottom, himself, were Mrs. Winterbottom; Flora and Dolores Winterbottom; Joshua G., Jr., and Vincent A. Winterbottom; Horatio A. Adams, general manager; Edwin J. Bounce, director of sales; D. W. Dorman, director of public relations; Martin B. Monroe, manager of the securities division; Henry J. Nostril, director of research, statistics, and tabulations; Theodore V. Cooper, director of advertising; Lloyd N. Moulton, advertising manager; V. V. Vickers of Vickers, Vail and Vickers, advertising agents; Henry Punch, director of drug store distribution; Messrs. Tilton and Tipton, in charge of publicity; and Messrs. Smith, Jones, Jarvis and Roscoe, secretaries to Mr. Winterbottom, together with the legal staff, managers of printing and production, and such secretaries, stenographers, valets, and maids in waiting that were essential to the conduct of sound business.

Mr. Winterbottom's heart beat more rapidly as his keen eyes took in the aggregation of talent his genius had assembled. "They say I'm a cold, hard man, but I am not," he confided to Mrs. Winterbottom. "When I look at these sound thinkers who have dedicated their lives to the promotion of the interests of Greater Postal Services, I am moved in no ordinary fashion—" and he *was* moved, so much so that he had to turn his mind to computing the compound interest on his 4½% Gold Debentures to regain his composure.

The Chamber of Commerce speeches which Mr. Winterbottom made on the Tour of the Properties were hailed everywhere by the press as scholarly masterpieces of clear thinking and graceful expression. "His (Winterbottom's) tribute to the sheep shearing facilities of El Paso was evidence of the man's grasp of the finer phases of agricultural procedure," editorialized the El Paso, Texas, *Herald;* and the Peoria, Illinois, *Gazette* reported that, "Never in our memory has there been voiced a sounder appraisal nor a truer appreciation of the excellence of our schools, streets, and sewers than that contained in the scholarly address of Joshua G.

Continued on page 180


E. Simms Campbell

"What are you thinking of, my love?" "Mrs. Dionne!"

A Thing of Beauty

PROFITS
CAPITAL
$ $

Plenty of pearls poured forth by the invited referee of the debate of Sinclair vs. Sokolsky

$
LOSS
INCOME
BUYING POWER
$

by EZRA POUND

▪ ARTICLE ▪

TIME WAZ when the one one and uniquely only UPTON, the Sinclair, wrote and had a sense of humour; wrote, that is a book about a guy that offered to endow a chair for teaching single tax in a college, and in so writing humourized. Alas in the yester epoch!

I don't know what our editor paid him in August, but it can't have been ENOUGH for the beautiful opening: "when Abraham Lincoln" and continuing four lines lower "In the same way . . . when I."

In the when when way Miss Gertie Stein when I'd Shakespeare the only according to her other writer. Well that gives you one low down on Upton and on the (if considered as sheer mass of animal matter) as great as the late as Amy as Lowell, Stein.

Gimme time to unroll this and I will tell the story about Mrs Blavatsky's disciple who when meeting old and reincarnate theosophists who HAD BEEN Napoleon, and Mary Queen of Scots, used to wonder WHAT they had been doin' in the interim to get down to where they wuz AT.

I mean that if Upton cd. be himself, instead of thinking he was re-being Abraham Lincoln it wd. help him clear up his mind.

Page the local pathologist.

Swelled or distended head causing Upton to fail to see out from under his eyebrown. Second symptom SEZ Upton, "Machinery now does the work of TEN men."

If that don't hand it to me on a plate! UPTON remembers the time when he READ a book saying machinery does the work of ten men. He can NOT connect with the age we live in when the potential of machinery is about NINE THOUSAND times that of hand work.

What is the use argunin' with your great grandfather's GHOST.

Forty years ago he said something sensible about compound interest. Cheers. Been living on that ever since?

Thirdly he offers the poor simp a false dilemma. Sez UP: "capitalism has used up all markets and must turn to war, fascism, or collectivism."

NUTS. This is like saying, if you don't go to Philadelphia you got to go to Boston, St. Louis, or Canestota.

WHY can't he at least LOOK AT OTHER MEANS of getting out of the jam? Meaning with me, a SANE currency and credit system, which is NOT war; is NOT Fascism; is not collectivism?

$
CAPITAL
LOSS
BUYING POWER
PROFITS
INCOME
$ $

Fred Kelly could tell him about this. L. H. Bannister could tell him. There are plenty of people who could tell him that MARKETS are possible when people who WANT the stuff have the MONEY TO BUY IT.

But, alas, this means nothing to Upton. For ten years (or for some time) Upton has been avoiding ALL thought and dodging all direct questions from the men who really think about the GAP between the total public purchasing power, and the price of the goods they would LIKE to USE.

Economic CRANKS, whether socialist, orthodox or new economic, are CRANKS because they will not THINK. If a man is such an ape that he won't SEE any difference between a chair, or a house which is his PROPERTY and which does NOT entitle him to make any body else DO anything, but which very probably wears out little by little, AND a bond of the Pennsy railway, which under our present system entitles him to expect some other bloke or collection of blokes to rustle round and FETCH him 50 or 60 bucks a year, that chap has PARALYSIS above the neck.

Or in class room langqwidg if he WONT "recognize a difference between CAPITAL (a lien on other men's services) and PROPERTY which does NOT enslave anyone else," then he will talk a lot of hooey every time he opens his face about economics.

It mayn't, in some ways, so much matter what a man believes, so long he is capable of knowing what it is.

The other jem of impurest ray Sokolsky has a more slippery shell game, he believes in telling you HALF. Sure, CAPITALISM has created noo markets by raising the standard of livin', but NOT enough. And Sok's nowgenlmn-under-wich-shell-is-the pe/ah consists in not spilling the rest of it.

I wd. love an admire to purrsuade George to say yes or NO, to the question:

Is a market when somebody wants something or when they can BUY it?

When they buy it, how do they buy it? (the answer bein' they buy it with MONEY or else "on credit").

At this point ole Upton puts the salt on Sok's tail with that hoary and white-bearded story about compound interest (which is TRUE).

AND if Upton weren't made of zink inside his skull he wd. start thinking about that happy and so successful demonstration where COUNTER-USURY worked in the valley of Woergl, and all the Viennese banks got St Vitus' dance, because 5000 peasants WEREN'T paying compound interest, but were USING the credit of the TOWN instead of renting it from bankers who didn't have it (although they had a monoply of the right to issue money . . . camouflaged under the government's paint). Have either Up or George S. heard about a funny public publication called the Congressional Record, or the bright lads in Congress who have ASKED WHY the public should pay rent on its own credit?

"Capitalism," says George, "thrives on profits?"

Are they MONEY profits?

Capitalism is increasingly incapable of creating new markets AS FAST AS our means of production become increasingly fecund.

The significant phrase here is "AS FAST AS." The present system does NOT distribute purchasing power to the WHOLE PEOPLE *as fast as* it banks up a mass of goods PRICED above the TOTAL available purchasing power OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE.

You get one of these blokes asserting that a good salad is made with oil and the other saying that it is made with vinegar.

Which one (or neither) do you take as guide and professor?

There is a man (I mean a professor) whom the British libel laws forbid me to mention who continually leaves out the "AS FAST AS."

If you think I am a mere eeesthete go ask brother Kelly (Fred C).

Everybody who knows anything, knows that the Rhoosians are bone headed and have flopped back into a lot of professor's pyjamas. Sokolsky is a slicker guy than Upton because Upton is too dumb to know he is faking.

A man can drown in water or other liquids. How much? It is hard to drown in a tumbler, and to drown in a bucket requires dexterity. "Capitalism is a profit and loss system." Yes, George. But more and more and more guys is wise to the LOSS of Capitalism *as* a *whole*, and will swallow less Pollyana about the profits to a few thousand incult barbarians and blue china collectors.

Thass all.

The Nood eel is

Continued in center of page 195

A Shot Into Space

A flaming brand snatched out of a human pyre, illuminating the wild courage of the soldaderas

by RAFAEL F. MUÑOZ

• FICTION •

At noon, the firing began to die down as if it were tired and hungry. The major, shot in the head and so worn out that when he moved he dragged his feet along the ground, insisted on shouting hoarsely his orders to fire. About a hundred soldiers, wounded, tired, sick and demoralized, consumed their bullets firing in the air. They had more desires of raising a white flag on the end of their guns than of seeing their shots land in the breasts of the rebels who were now advancing cautiously, taking advantage of every hut and hillock, and finding refuge behind trees.

Seventy *soldaderas*, those brave women who took the place of wives for the Federals, who found their food, cooked it, and helped them out in every possible way, now shared the unrest of the men—but with more character. They were women of the people accustomed to the hardships of military campaigns, to wearying marches, a continuous lack of food, the dangers of battle and the anguish of retreat. Women who often fought beside their men, watched them die, or died with them.

Eight hundred rebels had taken the town last night as the little garrison of Government soldiers doubled back on the railroad station in the vague hope that reinforcements would arrive, or that some train would come by in which they could retreat, and thus save their lives. But the hours had passed in useless and miserable waiting. The rails of the long track were empty and the telegraph instruments had been silent since dawn when the wires were cut both North and South.

In the unequal battle, it was the women who kept up the most spirit. From a nearby corral crammed with wood, they had carried onto the tracks piles of limbs and branches of mesquite, twisted like flame, thorny and hard, to make breastworks to protect their soldiers from the continuous deadly firing that had already wounded most of them and that—with the expansive violence of those rebel bullets, half lead and half steel—had smashed the foreheads of many dead stretched out on the tracks or leaning against the wooden barricades.

It was near the end of the month of November and cold enough throughout northern Mexico to freeze a brass monkey. In the morning you could see the water crusted over in the barrels that lined the station wall in case of fire. And from the eaves of the old building hung little icicles like stoney beards. During the day a reddish kind of sun, small and dull through the mist, and naked of its usual mane of flame, was too weak to warm the gusts of wind that brought the breath of far-off snows. The guns were cold in spite of the firing. And the soldiers, hands stiff with frost, shivered beneath their capes. In the distance, from their front-line of action, the rebel gunners began to yell, "Surrender, soldiers!"

But the hoarse voice of the wounded major answered with an order for rapid fire, and some few shots issued from behind the piles of wood, fired by those who disgustedly obeyed his orders.

From a lane that ended in front of the station, a man appeared carrying a white rag tied to the end of a stick some two meters long. He was unarmed, and he came forward sure that the soldiers would respect his emblem of peace. In fact, without even awaiting the orders of their chief, the soldiers stopped firing and lifted their rifles above the breastworks, with the butt-ends raised as a signal that they would shoot no more.

The emissary advanced holding up his stick with both hands level with his head. When he got to the corner, the battle-line of his companions behind him, he yelled in a loud voice that flowed in concentric waves over the whole scene of combat, "My general says he will spare the lives of all those who surrender immediately!"

The soldiers did not answer.

"My general says he will spare the lives of all those who surrender immediately!" He waited a moment more without receiving any answer.

But the soldiers still continued to hold their guns butt-ends up above the breastworks.

"Surrender! We are getting ready to advance!"

The major with his head bound approached the barrier of wood, removed a few trunks, stepped out and advanced with his hands up.

"We surrender!"

A rolling cry of joy came from the rebel lines as they abandoned their positions and advanced with their guns raised, ready to shoot if they noticed any suspicious moves on the part of the enemy.

But the latter threw their rifles to the ground. Their assailants took possession of the station, gathered up the arms and what little ammunition there was left, and went about lining up their prisoners on the track, amidst the dead.

Almost all the defenders of the station had been wounded. Their faces were wasted and sad, their arms hanging listlessly at their sides, their chests sunken. Their silence and stillness made them, a hundred or so conquered soldiers, seem like corpses on foot.

The *soldaderas*, silent also, had gathered in a compact circular group at the end of the platform. Not a single rebel went near them, held off by the hostile and furious glances of these women who seemed to prefer death at the side of their men rather than this final surrender that had saved their lives. They muttered and moved, tightening their group until they looked like a bronze bas-relief on a monument.

A troup of riders came galloping down the lane, some eighty or a hundred men who stopped in front of the station, forming themselves into a line parallel with that of the silent prisoners. A group of them came forward, and one big strong fellow drove his horse along the line of the conquered men, almost brushing against them. At his right, the group of *soldaderas* gathered into a tighter knot; their bodies cast in one solid mass of hostile energy.

The chief was a ferocious man, tall and straight, wide-shouldered, a head higher than any of the other riders. His round head gave his big felt hat a strange shape because, in front and behind, it lifted its brim, arching up from his forehead, but falling down over his ears at the sides. Curly, uncombed hair hung from beneath the brim, giving the man's face a frame of flame. His eyes, black, small, wide open, had a hard brutal gleam. His mouth was full of strong, canine teeth in wide tight-locking jaws. A hairy moustache, face chapped and burned by the winds of winter, and a loud and menacing voice touched off the ferocious aspect of this rebel leader.

He spoke, "Brothers of my own race and

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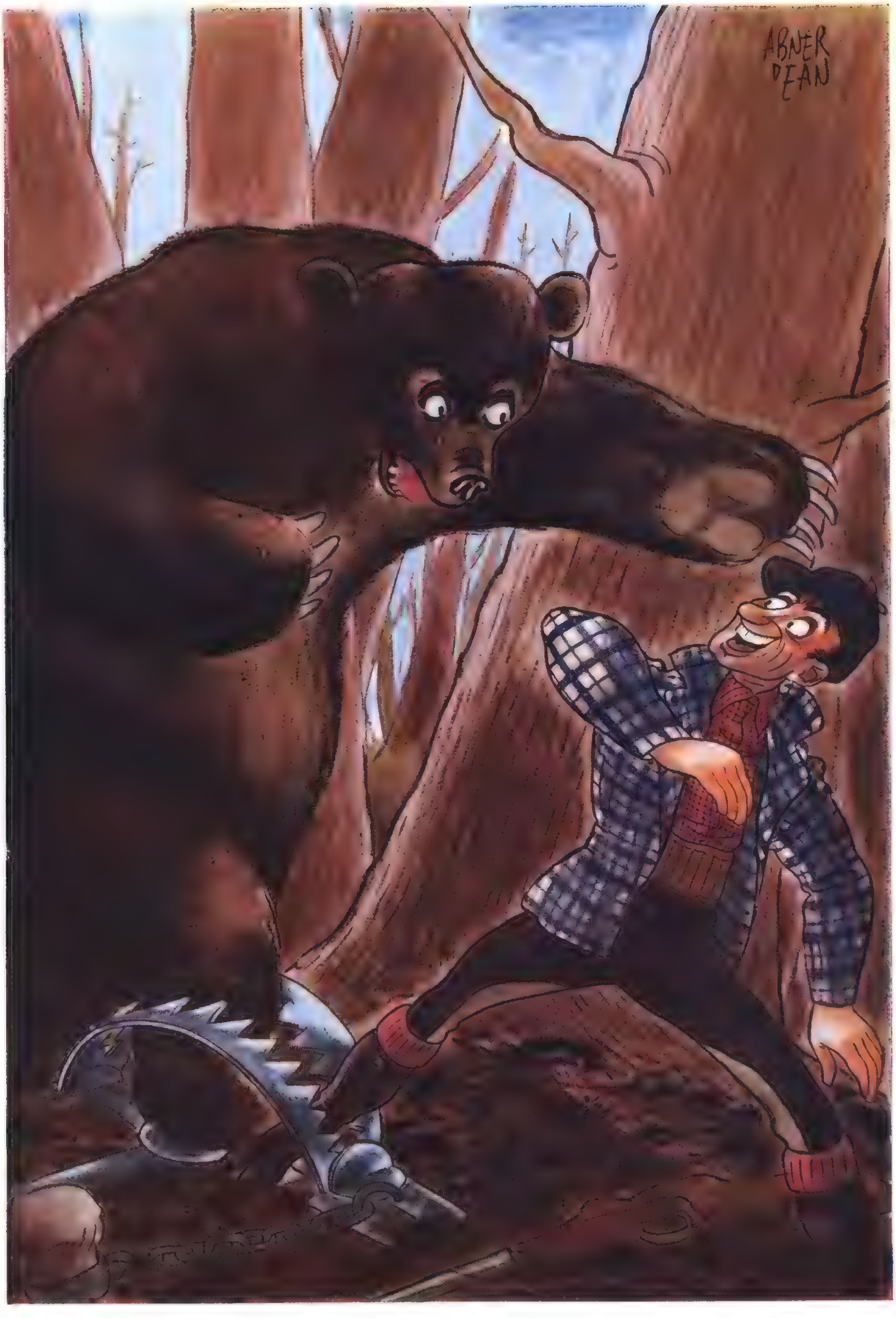
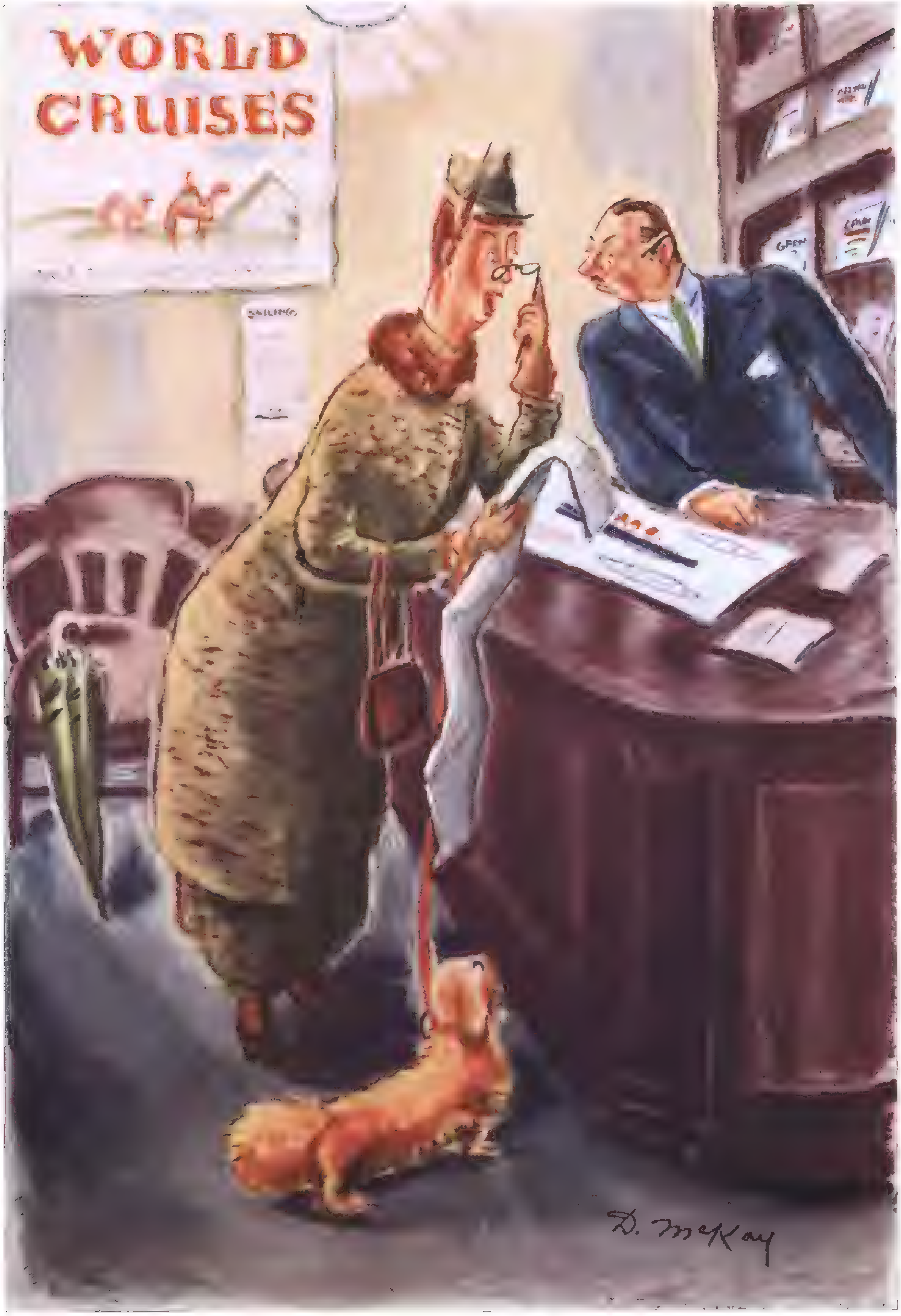


"Boy! Is this one for Ripley!"


WORLD
CRUISES
D. McKay

"What about 'Little America'?"

Penthouse Bolsheviki

Parlor pinks have a new and profitable game to play on the periphery of revolution

by EUGENE LYONS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

CAVIAR and vodka have displaced the hammer and sickle as emblems of proletarian revolution for a considerable and growing contingent of recruits to the cause.

Outright capitalists or intellectual wards of the capitalist system, they nevertheless consider themselves "communist sympathizers." You meet them inevitably at official Soviet diplomatic or consular functions, at banquets of self-styled friends of the new Russia and at mutual admiration parties thrown by well-to-do Left intellectuals. They can be depended upon to deliver the proper clichés when interviewed by the *Moscow Daily News* on arrival in Russia or by the New York *World-Telegram* on returning to their own country.

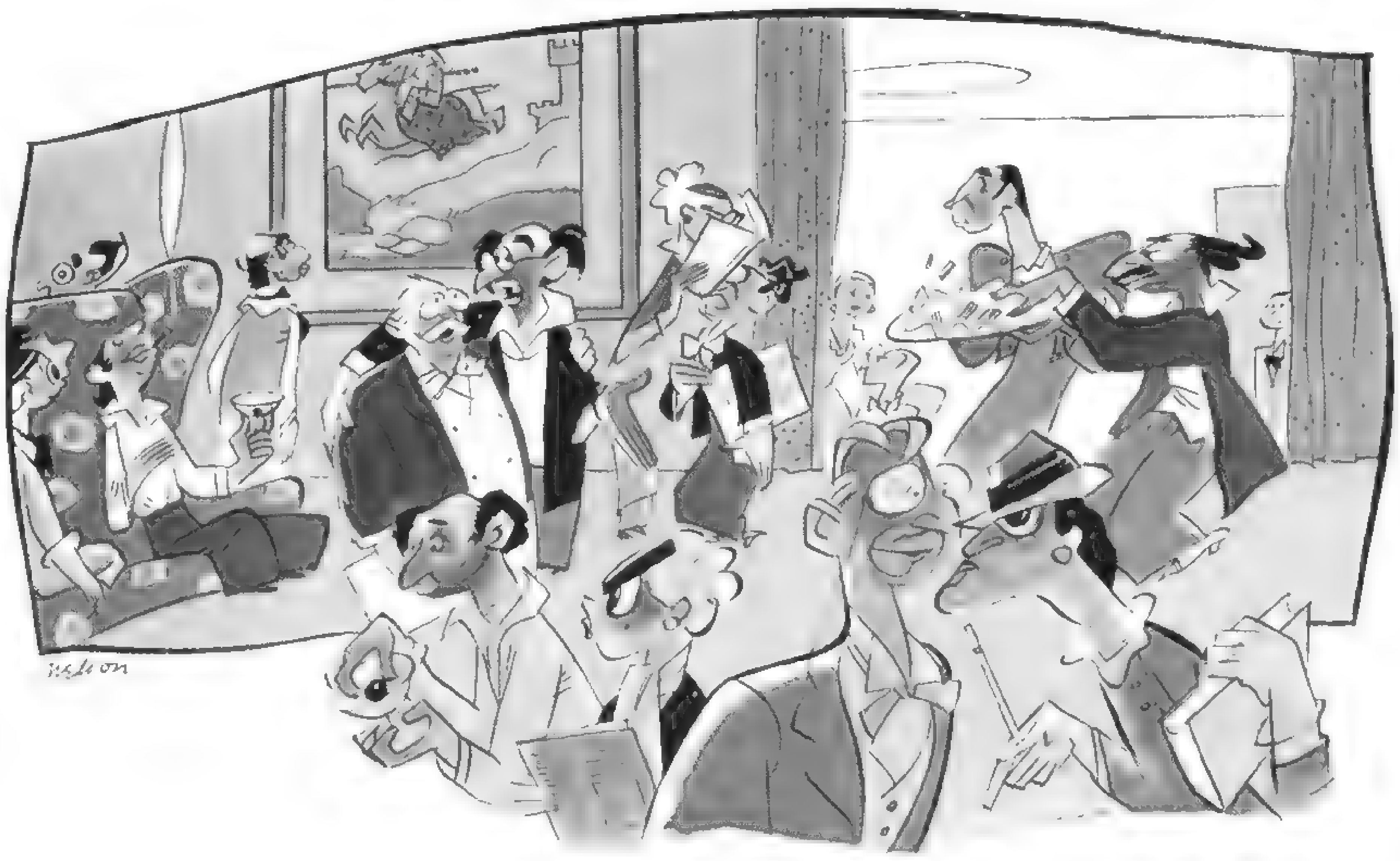
The impending doom of the bourgeois order whose coupons they clip, whose wicked blessings they enjoy, whose "contradictions" they personify, fills them with an illogical and glowing elation. Conveniently ignoring the fact that they are the natural victims of the looming revolution, they have already assumed a little of the manner of commissars and dictators. Their disdain for those who have not yet "found" Bolshevism, or question any of its peculiar ways, is boundless and they press every last drop of titillation from their exciting status as capitalist anti-capitalists.

In my own mind these economic masochists figure under the name of "penthouse Bolsheviki," and I cheerfully contribute that title to the social dictionary. It may serve not only for purposes of identification, but to set them off clearly from the honest revolutionists, whose depth and passion these ritzy rebels can neither understand nor approximate in their own emotions.

This private christening derives from an exclusive penthouse party—exclusive in the sense that only true-blue admirers of the Soviets were invited. The opulence of the setting, the abundance of caviar and champagne, the well-heeled guests and well-groomed Soviet diplomatists in attendance, even the incongruous presence (for atmosphere) of a few unkempt specimens of the genuine article from Union Square—all of it composed into a delightful burlesque on revolution.

Fortunately there were a few clear-eyed skeptics in the gay, self-satisfied crowd to relish the spectacle. Only the fact that real communists and representatives of the Moscow régime lend themselves willingly to these antics spoiled their fun.

They watched well-dressed men and women, with houses in Florida or exclusive sections of Westchester County, with soft berths on bourgeois publications, celebrate the "inevitable" collapse of the present system in the warm comradeship of vodka and slogans up there above the New York skyscrapers. . . . It was all so cozy.



The Wall Street delegation provides the upper crust of the penthouse Bolsheviki; businessmen, financiers, go-betweens and big-shot contractors who have made a lot of money out of the Soviet Union or hope to do so eventually, and who have therefore convinced themselves that they are Bolsheviks at heart.

The fruity filling of the pie consists of middle-class and intellectual elements who are distressed by the sorrows of the world, especially their own insecurity, and need a steadying faith in something safely beyond logic. The Soviet system is sufficiently far-off and glamorous to provide that faith. They can get all the lift of an iron dictatorship without any of its penalties; they identify themselves psychologically, of course, with the dictators rather than those dictated to.

The lower crust is the most unpalatable. It is composed of humble creatures who are managing at last to mix with people whom they have hated and envied at a distance. In the camaraderie of a common faith they come militantly unshaved to taste of caviar, cocktails and bourgeois company. They wear embarrassed smiles and pretend to be condescending towards their hosts, but are thrilled to the marrow by being accepted by these bankers, successful artists and highly-paid engineers.

Not all of the penthouse Bolsheviki are wealthy, and many of them are in earnest about their sudden faith in the proletariat and its mission. But not one of them is proletarian by origin, temperament or instinct. Not one of them knows working people except as strange, uncouth creatures across a wide social chasm.

The Proletarian whom they worship and whose triumph they pretend to consider a foregone conclusion is an idealized, muscular fellow, a mastodontic sculptural symbol, without the remotest relation to their own scrubwomen, taxi drivers, bookkeepers and servant girls. Returning from the party after dawn they fail to recognize his image in the rough men and women they see going to work.

A departing Soviet official recently was given a farewell dinner at the home of a wealthy New York businessman. The guests represented a total of some millions of dollars—manufacturers, financiers, political bigwigs, with only the writer and a few other impecunious participants to pull down the average.

One after another they eulogized not merely the Russian functionary but the great, noble, epoch-making Soviet undertaking. Airily they attributed to Moscow virtues, glories and achievements which the communists themselves, though modesty is not their chief vice, do not claim. In the flush of oratory they invoked the help of the Almighty for the Five-Year Plans of atheist Russia. The Soviet official fidgeted under the exaggerations and in his response wisely disclaimed the more extravagant praise.

Most of the speakers were indulging in benevolent post-prandial persiflage. A few of them, however, were honestly enthusiastic over the Moscow method of demolishing them and their millions. At bottom, of course, it is no more than a pleasant parlor pastime; an especially exciting one in these times of financial uncertainty, like playing with fire. But they pretend to take their communist sympathies seriously and are in turn taken seriously by some of the comrades.

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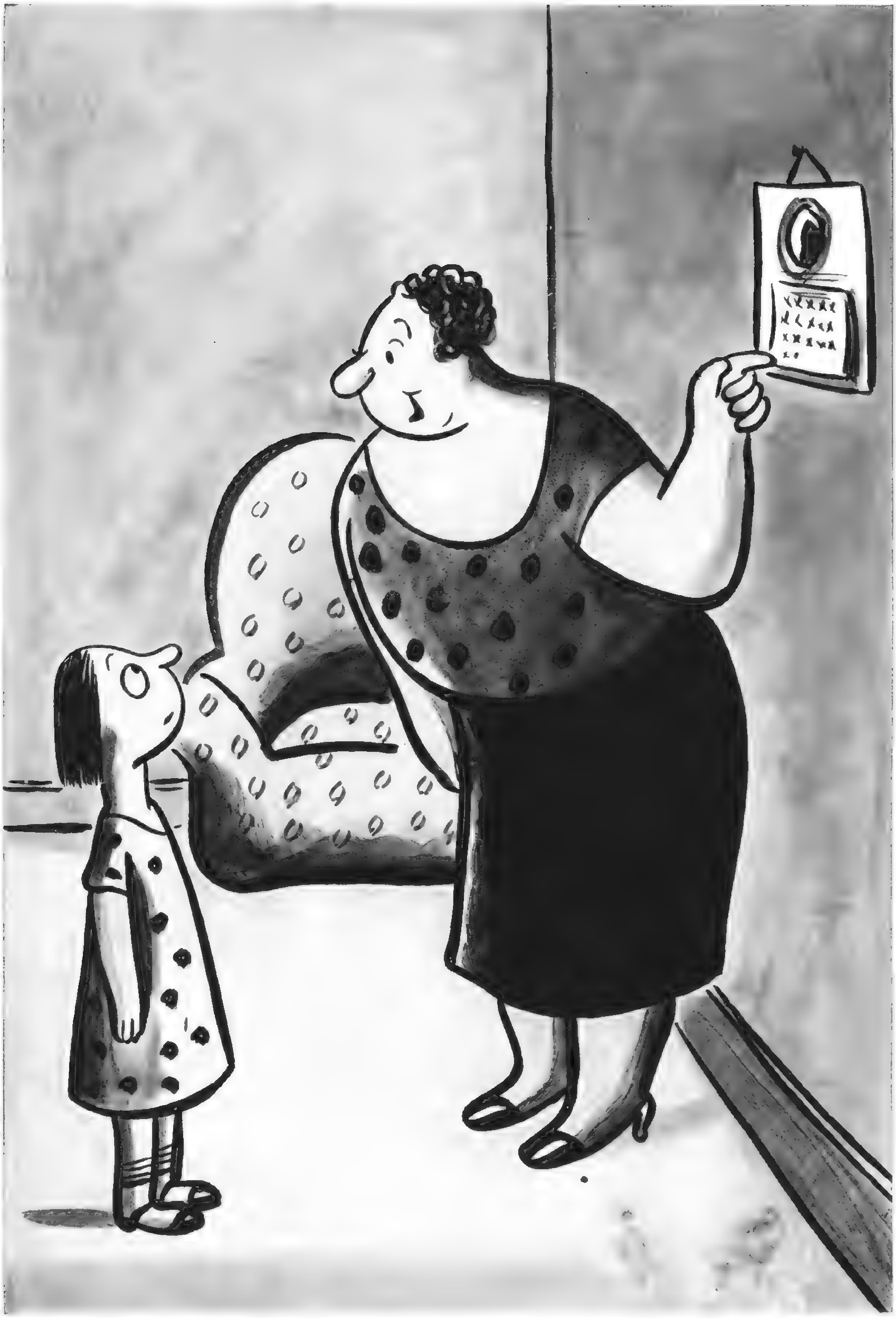

"Your father gets out of jail tomorrow. Just greet him like he's been to Europe"

The Double Wedding

The saga of a twin pair of pills who used up a fine assortment of bread winners

by FRANCIS FUHR

▪ FICTION ▪

THE widow Koontz had twin daughters, named Gussie and Bella. They were a homely, husky, perspiry pair of heavyweights, no longer spring chickens by any means, but romantic as hell. It was well known that both girls were crazy to get married. It was also well known that the widow was in nowise averse to unloading this duet of hearty eaters onto a couple of good providers. But there were no takers, and it began to look like a lost cause. However, after several years of anxious angling, in which a lot of bitter rivalry developed between the twins, they both finally managed to hook themselves a man. Magnanimously they then forgave each other all their past differences, and decided upon a double wedding.

The victims of this double hitch were a couple of prize specimens of American manhood, named Bud Holmes and Ham Fullerton.

Hardly had the preacher hitched the blissful brides and grooms than the old jealousy and rivalry broke out again between the twins, and they began to drive their hapless husbands like a pair of rival chariot racers, in order to prove which of the two daughters had brought her ducks to the best market. Bella was all the time riding Ham to hurry up and get rich so she could lord it over Gussie; and Gussie was all the time goading Bud to hurry up and make a killing so she could show up Bella.

Both boys started about even. Ham was a huge, dumb, bald-headed butcher, with a cock eye that gave him sort of a fierce expression although he was actually very good-natured and easy-going. Bud, on the other hand, was an insufferably cocky, grimy-looking little runt who worked as a mechanic in the repair department of an automobile concern.

On the whole, Ham looked like the best bet. He was much the steadier of the two, with the ponderous, dependable steadiness of an elephant. Although unquestionably craftier and quicker witted, with the furtive quickness of a hyena, Bud's big trouble was that he was inclined to go off on false scents, and he was an inveterate investigator of pots at the end of rainbows. For a couple of years, however, the race proved to be a toss-up between the two.

But Ham finally got a break that put him away out in front. Believe it or not, he became a newspaper man. From butcher to newspaper man looks like quite a trick, but here's how it happened. Ham had a lot of good friends among the grocers and butchers of the community. Through the influence of one of the city's largest food advertisers, Ham was able to land a job soliciting advertising for the morning paper. The job was certainly nothing to rave about, but the prestige of Ham's new position tickled Bella pink. She knew that Ham's graduation into a white collar job would gripe Gussie to the bottom of her soul. She and Ham lost no time dropping around to Bud's and Gussie's house to break the good news. But Gussie had already heard about it. She greeted them cattily: "Well, well, if it ain't Ham and Bella! This *is* a surprise! I didn't suppose you'd care to associate with us common folks any more, now that Ham's a high-toned newspaper man."

Bella was elated to see that Gussie was taking it so hard. She kept poor old Gussie squirming all evening. Bud sat around saying nothing, but he made no effort to conceal the fact that he hated Ham's and Bella's guts. The atmosphere finally got so stormy that Bella and high-toned Ham went home. They had hardly got out the door before Gussie landed on Bud with both feet. Getting quite personal, she told him to his face that he was just a greasy hopeless little nitwit to sit around and let a big dumb ox like Ham put it over on him.

Bud looked down his nose and racked his brain. He had always possessed an inventive turn of mind, so he began to spend his nights tinkering around in his garage, trying to invent some new contrivance that would bring him fame and fortune. Doggedly he devised a number of contraptions which were so outlandish that they threw the patent office into confusion. None of his inventions amounted to a hill of beans until he got to fooling around and rigged up a small whiskey still. This was right in the midst of the dry era, when bootlegging was in its heyday, and Bud's little alky still proved to be a regular bonanza. He became a hip pocket bootlegger, with a small but select clientele. Talk about your little gold mines! And Gussie was in her glory!

It was now Bella's turn to take the rap, and she almost dropped dead when she looked out the window one day and saw big cowy Gussie come ambling down the sidewalk in a new spring outfit that was so flashy that even the huckster's horse standing in the street turned to stare at her.

For a moment she felt impelled to go to the door, push Gussie in the face, and refuse to admit her, but curiosity checked her. She flung open the door, exclaiming: "Why Gussie, I didn't know you at first! I thought it was Mrs. Astor. Where was the fire sale?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" smirked Gussie.

Bella most certainly would have given her right eye to know. And this new spring outfit was only a foretaste of the bitter days that were to follow. Gussie blossomed out in more new clothes than you could shake a stick at. Bud's story was that he had invented a new kind of automobile polish, but Bella rightly suspected that there was a nigger in the woodpile somewhere, and she was furious. It was now Ham's turn to catch hell. Bella worked up a bitter scene. She told him pointblank that he was just a big ignorant dumbell to let a little rat like Bud get the best of him. Ham lumberingly bestirred himself, and hit up his newspaper for a juicy raise in salary, but all he got was the horse-laugh. Bella was fit to be tied, and she angrily declared that that was just what she had expected. Caustically, she intimated that Ham was proficient in only three things, none of which were paying propositions. Furious, she went on a buying rampage and ran him nearly $500 in debt for new clothes and home furnishings, before she finally realized that Gussie had her hopelessly outclassed.

As time went on, it became increasingly evident that Bud was going to be hard to beat. He began to get all the breaks. One of the city's leading bankers went on a bat with a bottle of Bud's hooch, and when he woke up without his customary bust-head, he sent for Bud, and made a deal to back him secretly in the expansion of his distilling operations. This new financial angle greased the proper political palms, and Bud began to branch out in a big way. He leased a large tract of land, eight miles south of the little city, and soon had a whole

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Cordially Yours

One liqueur is actually gilded, and here's forbidden fruit that can't be eaten but may be drunk

by LAWTON MACKALL

• ARTICLE •

The pulp of oranges is for suckers only. Though the juice thereof may prove refreshing, especially when aglow with gin in the guise of a Bronx cocktail, the "orange flavor" it boasts is a hand-me-down from the rind. For, as in all citrus fruits, this fleece-lined overcoat is really an aromatic oilskin affair; press it and you get the personality you so recklessly donate to the garbage man.

Curaçao makers are cannier. Disregarding innards, they concern themselves solely with the peel, which, cut up and dried in ladyfinger-sized portions, they maul and distill in water-diluted alcohol in such a manner as to wheedle out the oil and send it up the spout in the form of snifty essence. This procedure is repeated with variations and complications, some distillers adding a sojourn in Jamaica rum, thereby bolstering fruitiness rather interestingly. Whatever the technique—and individual houses have their pet wrinkles—the outcome, duly matured, is an orange super-lusciousness which wishes itself "Bon Voyage" as it is hoisted aboard.

The Dutch did it first, in the sixteenth century when their Island of Curaçao, eighteen miles off the coast of Venezuela, was a new acquisition; and they are still doing it, more ably than ever. But the French got into the game, bringing along Gallic lore and flair in the concocting of liqueurs. Now even in America orange peel of the Dutch Indies type is being liquorized so industriously that "Curaçao" is cordially yours good and plenty. Indeed, from the taste of it, anybody would mistake it for a success.

Consequently, you may be surprised to know that the old-fashioned alchemists, who were really bright old gents in many ways, would, if they were around now, account all liqueurs thus far evolved, Curaçao included, as flops. Not one is *quite* what those would-be wizards of Araby, Alexandria, and Moorish Spain had in mind. Puttering and muttering incantations over their alembics (early-primitive stills in the shape of svelte coffee pots with spouts angled down instead of up), they schemed a Something which would, they figured, have the world licked. If up to specifications, this stuff, concentrated, would transform common or back-yard metals into gold; diluted as an Elixir of Life, it would assure perpetual youth and make Casanovas out of Methusalehs. With one swig of it a doddering Dr. Faustus would be in shape for Marguerite.

Handy, you might say—if only it could have been discovered. And, for more than a thousand years, experimenters tried. Somehow they had no luck, but they managed to stumble upon the principles of the science of chemistry — especially the mysteries of liqueurs.

Meanwhile monks and abbots of the middle ages had ideas too. Botanizing for the good of mankind, they gathered seeds, barks and simples; cultivated orchards and herb gardens; compounded prescriptions of a reanimating, ague-banishing kind. Spirituous revivals took place. St. Bernard dogs succouring distress cases in the snows of the mountain were just a detail; it was found that the brandy that burbled in Fido's little barrel could be made to serve wider needs if combined with fruit and flower essences and put into jugs. Benevolence abounded.

Notable among pious apothecaries thus busy was a community of monks of the black-robed order of St. Benedict inhabiting an abbey at Fécamp on the coast of Normandy just above Havre. Using a recipe originated in 1510 by a member of their chapter—Dom Bernardo Vincelli, if you care to know—they manufactured a species of liquid hosanna of Cognac and flora, which, becoming known as Bénédictine, was, and is, one of the world's greatest soothing syrups for adults, combining as it does tender sublimity with outright bootstrap-lift.

But it is only due to a stroke of luck that we possess any Bénédictine nowadays. In 1792, during the upheavals of the French Revolution, the good brethren were rudely ousted from their cells and stills, their closely guarded recipe apparently vanishing with them. In consequence, the making of this liqueur became one of the lost arts, and so remained for nearly three-quarters of a century. Then one day when we on this side of the Atlantic were all cannon-jittered over an argument between states, a certain Monsieur Le Grand got no less excited. Delving into some musty old papers of an ancestor of his who had been Attorney-General of the Abbey of Fécamp, he suddenly came upon a copy of the secret formula. Being discreet, he refrained from rushing out nude into the public streets in the manner of the philosopher Archimedes, crying, "Eureka! I've found it!" Instead, he formed a company, secured protection against all infringements—and today Bénédictine is secularly manufactured at Fécamp in a distillery which, gabled and steepled, looks as much as possible like a Renaissance monastery.

On the other side of France the grand headquarters of the Carthusians, ensconced aloofly in the mountains back of Grenoble, gave birth to Chartreuse. Or, rather, cradled and perfected it. The rudimentary, unsubtilized formula had been a prized prescription of the d'Estrés family at the time that the lovely Gabrielle d'Estrés and King Henry of Navarre fell for each other with a historic bang; but whether or not the elixir had accelerated that tumble à la love potion in *Tristan und Isolde* we don't know. What we do know is that in 1607, eight years after Gabrielle's death (one royal bastard too many, poor lady), the Maréchal d'Estrés presented the recipe to *les Pères Chartreux* of Paris, who, disadvantageously situated as regards herb supply, sent it on to headquarters. Here it was taken up in a serious way, a succession of best minds devoting themselves to improving it. But for centuries there was no outside fame. As cosmopolitan a person as William Beckford, author-traveler-plutocrat ("England's wealthiest son," Byron calls him), entertained at the monastery in 1778, had never heard of any such liqueur. Clambering in the wild ravine by which the establishment is approached, and becoming overheated, he was surprised when one of the Fathers, maintaining the silence that was their rule (though they were permitted to smack their lips on occasion), offered him as a restorative and anti-cold-catcher a maple cup of water "into which he let fall several drops of an elixir composed of innumerable herbs"—incidentally giving evidence that for purposes of refreshment the diluting of liqueurs with water is neither modern nor heretical.

Concerning Chartreuse life and hospitality the same guest relates:

"Our attendant friar was helping us to some Burgundy, of the happiest growth and vintage, when the coadjutor returned, accompanied by two other Fathers, the Secretary and Procurator, whom he presented to us. You would have been both charmed and surprised with the cheerful resignation that appeared on their countenances."

As though with such drinks cheerful resignation could be difficult! The fact was, these model men were fit persons to guide a liqueur to glory. And they did—ameliorating, rarefying—adding extra fillips to flavor, or little somethings calculated to relieve chilblains, torpid morale, or goose-pimples. Finally, about a century ago, there was achieved, with no less than fifty-three chests

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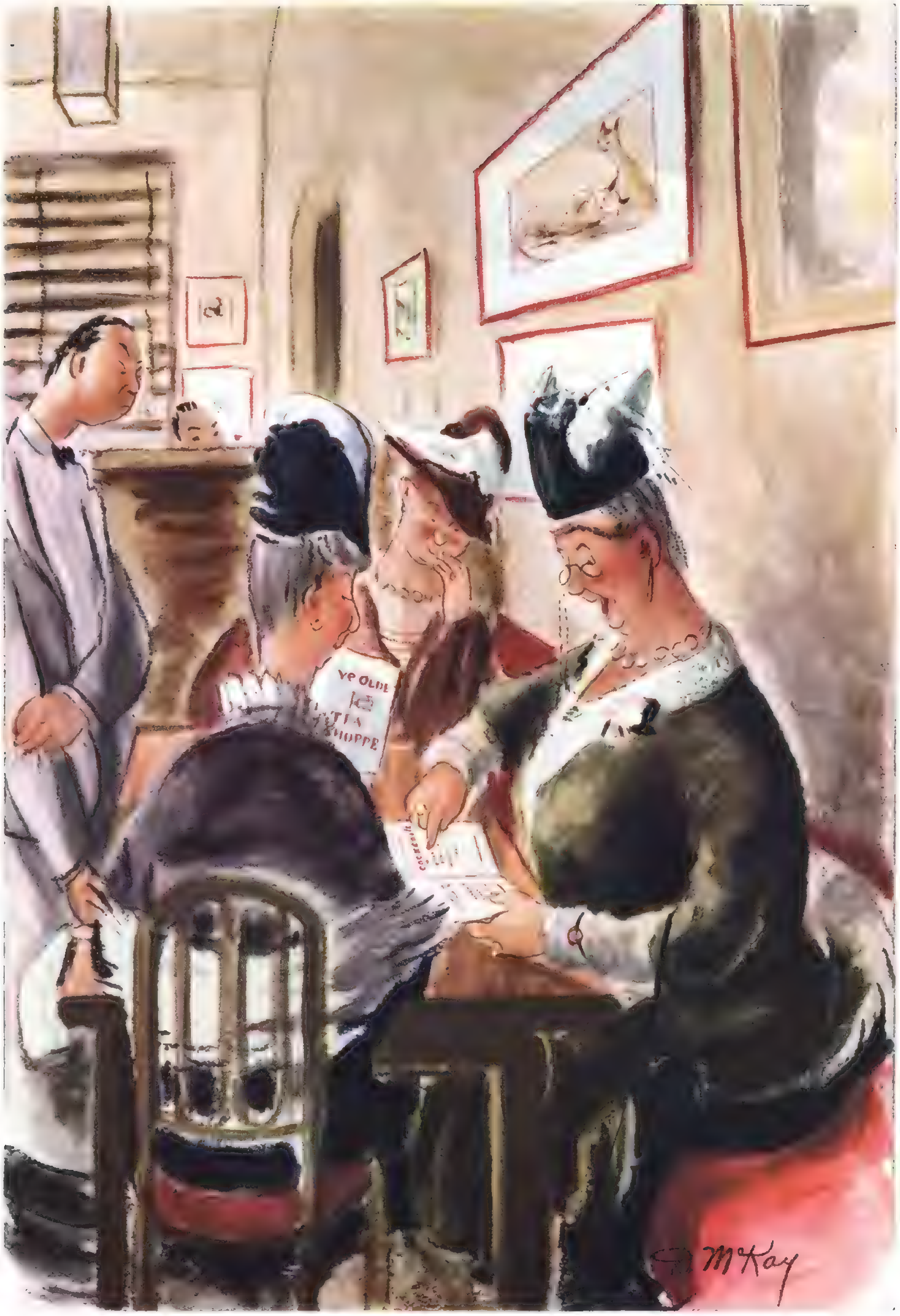
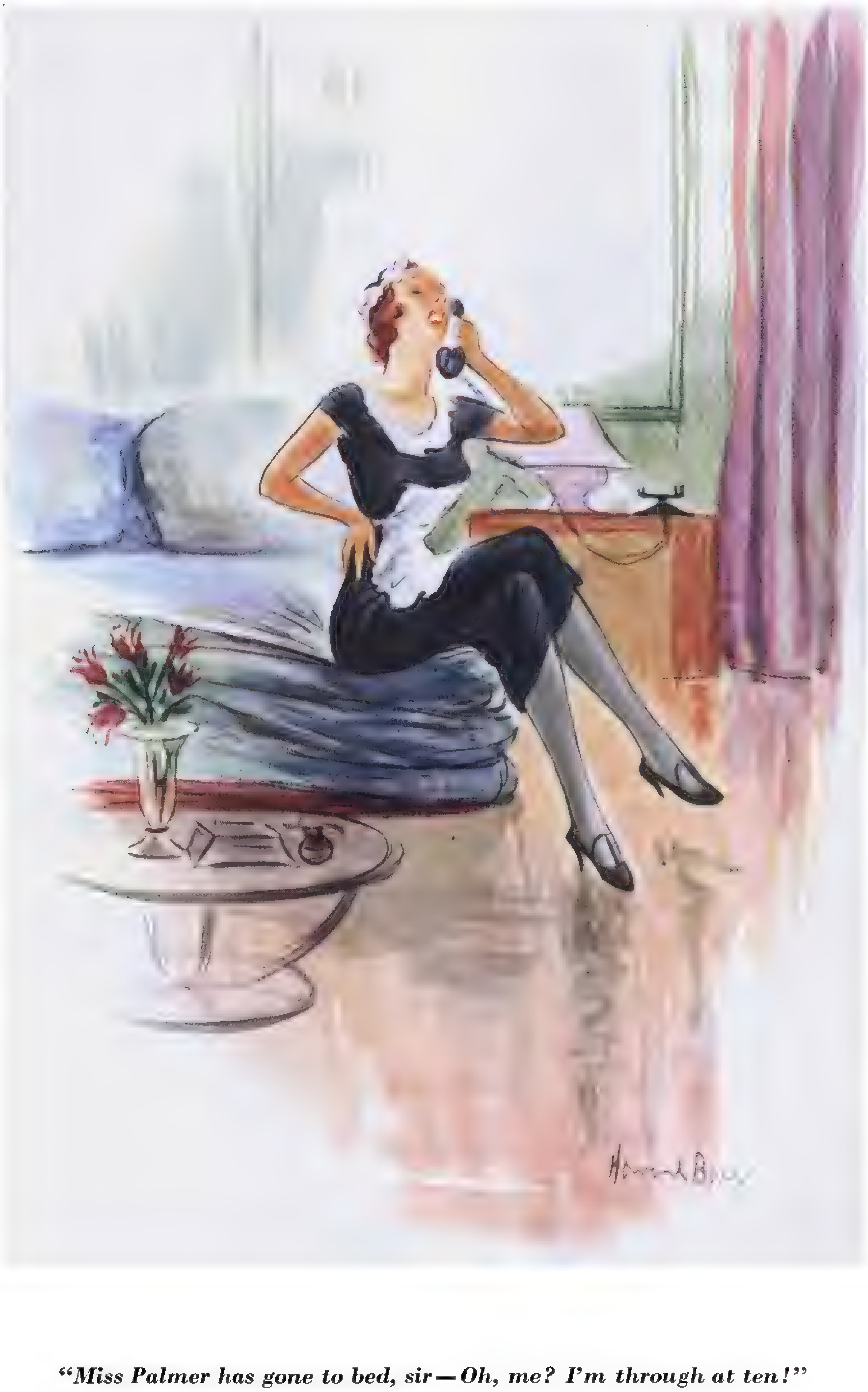

YE OLDE TEA SHOPPE
McKay

"I hear this one'll knock your hat off!"


Howard Baer

"Miss Palmer has gone to bed, sir—Oh, me? I'm through at ten!"

A Primer of Economics

Ring around a rosy with dizzy mankind still oblivious to the final truth: production for use

by FRED C. KELLY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

It occurred to me, a while ago, that if I got myself a book and read it, maybe I might learn something. Pursuing this theory, I did not stop with one book, but read several—all on the subject of economics. For a number of years now, I have been hearing so many contradictory opinions about nearly everything pertaining to economics that it seemed prudent to get right down to dots by entering the primer class all over again. I re-read a text book or two I had used when a freshman in college, and looked up books referred to in the footnotes—including works of old timers such as Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, and Ricardo. I also went through a score or more written since 1929. I even made a hasty review of two or three books, touching indirectly on economics, that I had written myself.

I find I can't get much information from "practical" people. It is necessary to turn to thinkers. Adam Smith, for example, whose *Inquiry Into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, written in 1776, is called the foundation of the science of political economy—insofar as it is a science—was not a "practical" man; he was only a professor of moral philosophy at Glasgow University. But he was evidently a shrewd old Scot, and much of his explanation of what really goes on in business transactions, in production and exchange of goods, seems to be true enough today. Many modern economists, however, are saying that certain fundamental points made by old Adam, back in 1776, were upset by the work of another Scotsman, James Watt, in 1775.

Adam Smith insisted that all value comes from labor. "Labor alone is the ultimate and real standard by which the value of all commodities can be estimated and compared. It is their *real* price; money is their nominal price only."

But what about value created by use of the steam engine, which resulted from the investigations of Smith's contemporary, James Watt?

There have been plenty of controversies about that. *Does* all new value come from human labor, by work of hand or brain, or does steam, water-power, and electricity create a lot of value independent of labor?

We can't go far in understanding current economics, or why we're in the mess we're in, until we get settled in our minds what we really mean by value.

We are so used to thinking of value in terms of money that it seems a little fantastic to talk of basic value being something else. It is easy for two people to be talking about value and meaning entirely different things. First off, we must distinguish between what is valuable and what is merely useful. Air, for example, is extremely useful, vitally necessary; but it has no value. You can't sell it, or exchange it for anything else. It's too plentiful. But apart from the fact that it is plentiful, it has no value for the reason that no sacrifice has been made to put value into it. But suppose I extract oxygen from the air and enclose it in a tank. The oxygen has value because mental and physical effort was required to obtain it; not only effort, but useful effort, since people sometimes need oxygen. I can take the oxygen to a hospital and sell it. But now we must get the difference between money value and real value. The money I get for the oxygen may depend on supply and demand—on how far the hospital is from a source of oxygen. It might even vary according to the wealth of the patient who requires oxygen. But the *real* value, in strict economic terms, is how much mental and physical toil was necessary to extract that oxygen from the air. Regardless of how much the price may vary, this *real* value remains constant.

It looks as if Adam Smith must have been right and is still right, no matter how many modern contrivances have come into the picture.

Put ten men on an island, where the soil is fertile and minerals abound, and so long as all sit around doing nothing, no new value will be created. It is only when somebody bestirs himself and gets at some form of toil that value on that island is increased. If all go to work, it may be a ticklish job trying to figure out what share of new wealth each one contributes. One fellow digs unnecessary holes in the ground, and therefore creates no value at all; or he makes so many needless motions that he accomplishes less than his fellows. Still another works hard and intelligently, but nevertheless adds little value, because he makes something for which there is already too great a supply. But, after allowing for different degrees of efficiency and skill, the fact remains that the total of whatever new value *is* added did come from necessary human effort.

Still, what about tools and machinery? Suppose there is a water-mill on this island and it grinds wheat into flour without much human effort? Yes, but somebody had to build the water-mill. It didn't just spring up there of itself.

But doesn't machinery greatly increase the amount of goods and values a man can produce? Of course it does. But, here again we've got to make a distinction between money or nominal value and real value. If a machine makes goods more plentiful, then they should be cheaper—less valuable, in *money*. Suppose a man works ten hours making a crude pair of shoes. What is the value of the shoes? Surely the real value is ten hours' work. Then suppose he gets hold of a machine by which he can make fifty pairs of shoes a day. Somebody asks him what is the value of all these shoes. He might still say the total value *he* has put into them is his sacrifice of toiling ten hours. To be strictly accurate, the real value of the shoes must include part of the labor of the men who made the machine. But, of course, the machine lasts for years and only a little of the labor that went into building it enters into the value of any one pair of shoes.

If a machine could somehow make millions of shoes without much human guidance, then whatever of human effort went into them would be spread over so many shoes that no one pair would be worth much. Shoes should be amazingly cheap. This isn't because the value or importance of human effort has become any less. The real value is just the same, but it has become more effective. Instead of going into a few articles, it now goes into many.

That good tools do make human effort more effective, is most clearly seen in a big industrial plant. I visited recently in Milwaukee a factory famous all over the world because of its being more nearly automatic than any other plant operating on so large a scale. By use of complicated, ingeniously contrived machinery, that moves like a goose-stepping army, 450 men are able to turn out 10,000 automobile frames in a day. Yet even here it is still obviously human effort that makes so great an output possible.

It required a research laboratory of 600 high-salaried men to design all this mar-

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The Husking Bee

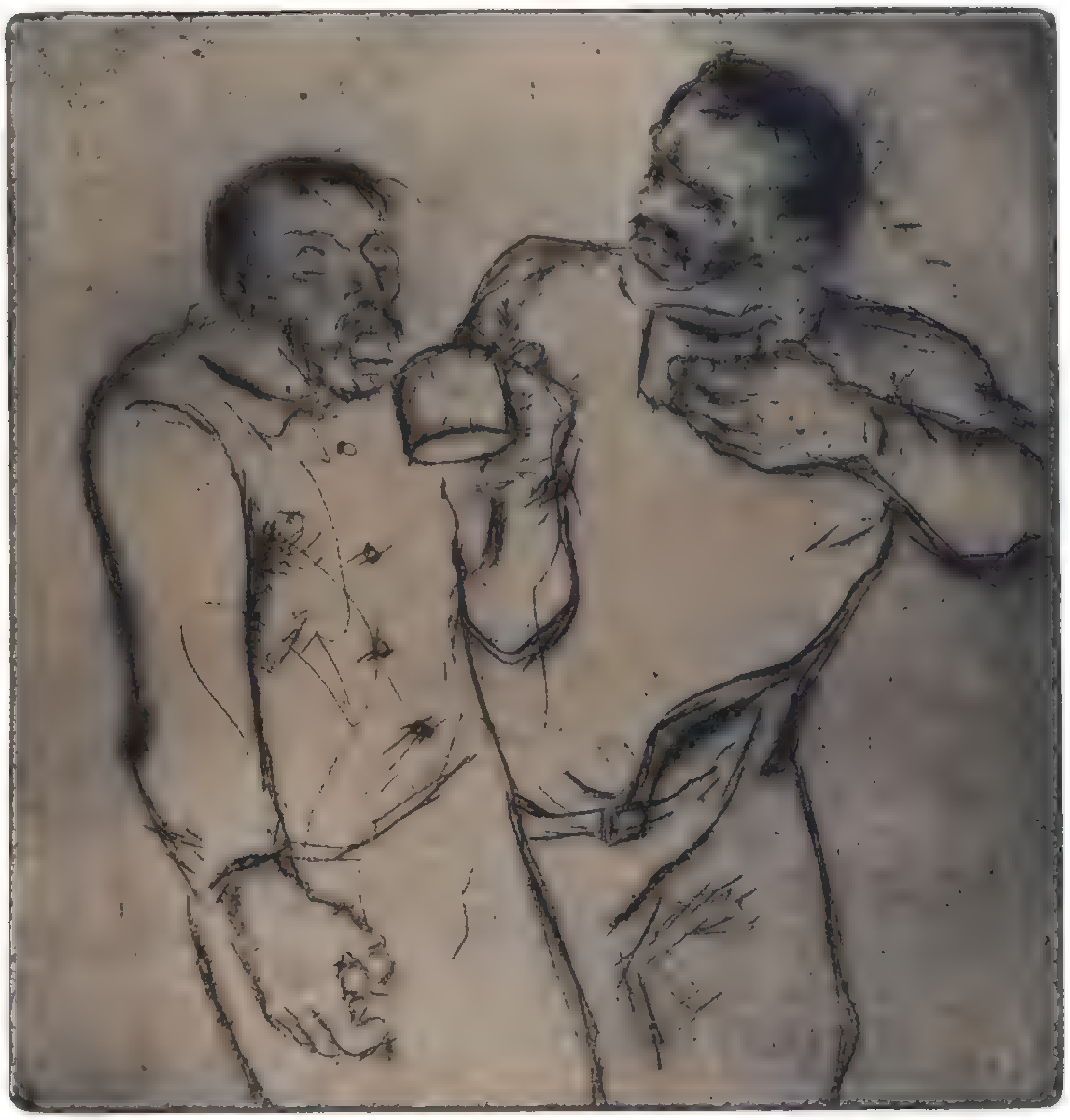
If your ears are red it's a sign the husking is about to turn into a kissing bee

by PAUL HYDE BONNER

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

A BATTERED signpost on our left read, "Barker Mountain," so we turned off the macadam and started our climb up the narrow, rutted, dirt trail. A bright harvest moon made headlights almost unnecessary. The air was frosty, sparkling, and clear—the correct expectation for a New England Autumn night.

To the other guests, grinding that same hill in second gear, there was probably nothing unusual or romantic about the setting, but to us, whose sole knowledge of New Hampshire in this season was drawn from faintly remembered fragments of Whittier and Frost, there was a dramatic unreality to the dark woods on either hand, and the spooky shadows of the moonlight on the rocky "Thank-you-Ma'ams."



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

The whole atmosphere of things outside our car seemed to augment the excitement of going to a Husking Bee—our first Husking Bee—a Husking Bee that had taken place for the past 150 years in the same barn!

Seth Barker had been hesitant about inviting us at all. We were city folks who might not understand the simple pleasures of New Hampshire farmers. He had intimated that, unless we were prepared to enter into the spirit of it and husk and buss, with the best of the local youngsters, well, we had better stay at home.

After what had seemed endless miles of upward, rock-ridden climbing, the car settled down, with a sigh, to the level going of a plateau. Soon the woods gave way to moon-drenched fields, and ahead, like an oasis in the lonely plain, twinkled the lights of a homestead. As we approached it became evident that this homestead, fast acquiring a group of outer buildings, was the Barker farm.

The barnyard to the left of the road was already the parking lot for more than a dozen cars. On the right, beyond the house, on a little eminence of its own, was the great hay barn, oozing light from every pore. We parked the car and got out. A confused murmur of voices came to us, punctuated by laughter, and accompanied by the muffled whine of an accordion.

Seth Barker rushed down the path. We must come to the house first. Knowing the ways of city people, he had prepared a clandestine cocktail. He hoped, he whispered with a wink, that it would destroy the vestiges of false dignity which might still be clinging to our urban clothes. Nothing but the purest essence of our natures could have remained after those applejack knock-outs. We crossed to the barn in a mood to enjoy anything.

Perhaps the only modern touch was the electric lights which dripped from every rafter. The great floor was waxed and polished to the finish of a ballroom. In the center of it was an immense ring, fully thirty feet in diameter, of unhusked corn. The middle of the ring was empty floor, and, as the encircling ears were piled to a height of at least three feet, the effect was that of a huge volcanic crater. But the crowd of some sixty people took no notice of it. Supper came first.

They were lined, three deep, along the table which stretched the length of one wall. We edged our way in. The long board was piled high and wide and handsome with every known New England dish. Hams, pies, turkeys, sausages, baked beans, jellies, muffins, sweet pickles, in a staggering array.

Behind the table three white-haired matrons, aproned to the chin, were trying their best to dish as fast as the call for food. One of them caught my eye. "Is this Mr. Bonner?" she asked, "Well, jest you let me fix you up a nice plate. Seth told me you and your missus was acomin'. And it's your first huskin', ain't it? Jest think of that! I'd hate to tell you how many I been to. He—he—he—he!"

A keg of beer in one corner was like a magnet to the younger element. We sat down with our food, to enjoy it quietly, and to have a look at our fellow guests. They were not quite what we had expected. Neither the Bean Hunting Boots on the men, nor the overalls on the girls, could make them look peasant or horny-handed.

Most all of them had the gaunt, fine-drawn lines of aristocracy of breeding. In white ties and evening gowns they would have been a more personable lot than any Long Island gathering.

For a while I thought I had been hood-winked, and that, after all, this was the rollick of some group of Beacon Hill Bostonians. I enquired of my host. He laughed. "These are my neighbors," he said, "farmers like myself, and their children."

At seven-thirty Seth Barker clapped his hands for order. In a voice that shook the foundations of the old barn, he ordered all novitiates to read the Husking Rules that hung by the door. A few of us advanced and obediently read the following:

HUSKING RULES:

Husk clean and throw ears to the center; the husks behind.

A he or she who finds a red ear *must* kiss some he or she present.

But the he or she must not kiss any one closely related, such as a wife or parent.

Also the he or she must *not* kiss the same he or she twice; except that a he or a she can kiss a he or she that has kissed them; this making possible two kisses between the same he or she in exchange.

Furthermore—it's positively against all rules for a he to kiss a he or a she to kiss a she. *No biting allowed*, but accidents will happen. Iodine in the kitchen.

And it's customary for the he or she to resist the osculation, also if they sense that they are to be attacked it's proper to act embarrassed and run. This of course adds much to the pleasure of the other huskers.

Osculations will only be allowed for ears that are, in fact, red. Disputes will be settled by the huskers present. And an ear can only be used once.

Onions and garlic not allowed. Anyone guilty of using them forfeits all red ear privileges.

If the girl you tackle is too athletic for you to make a goal, or if you can't catch her three times around—give up. She really does not like you. Try another.

* * *

Again Seth's voice roared out, this time for the company to seat themselves about the ring. With a good deal of giggling and pushing, the entire party squatted on the circumference of the piled corn. At the next command we all started to husk. This is accomplished by ripping down the covering leaves from the ear, and then breaking off the base to which the leaves are attached. The clean ear is then thrown (see rules) into the crater, and the leaves (husks) are tossed to the rear, over one's shoulder. The great majority of ears were the color of burnished gold, but about three per cent (Seth's estimate), through some atavistic tendency, were the wine-red of the ancient Indian corn. These latter, as the rules so delicately indicated, are the desideratum of every husker.

The work had not proceeded for more than a minute, when delighted shrieks arose from the girls on my left. A young farmer had left his place and was stalking slowly around the circle, waving a deep red ear. The girl of his choice was a pretty little thing, with bright black eyes and a scarlet woolen shirt. When he came to where she was working, he tapped her on the shoulder with the symbol of the feast. As quick as a cat, she sprang up and dashed away. The boy watched her a second to judge her direction, then, leaping the pile of corn, he cut across the circle and, making a flying tackle over the heads of the huskers on the opposite side, he caught her around the knees, and they both rolled over in the husks.

I turned to the girl on my right. "Is that the technique?" I asked. "That's it," she replied, "and when do you start?" I saw she was looking at my hands. I discovered, to my surprise, that during the excitement I too had unwrapped a splendid red ear. I must have blushed, because she laughed. That was enough. I arose and tapped her on the shoulder. We were off. She was as fleet as a deer. My leather soles slipped on the polished floor. I lost my footing. I scrambled to my feet. She was waiting—still laughing. The company was yelling encouragement. I made a desperate lunge. With an effortless wiggle she escaped my outstretched hands and was off again. I followed, swinging the corners on one foot. The crowd had warmed to the chase. I could feel the sting of their laughter. The city man was being outrun. She was always just too far for me to try another lunge. Then up cropped an unexpected ally. My host, true friend, seeing the imminence of my disgrace, stuck his foot in front of the fleeing maiden and, by that act of grace, allowed me to complete a tackle that, to all appearances, was respectably professional.

The peck I gave her on the back of the neck was, I soon learned, the only inadequate part of my performance.

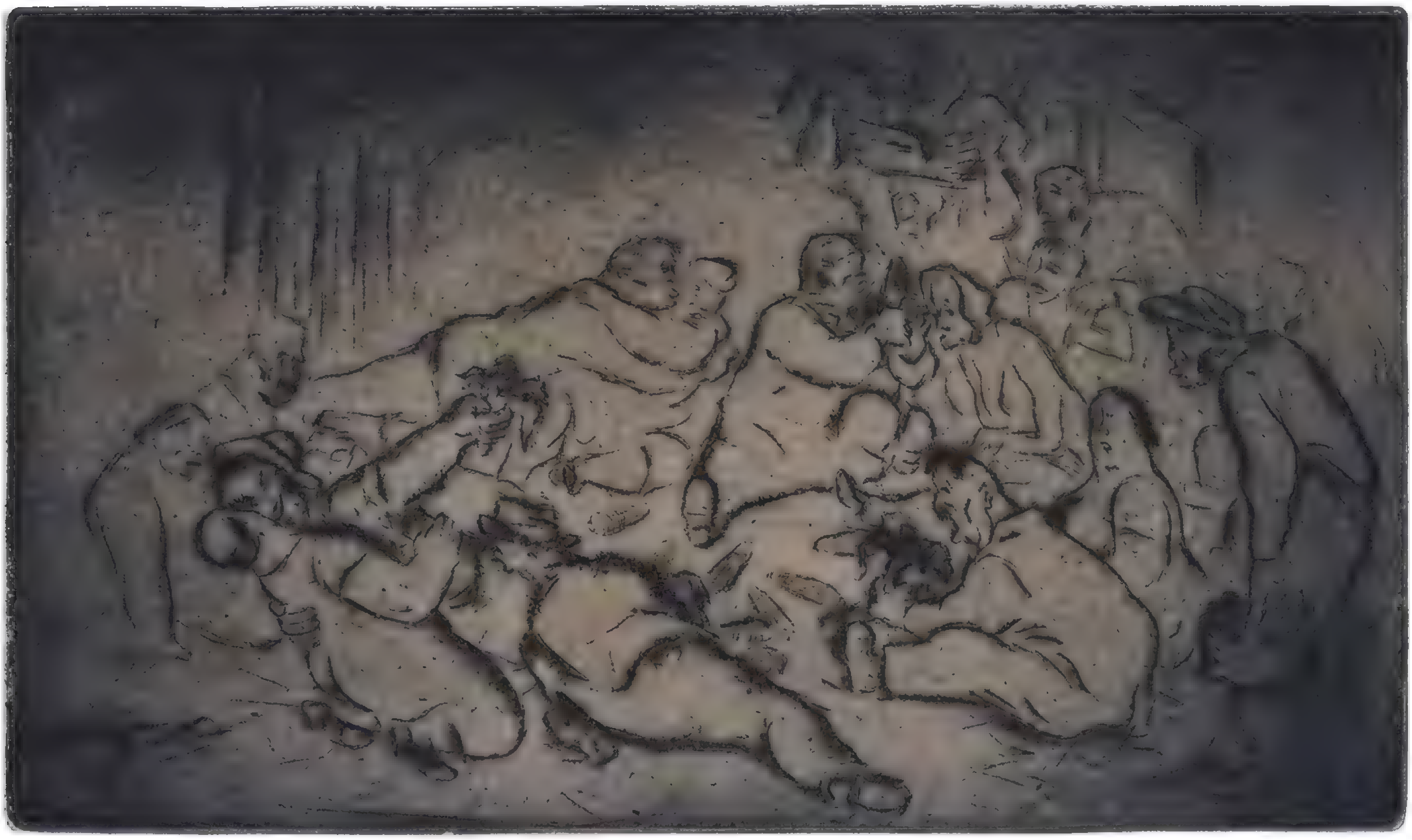
Red ears begun popping up pretty frequently. There was hardly a moment when a good, clean chase was not in progress. Often as not it was a girl who was chasing a boy.

I was even a little dismayed, at one point, to observe that my wife was not resisting the rush of a handsome yokel as desperately as she might have. It was easy to see that these New Hampshire lads were no mean kissers. When they got a girl down they pinned her to the floor by kneeling on her shoulders. Then, with quiet deliberation they pried her hands from her face, took a deep breath, and went to it. If the kiss lasted more than a minute, the crowd would shriek their praise. And nobody seemed to enjoy one of these soul-devouring kisses more than the white-haired old ladies who sat on the side lines. They fairly rocked with delight.

When the last ear was husked, and everybody had kissed about every he or she allowed by the rules, the husks were swept away, and the entire company lined up for a Virginia Reel. Two accordions started up *Turkey in the Straw*, and the old barn rocked to the stomping accompaniment of the lines, as the end couples advanced, curtsied, and retreated.

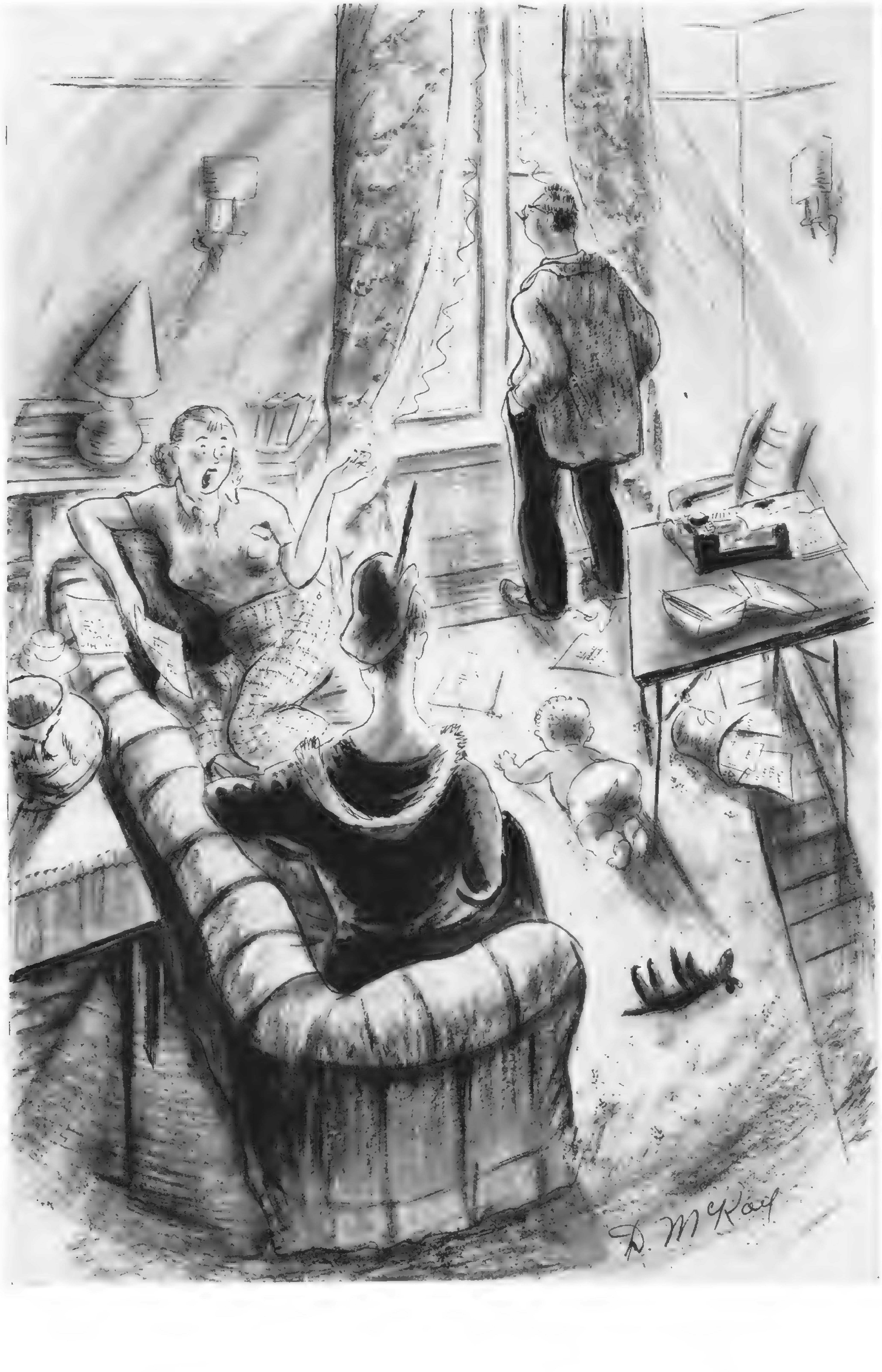
After the last couple had woven their intricate measures, the old and middle-aged gravitated back to the food and beer. The youngsters, too excited to bother with eating, surrounded the accordion players in a massed huddle. There was a moment of whispering and experiments with keys, and then they broke out with *Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet.*

Seth came out with us when we went to find our car. The night was still crystal clear and cold. "It was a mighty fine huskin'," he said, "but I s'pose you noticed that the corn wasn't what it should be." I hadn't. But I could hear the strains of *I've Been Workin' on the Railroad* as we bumped down the mountain. ⧺



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth



"When I tell him it's lousy he goes off and sulks!"

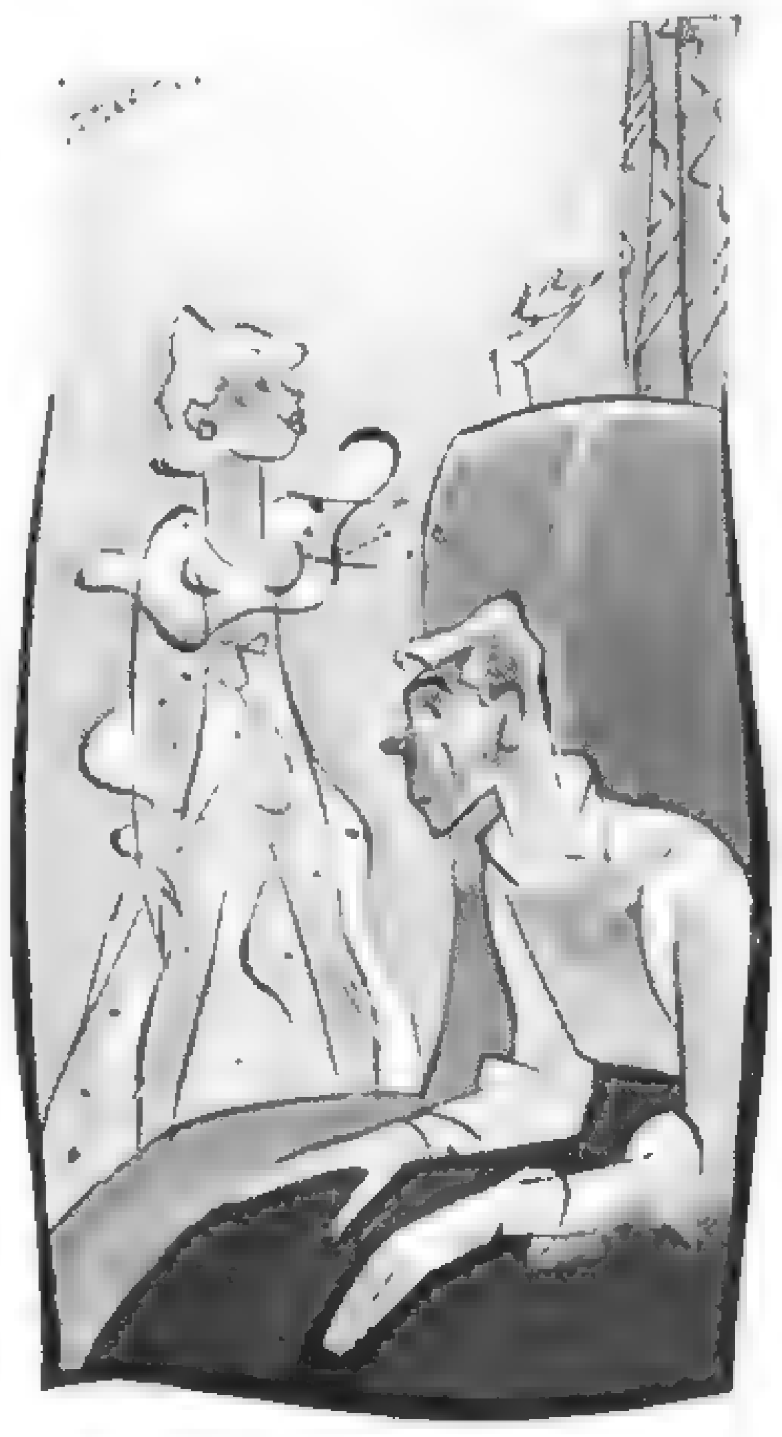
Lady Novelist's Husband

A mere husband at last invents the perfect murder to end all murder mystery novel-writers

by HOWARD COLLINS

▪ SATIRE ▪

ONCE there was a man who was married to a lady novelist. She was a very successful novelist and she wrote detective stories. The man's name was Warren Beamish and he was a writer too. Or at least he was going to be as soon as he got around to the actual work of writing. He belonged to the New School and was vastly concerned with Substance and Form and Objectivity. He read *Story* magazine regularly and was firmly convinced that all detective stories were tripe.



His wife wrote under the name of Adela Winston. She turned out a full length novel and twelve short stories a year, all of which commanded a large following of readers and fat checks from editors. She was really a very charming woman and did not look at all like a woman who wrote detective stories might be expected to look.

It was this inconsistency between her profession and her appearance which led to the undoing of Warren Beamish. He had met her at a summer resort hotel in Michigan while she was on her vacation (a complete description of the setting may be found in *The Case of the Murmuring Pines* by Adela Winston) and had fallen in love with her at first sight. Two weeks later they were married. After the ceremony was over, she said to him, "Warren, you do love me for myself alone, don't you?" And he had said, "Yes, darling. What do you mean?" And she had said, "Warren, dearest, I have a confession to make. I haven't told you before, and I'm sure you've never suspected it, but I am *the* Adela Winston."

Now Warren Beamish was not, as has been said before, a detective story addict, so her announcement failed to register. It made Adela considerably provoked to have to explain that she was the author of *The Clue of the Ivory Toothpick, The Case of the Painted Toenail*, and many other fascinating mysteries, and the honeymoon got off to a bad start when, instead of being properly impressed with his good fortune, Warren smiled condescendingly and said, "That's all right, Adela, darling. It doesn't matter."

For the first few months of their married life it really didn't matter. At first when they went anywhere together Warren Beamish was afraid that some well-meaning but misinformed hostess at a literary tea or something would introduce him as Mr. Winston. But that never happened. As a matter of fact, he was never introduced at all, for as soon as they entered a room everyone would flock around Adela, ignoring Warren completely and leaving him to stand around feeling about as important as a potted palm. So finally he quit going to literary teas altogether. "My work," he would explain vaguely when Adela would invite him to accompany her, and he would stay at home sipping Martinis and thinking that he ought to get down to business and start writing pretty soon.

The first of a long chain of circumstances that were to culminate in the complete disintegration of the character of Warren Beamish occurred in the tenth month of their marriage. Adela had begun work on her latest novel, *The Mystery of the Tender Tortoise*, and had banished Warren from their apartment between the hours of 9:00 and 1:00. He had lunched in the company of Bob Atkinson, a friend of his college days, and had returned home about two o'clock. Adela met him at the door with an affectionate embrace, and after they came out of it she inquired in a conversational tone, "And what are the Atkinson's going to name their new baby boy?"

Warren was startled. "Robert, after his father," he replied. "But how in the world did you know about it? The baby was born only two hours ago, and Bob couldn't have told anyone but me."

Adela smirked all over her face. "Elementary, my dear Warren," she said. "I knew it because you don't like cigars."

"What's that got to do with it?" Warren asked, completely baffled.

"It's really the simplest sort of reasoning, darling," said Adela with a careless air. "I know you don't like cigars, yet I smell cigar smoke on you. Therefore you've been smoking a cigar because someone gave it to you and you couldn't refuse it. Men, for some peculiar reason, Freudian, I presume, smoke cigars together to celebrate engagements, marriages, and births. All of your friends are already married; therefore one of them must have become a father. A couple of weeks ago you mentioned that the Atkinsons were expecting a blessed event soon. Q.E.D."

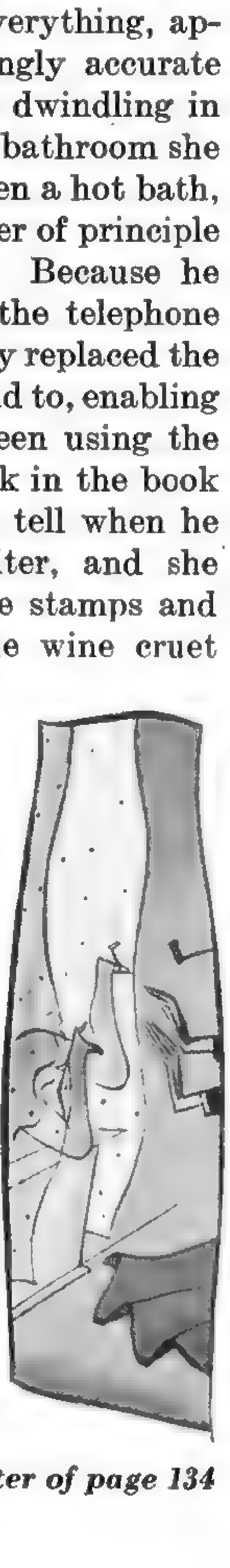
"But how did you know that it was a boy?"

"Oh, that's easy. Bob Atkinson is the kind of man who wouldn't celebrate the birth of a daughter."

Some days elapsed before the next demonstration of Adela's amazing faculty for deduction. On this occasion she had been away all afternoon lecturing to a ladies' club, leaving Warren at home to work at his writing. Upon her return, after noting that the radio was still warm and that the dial had been set for a different station since she had left the house, she asked in an offhand way, "Who won?" Warren looked up from his desk and said, "Tigers, 4 to 2," and it was an hour later before he realized with some irritation that Adela knew he had been listening to the ball game all afternoon instead of writing.

His irritation increased when, a few days later, Adela emerged from her study to deduce from the few specks of wet sand clinging to his sports shoes that he had spent the morning at golf instead of at the library. Feeling a little like a naughty boy who has been caught in some mischief by his teacher, Warren actually did get down to work and busied himself with his writing every morning for several days.

But that failed to stop Adela. It so happened that she was unusually interested in *The Mystery of the Tender Tortoise*, and she threw herself into her work so intensely that she actually lived the character of her detective hero, whose strong point was deductive reasoning. She noticed everything, apparently, and drew astoundingly accurate inferences. From the sudden dwindling in size of the cake of soap in the bathroom she deduced that Warren had taken a hot bath, though he professed as a matter of principle to approve of cold showers. Because he characteristically listened to the telephone with his right ear, he invariably replaced the receiver on the cradle wrong end to, enabling Adela to tell when he had been using the phone. If he misplaced a book in the book case, she knew it. She could tell when he had been using her typewriter, and she evidently counted her postage stamps and measured the contents of the wine cruet with a ruler. Warren kept his cigarettes in a leather case, but Adela knew, from a glance at the ashtray, when he had switched his brand and bought him a carton of his latest favorites.



Warren began to feel haunted. He felt, not unreasonably, that there ought to be some privacy about his personal life, even though he was married. But with Adela's insatiable mania for deduction he could do nothing without her not only knowing it but letting him know that she knew it.

He began to exercise un-

Continued in center of page 134

We Aren't All Big and Wonderful

And the mail doesn't have to go through when the reliable average-man pilot sees danger

by JAMES CRAIG

▪ ARTICLE ▪

He had clear gray eyes, flier's eyes, blond curly hair, bronzed cheeks, he was tall and slender and possessed a general air of efficiency and alert—Stop! That's enough! Already I feel an aversion for the man creeping over me. He is too nice, in fact he's false.

Now I'm a flier, and I never miss a story or a movie about flying, I guess I keep on with the hope that someday someone will write something about us that has just a touch of the real thing in it, instead of all this "perfect three point landing, keen eyed hellion, handsome aviator," nonsense that those of us who are addicted to flying stories have to swallow.

If your knowledge of flying has been gained entirely from what you've read about it, you must think we're an awful bunch of heels. We're not so bad though, we don't all have blond curly hair and gray eyes and all the rest of the stock makeup of these stout fellows of the short stories, in fact we're pretty average and you'd never recognize us as fliers in a crowd.

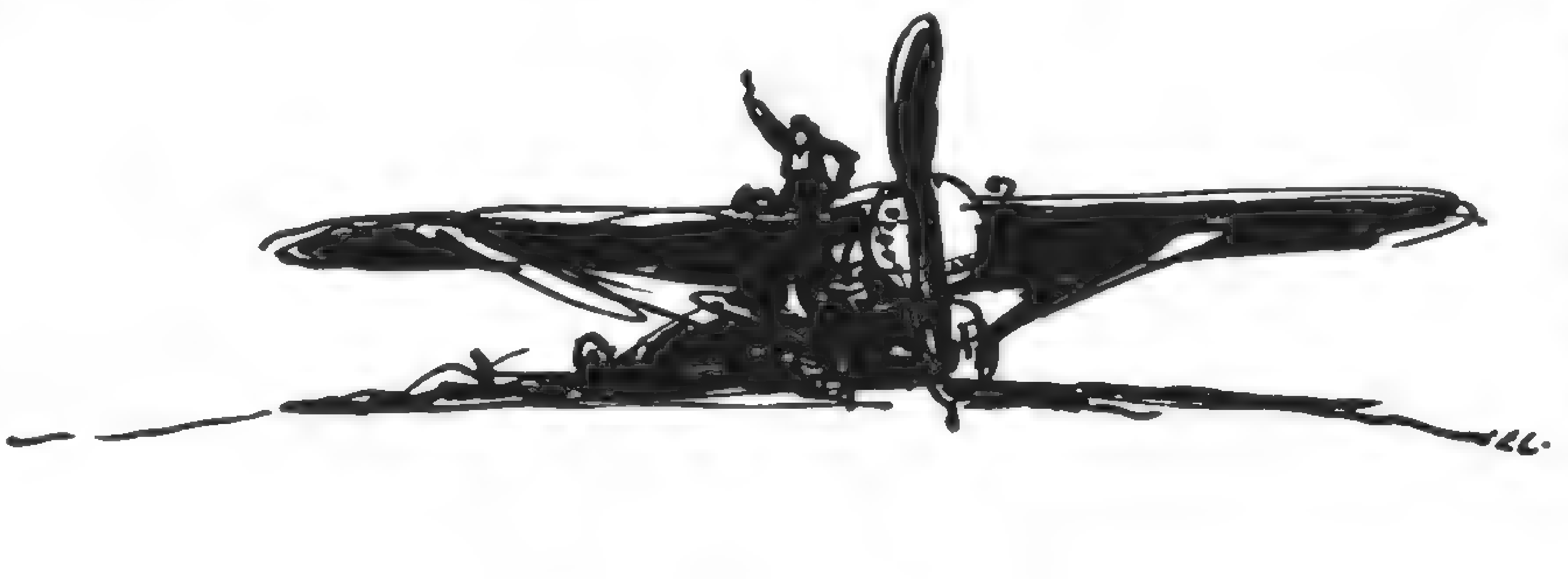
I'll try to tell you about us and our job.

In the first place there are all kinds of fliers, military pilots, mail pilots, airline pilots, private pilots and so on, I'm an airline pilot and so I'll stick to my specialty for fear I start talking about something I don't know anything about. We fly the big transports that carry mail, passengers and express between cities of the United States and nearby countries.

I might start by telling you how we get these jobs in the first place. There was a time when any man with five hundred hours in the air could walk into any operator's office and announce his willingness to go to work. But those days are gone forever and it's a long hard pull to one of these jobs today. In the first place you must have a college degree, preferably in engineering, this to insure your being selected as an aviation cadet by the Army or Navy. You don't have to be an Army or Navy man, but the airline operators figure that if you are one you've come through a pretty vigorous weeding out process before you get to them. Get your appointment, go through the school (no easy assignment) and then apply for the job. A very small percentage of service graduates manage to get jobs with airlines simply because there are very few jobs. If you get one you'll have to work as a co-pilot for two, three, or maybe four years before you can expect to be promoted to first pilot, and if you finally succeed you'll have put in eight to ten years of good hard work during which time about ninety per cent of the boys who started out with you have fallen by the wayside. This might sound as though I'm turning right around and justifying the all-conquering-hero sort of fellow, but not at all. You can either pass a flight physical or you can't, if you can, thank your ancestors, or fate perhaps, because you have nothing to do with it. If you have aptitude for flying you can learn to fly, if you haven't you'll never learn to be a good pilot, and this too is something over which you have no control, those being the two most important factors you can see that being a pilot can't all be credited to the individual. Hard work, the ability to take knocks, and last but not least, luck, all go to make up the whole of what it takes.

As far as the job itself goes some people seem to think it's pretty dangerous, but I honestly feel that so long as I play the game according to the rules, keep myself as proficient as possible, and use a little common sense, I'm safer in the air than I am in my automobile. I'm cautious enough in a car but from the looks of the accident records there are a great many people who daily whizz past me on the highways that aren't. Airliners are so designed and maintained that there is no question of a wing falling off in the air or of any other serious structural failure. Engines do quit occasionally, but we always have one or two more that are enough to take us on to the next field, without the necessity of having to pull a rabbit out of our hats so to speak. This leaves bad weather as the chief source of trouble to the airline pilot. Even this is not dangerous if a pilot applies intelligent thought to his bad weather flying. Of course some companies take this out of the pilots' hands by directing all flight operations from the ground. They employ expert meteorologists to study the weather indications and direct what trips shall or shall not be flown, even to the extent of telling the pilot at what altitude to fly. My reaction to this is that although expert meteorologists most certainly have their place in an airline organization that place is not to tell the pilots where and when to fly, unless the pilots of such an organization are considerably less capable than the gentlemen with whom I compete daily. My thought in this matter is pretty well substantiated by the results too. No amount of theory can take the place of years of flying over a particular run and observing at first hand all the vagaries of the weather on that run. All pilots of course must have a background of theory to supplement this practical experience. Other companies leave the decision entirely up to the pilots and this too has its weak points. Out of any large group of men you'll always find one or two that are willing to take chances to uphold their reputations as tough weather pilots. I remember two such individuals, who, when forced to cancel their trips at the same point on the line, began to offer alibis as they climbed out of their ships and walked toward one another. Each one trying to tell his side of it first. They're both gone now, one was involved in a minor accident, the other was let go before he had his accident. So it is best to keep some sort of a check on the pilots if for no other reason than that two heads are better than one at times like this, provided your ground man is competent to judge the situation. The nearest approach to this is the system used by at least one company that I know of, whereby in cases of doubt as to whether a trip can be flown safely or not the final decision rests with the superintendent of the division in question, who is an ex-pilot with long experience on that division. That old one about "the mail must go through," makes a very catchy phrase but in actual practice the mail must go through only when it is practical for it to do so.

Right here I might point out just what constitutes bad flying weather. The weather at the departure point is of practically no concern to the pilot. What concerns him chiefly is the weather where he wants to land. Rain, contrary to the popular belief, has no effect on the safety of flying. In fact the only two things that remain as obstacles to flying all weather are fog and ice. Thunderstorms are to be avoided, but this is a comparatively simple trick and even if you get into one the worst that is apt to happen to you is a good bouncing. Fog presents no problem except when it covers the field you want to land on. The pilot can take off and fly to the field of his destination in a dense fog with no trouble at all, it is being done day after day right now. If the fog leaves a



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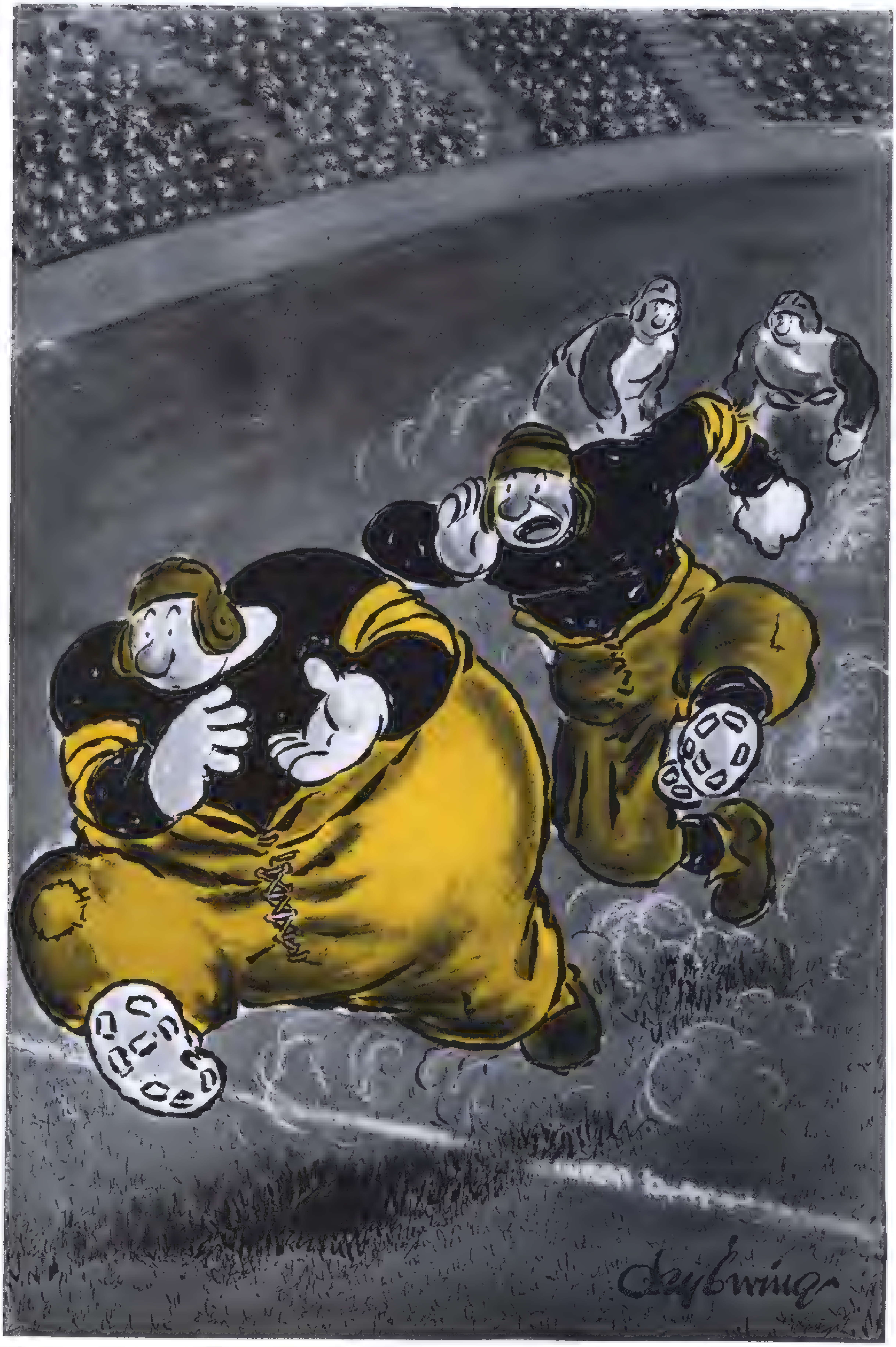
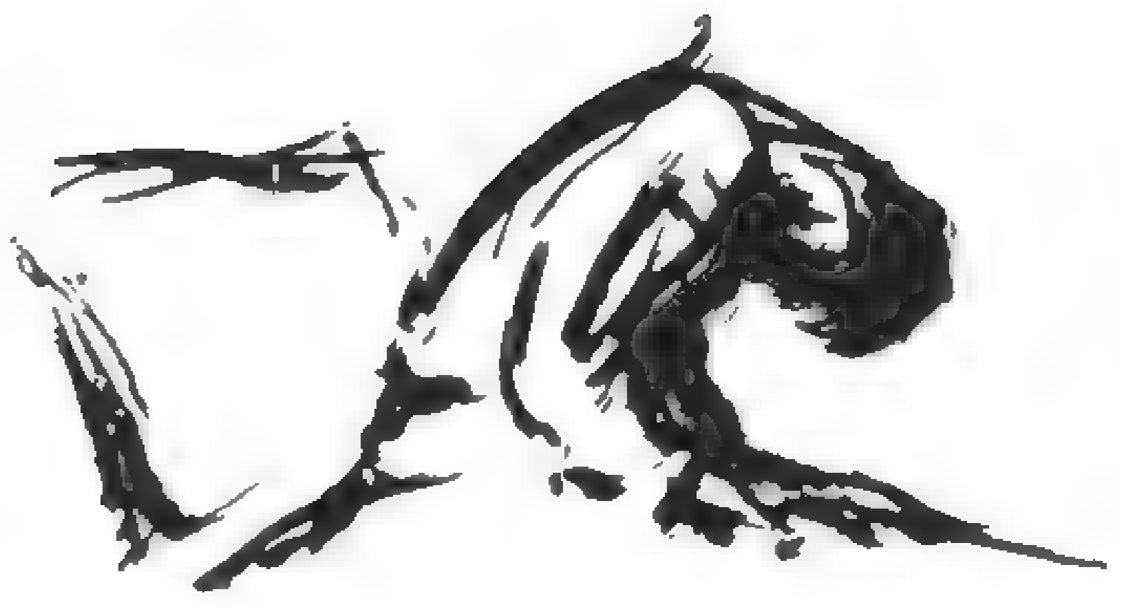


"Pssst! Adolph!! The ball!! The ball!!!"

Memory of Fourteen

A boy delicately awakened to the beauty of a woman, and others around him awakened



by D. C. MULHOLLAND

▪ FICTION ▪

They say, and I believe it is true, that a scent will recall a remembered thing more vividly than any other stimulus. There is a certain scent, and by that I do not mean perfume, or sachet, or any of the other artifices that women use, but an unnameable fragrance so evanescent that, before I realize it is there, it is gone, and I am left standing still in a crowd, waiting for it to come to me again, just as one is awakened out of sleep and lies waiting for the awakening sound to repeat itself, and if it does not, one is not sure that it was a sound at all which awakened him.

It is perhaps four or five times in the last fifteen years that I have experienced this nostalgia that is the scent of her hair brushing my forehead and of her clean girl's flesh and her fingers, cool and light, on my body. It brings me a room, big with silence, gray with late afternoon. I am lying on a white iron cot. I have been there a long time—a day or two is very long when one is fourteen and sent to the infirmary with a six-inch gash in one's side from a skate. I can feel the weight of the bed clothes heavy on my toes and hear outside on the campus the sharp cries of my fellows, very far away, each sound distinct and imbedded in the silence. I am faintly cold and sweating in the warmth of the room.

And she is there, bending over the basin of warm water on the table beside my bed, telling me to slip off the top of my pyjamas. I am stammering with shame, fumbling unwillingly with my buttons. Mrs. O'Conner, the school mother, has dressed my wound and the consciousness of my body has never occurred to me. But Mrs. Burroughs . . .

"Old Toady" Burroughs had bulging, colorless eyes and a paunch hanging down in front of short legs that bent outward at the knees, like a frog in an illustration for a child's book. He was the headmaster, and he was old, very old, we thought at that time. Consequently it seemed indecent, somehow, that he should have a new wife when we returned from the summer holiday. She was gay and young and fresh; I really think she could have been barely more than twenty. The boys sniggered and made coarse jokes among themselves about it. Most of the jokes I did not understand, but I knew from the telling that they were coarse, and I resented them. It was not that I was altogether a prig, nor had I then, at first, enshrined her as I afterwards did. Probably at that time my passive championing of her was nothing more than the reflection of my idol, Mr. Fellows.

Mr. Fellows was the classics master. He was a young man with straight, reddish hair and thin shoulders. When he walked through the halls of the school his black gown billowed thick behind him as though it, and not he, were the strong, substantial thing. But he could spot any of the seniors two games and trounce him at tennis, and his spare, hard body was a joy to watch in the boxing ring. He was an Oxonian, I think, certainly he was English. He had the Englishman's clipped speech and abrupt manner. As I have said, I worshipped him, and when I saw that he did not turn to stare at her hips as she walked by, nor laugh as the other masters did and wink back broadly at them, nor jump to hold a door for her and touch her elbow as she passed through, I patterned myself after him, as I did in everything, and came to regard her as one who must be shielded from defilement, and hence, gradually, as the most noble and beautiful of mortals.

It was later, closer to the time I speak of, that I began to notice that Mr. Fellows seemed to have come to dislike Mrs. Burroughs. Instead of treating her with the pleasant detachment he had shown at first, which was his habitual manner, he became with her so frigidly polite as to be almost rude. It troubled me, and I wondered if he had found in her some disgraceful thing, because his manner toward me had been the same as it was now to her the time I had lied to him, telling him I had finished all my evening's study so that he would let me come to his room and listen to him read from the *Iliad.* He never told me he knew that I had lied, or showed his scorn in any way, except that he placed that punctilious barrier between us until I could bear it no longer and confessed.

Once, when he had finished reading to me, and we were talking until the bed-time bell should ring, I asked him, with what must have been a very transparent craftiness, whether he thought Mrs. Burroughs had ever told a lie. He did not answer for so long that I began to wonder whether I had been impertinent and to go over critically in my mind the words I had said to see if they might have conveyed a meaning I had not intended. Finally he said very slowly, very seriously, "There is only one thing worse than lying to other people, and that is lying to yourself." Now, it sounds, perhaps, sententious; Mr. Fellows was a very young man. But to me, then, it was akin to the Laws of Moses, obscure, unquestionably right.

But my confusion was no whit lessened. I wondered that she could be guilty of lying to herself, which was worse than lying to others, and yet that she was beautiful and noble had already become a part of my thoughts, so that I thought of her with two minds, as did the rest of the school, although for a different reason. For while, in the beginning, they had thought lewdly of her because she was young and party to an old man's lechery, they came, later, to worship her from afar, as boys do, because she was young and lovely. They learned that her name was Maria and used to call her that among themselves, relishing the vicarious familiarity, although we were all awkward enough in her presence. Except to the very youngest she never became casually sexless as were the other masters' wives and Mrs. O'Conner. And so my shame at having to unbutton myself before her—for it is disrobing and not accomplished nakedness which is most humiliating—was doubly an agony.

She smiled at my mumblings, bending very cool and slender over me in the still, gray room. She turned the cover down to my waist and helped me out of my pyjama jacket. I lay still and stiff on the bed, scarcely breathing, waiting for her to touch my bare body. My body must have been young and clean and white then, not like his who was old. When her fingers touched my skin I started and drew in my breath as though she had hurt me. She laughed and called me silly. It was a low sound that did not break the stillness of the room.

She was very gentle and the touch of her hands on my side where the cut was, was cool and light. I lay there and my muscles relaxed. I watched her face intent on her work, and saw the way her hair that was like pale yellow silk swept in a curve behind her ear and the way the cord in her neck leaped in a straight line from beneath her ear to the little depression at the base of her throat and when she leaned forward to tie a bandage I caught that faint, unnameable fragrance, saw the soft swift curve of her bosom. The thick blood surged into my throat.

Suddenly it was over. She was handing me my pyjamas and saying that didn't hurt now, did it, and I lay there powerless to keep her cool hands on my side or to keep her from going out and leaving me in the dusk of that room. She knelt on the edge of the cot, holding my jacket for me to put my arm

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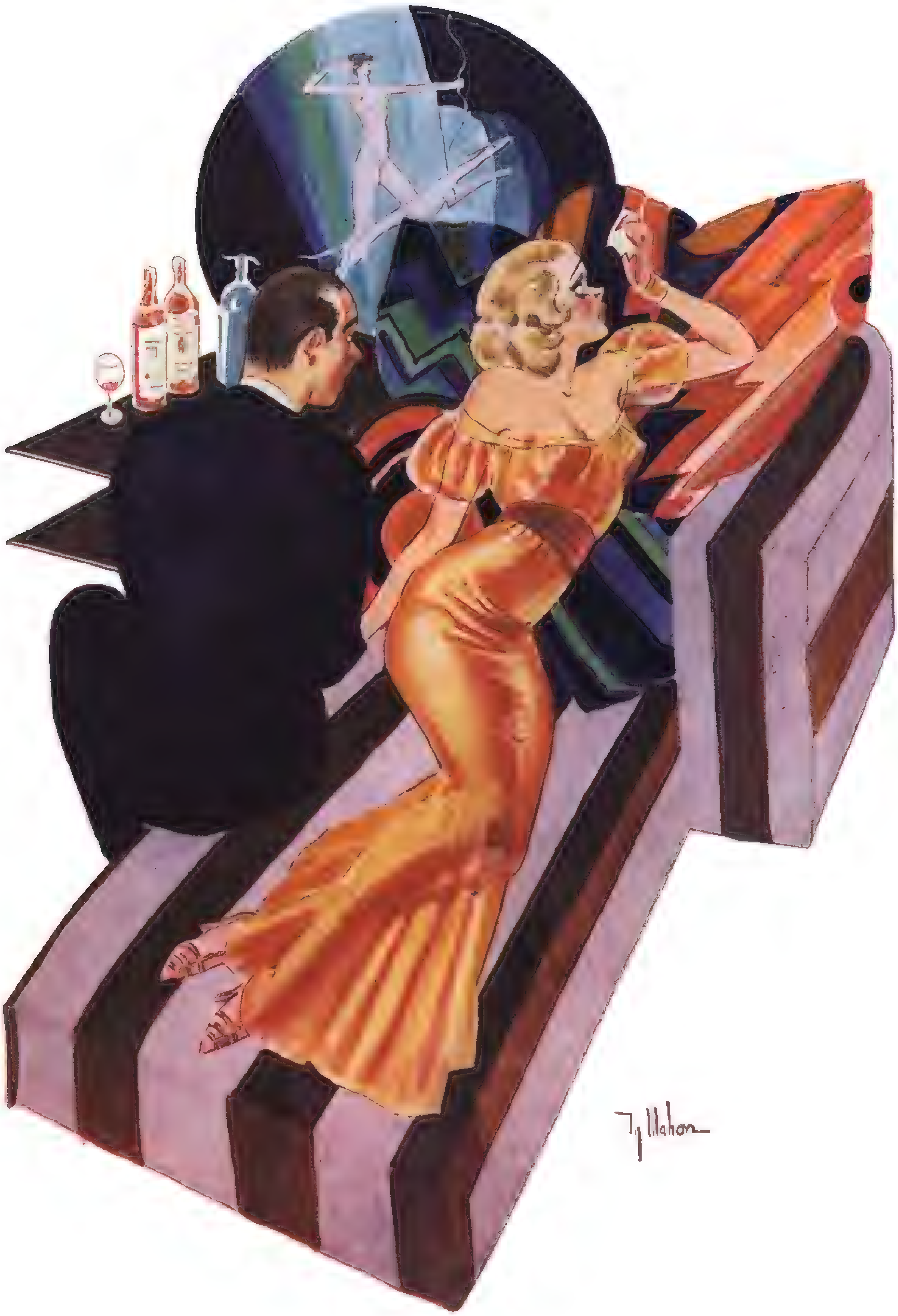
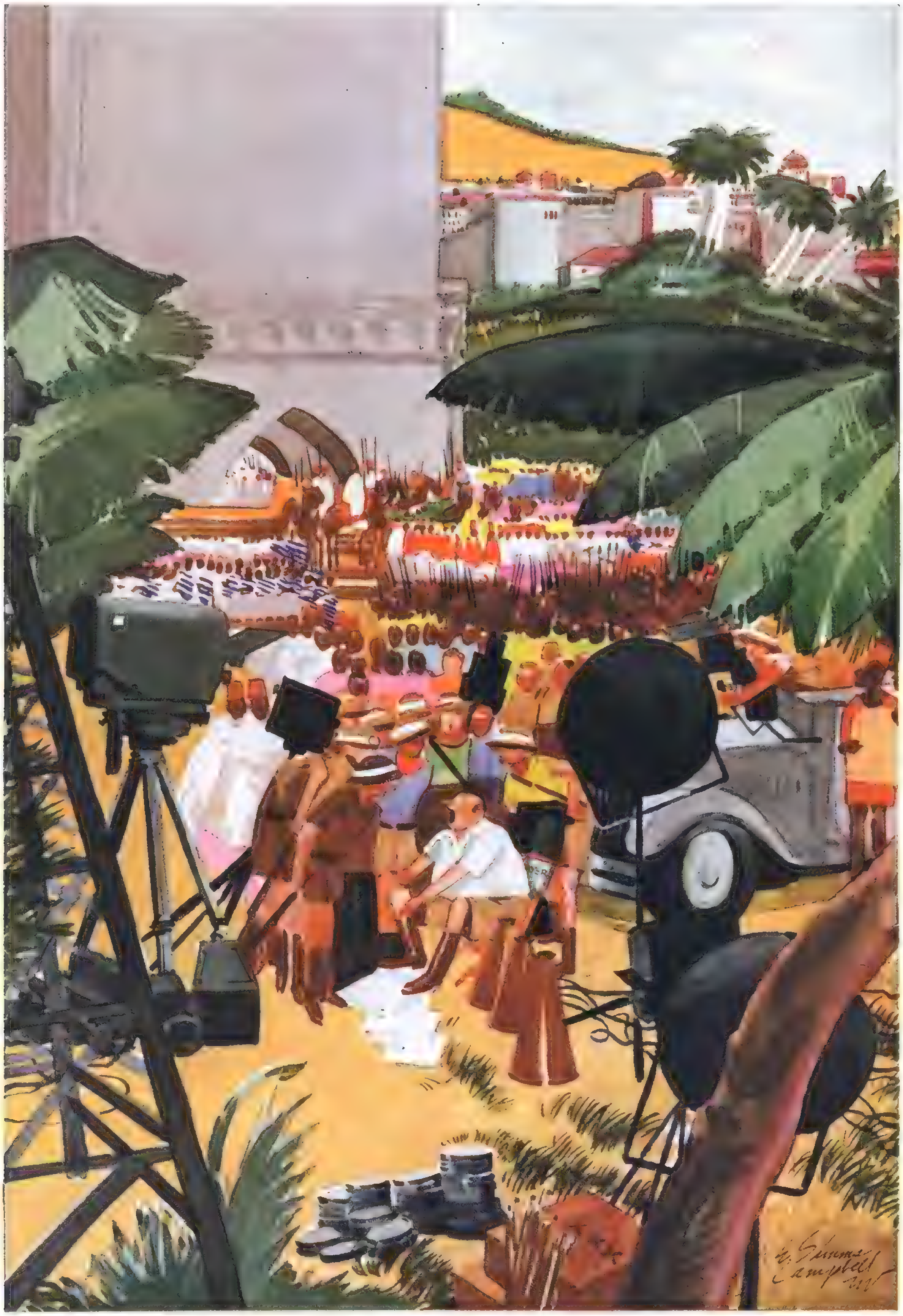


"But, dear, I must take my wife out once in a while!"


E. Simms Campbell

"Where the hell are we—in New York filming Africa or in Africa filming New York?"

That's Picture Business

Just to show you how some chiselers are ruining the legitimate shoe stringers

by WOLFE KAUFMAN

• SATIRE •

SUPER FILMS

I KNEW I'd probably be all right just as soon as I moved into that building.

Abe Weinstein came down to talk to me. He had an office on the floor above and he looked worried.

"Listen, Joe," he said. "This is a good landlord we got here. Don't spoil him by paying rent, will you?"

"Since when did I become a benevolent society for broken down landlords?" I answered.

"Well," Abe said, "I thought I'd mention it just in case."

So I knew I was in the right spot—if I only could find something to do.

I called up Jake Hoffberg and asked him to come over and decorate the place. He sent a boy over with instructions to paint my name on the door—"Apex Motion Picture Company"—and told me that's all the decorating he could afford to do on credit because I didn't pay him yet for the decorating I had done when I was the "Acme Pictures, Inc." or when I was the "Bijou Theater Co., Ltd." or even when I was just plain "Joe Levy, Motion Pictures."

Well, Jake is a nice guy and he's got a heart of gold, so I didn't argue with him much, except only I did remind him that William Fox himself started out as the owner of a little nickelodeon before he made his millions and Louie Mayer was just a small time exhibitor in Boston to start with and Adolph Zukor got his beginning as a second rate fur dealer and the guys that strung along with them three in those days ain't suffering none today.

"No," Jake answered, "you're right. My four kids that starved to death because I couldn't collect no bills, they ain't suffering any more, neither."

Well, I let it go at that because as I say Jake is a very good guy and a great fellow to keep in with because after all you never know when you are going to need a sign painter these days.

My first lucky break came about three weeks later, which is pretty good going when you come to think of it. I was just sitting around trying to figure out whether it would do any good to put an ad in the paper for an angel. I figured that if I could promote enough money to make a picture things ought to be a cinch because it never was such a good time for a little outsider like myself to break in as right now, what with all the big companies in trouble.

The way I doped it out all the big companies are in the soup, and why? Because they haven't got any good pictures. And why haven't they got good pictures? Because there ain't nobody in Hollywood with brains. So what do they need? New blood, young fellows like me that ain't never had a break but that have got enough experience to walk in at a time like this and turn out the goods if only the big fellows will give us a chance.

But will the big fellows give us a chance? They will not, because they are afraid to admit that they are down for the count and that a guy like me could help them out.

So what? So if I could only promote enough money to make a picture of my own that must be the right play.

So I began figuring out how to promote enough dough to pay for an ad to promote dough to pay for a picture.

And then this guy walked in.

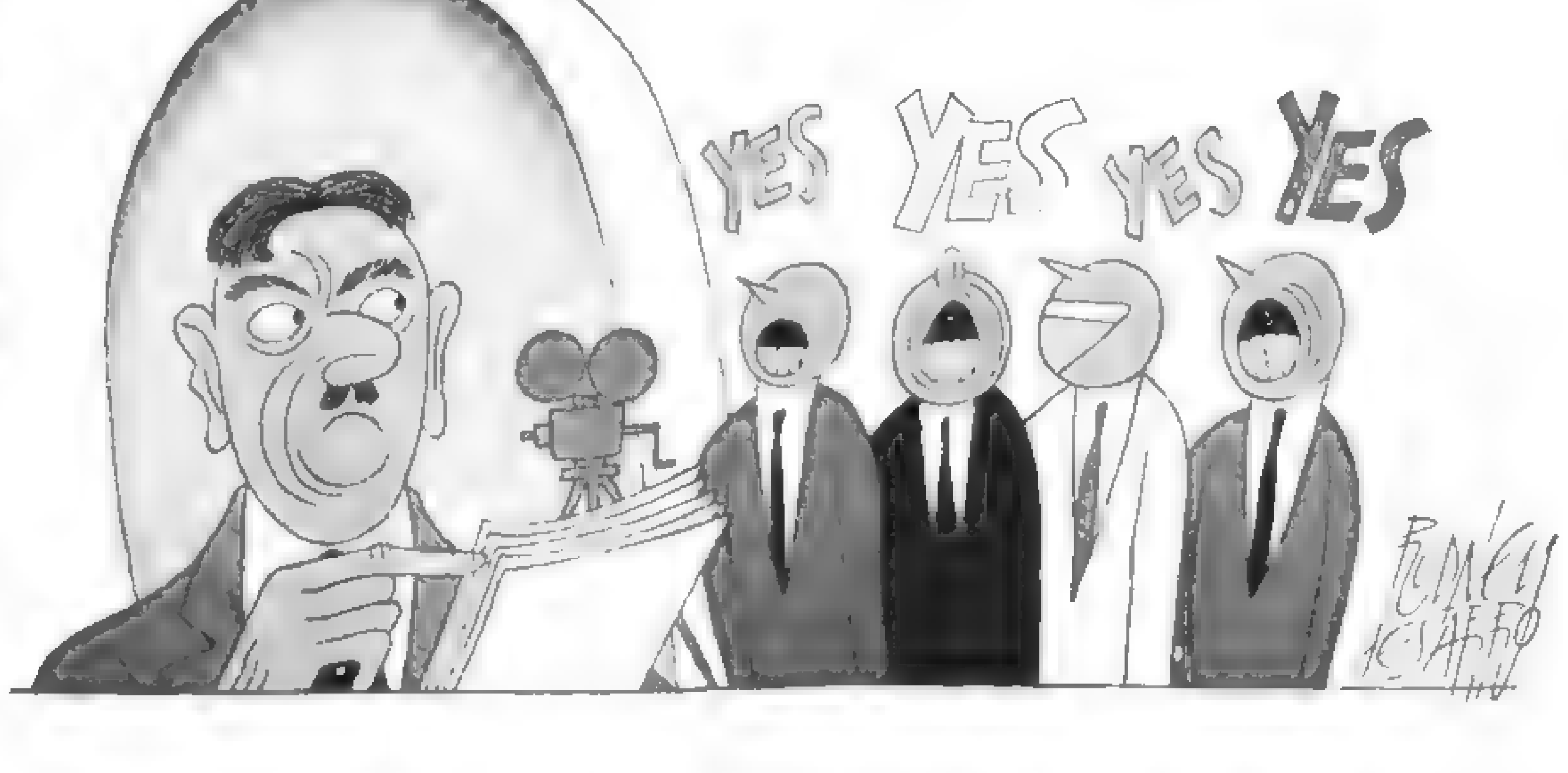
How he come to pick me out was like this. Seems like he's quite a promoter and he's got a contract with somebody somewhere to make a picture. He's got a lot of dough but he has to have some footage about naval maneuvers. I don't know why, but he needs this footage and he can't get it from any of the libraries.

He needs quite a lot of footage, he says, several reels of it, and all the libraries where you can buy stock filler-inner for almost anything gave him a no. Some had a few feet, some had a few shots, but nobody had enough or enough variety. And this guy says he has got to have it and Jessie Ringmeister told him to look me up because if there was such kind of footage anywhere, Jessie told him, Joe Levy will find it.

Well, I told him I'd try and find it and I took down his address.

When he left I began working on my ad again. The way I doped it, what the hell was the use of me running around trying to chase up negatives for a gent like this when none of the libraries can give it to him? Because any day in the week and three times on Sunday, I'll lay book that if the libraries can't give you a stock shot of anything, any time, any place, it's because either there ain't no such or it ain't worth the bother.

Two days later, to show you how things break, I'm hanging around Abe Spingle's office passing the time of day with a couple of press agents who are telling me about some lousy picture that they went out and put it over for a million dollars or eighteen million dollars or some such, when if it wasn't for them this picture would have rolled over and cried mamma, and right afterwards the guy that hired them had the nerve to throw them out on their ears in spite of all they did, when Abe comes out of his private office all burnt up at his girl.



"Listen, Celia," he said, "how many times do I have to tell you to throw out that lousy negative? You're going to ruin me yet some of these days with your negligence."

Then he saw me and began shoving the water works my way.

"She's going to ruin me yet, that girl," he said. "For three months I've had this lousy picture laying around the office and I told her again and again to throw it the hell out before the fire department throws me out for not keeping it in a vault, and still it's laying there. I don't know what is happening to this lousy moving picture business any more. Nobody's got any respect for the president of the company any more. He's only the guy that makes out the payroll, that's all."

"Oh, that reminds me," said Celia, "could I have my last week's pay, please?"

"Don't change the subject," Abe said. "You'll get your money just as soon as I can cash some of these bum checks I've been getting from those Second Avenue exhibs."

"You haven't had any checks, rubber or any other kind for four weeks," Celia said, "and I need my money."

Well, I could see Abe was beginning to steam up so I quick threw the switch.

"What kind, of a picture is this that you want to get rid of, anyway?" I said.

"Oh, just some junk about boats and sailors that somebody dumped on me," he said. "It ain't worth the tins it's packed in. Some people think everything they got that they don't need, just bring it to Abe Spingle's office and leave it there. If it's too lousy to pay for storage costs, so leave it at Spingle's office. Like I'm a garbage can or something."

Well, you can imagine how I felt. Still, I figured that breaks can't come that easy, so I sparred.

"You mean it's one of them naval maneuver things, Abe?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said, "some lousy naval maneuver stuff. Eight thousand feet of naval maneuvers. Can you imagine? Eight hundred feet, alright. You might be able to use

Continued in center of page 127

If You Stop at Monte Carlo

A handful of systems, any one of which may turn around and bite the fist that feeds it

by KARL DECKER

• ARTICLE •

The distinguished looking player rose from the roulette table, picked up the sheaf of 1,000-franc notes handed him and weeded out a fat bundle which he laid with a courteous gesture before the croupier.

"*Pour le personnel*," he said smilingly.

The croupier bowed in the grand manner. The man with the little rake bowed graciously. All the others at the table looked with mingled wonder and envy at the Cuban *marques* who was giving Monte Carlo a new legend.

Once again a system player was "milking the cow" and all the old stories of the men who had beaten the wheel continuously and consistently at Monte were being revived.

Don Eduardo's massed white hair, his white mustache and goatee and the courtly manner of the ancient grandees, not his lineage, had caused the title *marques* to be conferred upon him. He had been unofficially raised to the peerage as many pacific, elderly gentlemen in the South are made colonels by popular accord merely because they look as though they should be colonels.

I had known Don Eduardo for years. I had been his guest in the palatial old home in which he had been born in Santiago, Cuba, and I had crossed his trail in Buenos Aires, had met him again in Mexico City, had spent many pleasant evenings with him in Paris and the year before had found him in Casablanca, Morocco, busily taking advantage of the real estate boom that had sent the price of business lots four miles from the heart of the town to the absurd heights that made fortunes overnight for quick workers. The *marques* had sold part of a kaid's holdings for 900 francs a square meter.

Don Eduardo was always in the money. He was what was quaintly called in those days a *chevalier d'industrie*, a dainty name for what in these times would be called a racketeer. No criminal court had ever known him, however, and his finger prints had never been taken. As a salesman of unpedigreed art falsely represented to be by the sacrosanct in art and as a promoter he was without a peer but I frankly admitted to him that playing winning roulette seemed to be far away from his normal routine. I have noticed that the man who goes outside his racket invariably breaks a shin and is especially a fool at gambling.

The *marques* told me in detail of the manner in which he had taken up roulette in a serious way. Like all well-born Cubans a natural revolutionist, he had thrown in his fortunes with a Central American aspirant to power and had helped him win the Presidency of his country. Having been made a general in the President's army and entrusted with the handling of rich concessions he had spent three years in a tropical capital where the entertainment was slight and monotonous. When he tired of conjugating the verb *ennuyer* and found his interest in gaming waning as his losses mounted, he bought a small roulette wheel and night after night studied its vagaries. At the first opportunity he made a trip to Monte Carlo, investigated the various systems in use there, bought a trunkful of "*les permanences*," the records of plays at the roulette tables, and then dug into the fundamentals of the game.

He knew all there was to know about roulette. He had studied all the systems ever played and had analyzed them for their faults and advantages and had slowly developed a method of play all his own.

As we left the Casino, Don Eduardo told me he had played for just enough to bring his winnings to $40,000 for two weeks, not enough to rank him with the great system players of Monte Carlo history but enough to worry the authorities and to satisfy him.

From him that night and on other nights when we talked over the evenings' campaigns I learned more about system play than the casual visitor to Monte Carlo will learn in a lifetime. I have played roulette since I was sixteen years old but until that season at Monte I had always played it as all Americans play it, thoughtlessly trusting to luck and without any concept of its inherent possibilities. What I learned from Don Eduardo and afterwards learned in actual play is given here boiled down to the bare essentials.

The fog of mystery that has always hung about system play will be cleared away but no one need expect to learn winning roulette as a consequence. The seasoned, hardened roulette player crashes on the rocks time after time, no matter what his system and the first-time gambler at the roulette table has about as much chance as a poached egg before a hungry boarder, no matter what system he may have mastered.

France and Italy have made roulette legal within their borders and in these two countries and in Belgium roulette is played as in Monte Carlo with the Monte Carlo wheel and rules. The European wheel, as it is called, makes system play and winnings possible. No one has ever heard of any player taking away any large amount of money from an American wheel. It can't be done. No system has ever been invented that will work successfully against the heavy odds of the American wheel with its two zeros.

The odds against the player on even chances and numbers in the United States, Havana, Agua Caliente, and wherever the American wheel is used are 5-5/19 per cent.

The odds against the player on the European wheel are 1-13/37 per cent on the even chances and 2-26/37 on the numbers, the lowest of any gambling game known. The light odds against the player make winning play possible with the European wheel and all systems are built with these odds in mind. The player in Europe loses half his bet on the even chances when zero appears so that mathematically he loses one whole bet in 74 spins. Against the American wheel the whole bet is lost, mathematically, once in 19 spins.

The American gambler is always a sap and knows nothing of odds and percentages and their sinister significance. The race track gambler plays against odds of 10 per cent and "breakage" in the pari mutuels and goes against a 30 per cent book with three horses at even money on the slate. The proletariat play "the numbers" with just one chance in a thousand of winning, 999 to 1, and win only 600 units less ten per cent to the "runner," getting 540 units for a 999 to 1 play. Others play the slot machines with the odds 2,480 against them.

A thousand men taking $100 each to the race track and playing the mutuels, betting on each of the seven races and betting all their money will carry away at the end of the day only $47,831. The rest of the $100,000 will be left with the "iron men." That is what odds of ten per cent will do to gamblers.

The experienced European gambler has always known all about odds. That is why he always went to Monte Carlo. He could play *boule* almost anywhere in Europe, but he never did. It was left for tourists and other amateurs. *Boule* is roulette's bad little sister. It looks innocent and inexpensive but it's one of the worst gyp rackets in gambling. There are only nine red and nine black numbers and everything loses but the 5 when the 5 appears and the payoff is 7 for 1. The odds are 11-1/9 against the player.

The favorable odds, a trifle over three-and-a-third per cent, make system play a possible success on the European wheel and the number of winners who have taken away huge sums from Monte Carlo in the past prove the trick can be turned. The older generation still remember Charlie Wells, the man whose sensational winning streak started Old Hoss Hoey singing *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo* in the '90's. There have been many others.

The light odds the bettor plays against at the roulette table in Europe and the possibility of building winning systems should never lure the American abroad into the belief that he can get himself a system and start in breaking the bank, however. Roulette, even with a workable system, needs constant practice. It is no more possible to sit at a roulette table for the first time and be sure of winning than it is for a novice to play brilliant bridge against Culbertson. A good system player knows the many "patterns" that are formed and can recognize them as they begin to develop. He knows when Madame Roulette begins to sulk. The first-time player lets himself go haywire and starts "snowballing the layout." He develops "wheel panic," the disease that is likely to attack the best players, and his case is hopeless. Those who know roulette stop playing when the ball "goes crazy," cash in and go to another table or leave the Casino. They call it a day and quit, knowing that the game can't be forced.

For the American player system play is surrounded by a fog of mystery. He knows there are systems of play that sometimes pile up the winnings and keep down the losses. He regards them as infallible and wonders why he can't get hold of one of them.

None of them is infallible. All must be played with a backing of experience, patience, gambling intelligence and courage and with the nervous reactions of a first-class adding machine. System play is not for the novice. There is no deep mystery about it, however.

There are just five different kinds of system play.

That sounds absurd, but it is based on first-hand knowledge of the game. There are many variants but only five different classes.

The first, of course, is "the attack."

This means simply the choice of the chance to be played. There are thousands of systems of attack, all worthless. At best it is merely an attempt to out-guess the wheel and that just simply can't be done.

"The attack" is based on superstition, algebra, astrology, dreams, hunches, the binomial theorem, the weather and the predominance of colors and numbers, columns, dozens and transversals. Many old-timers at Monte always played 9 and 27 after the zero appeared and strangely enough won so often that the superstitious theory of some esoteric combination between zero and these two numbers appeared to be justified.

Attack players harp on the success of the play on the "dominants." They "follow the wheel." When red appears more often than black they play red, shifting to black when it becomes the "dominant" color. They play the "dominant" columns and dozens as well as the even chances. They are always busy with their little books, impatient, restless and usually poverty-stricken, but always optimistic.

The most foolish attack system I ever saw at Monte was at one time a popular fad among the small folk in the large main hall, "the kitchen," as it is called. It was wholly without any basis of mathematical reason but was used with a superstitious belief in its powers. Color play was regulated by the addition of the last two numbers appearing. If 7 and 24 were the last two numbers they were added together and the sum 31, being an odd number, called for a play on red. If 13 and 27 had appeared the sum 40, being an even number, called for a play on black. It might just as well have been used the other way round, so far as results were concerned. It merely saved the player the trouble of thinking.

Another equally puerile attack system was based on the frequency of the *coup à deux* and the *coup à trois*. When red appeared after a black number red was played and when black appeared after a red number black was played. There were no heavy losses as only one bet, a single chip, was made at each shift, but there were never any winnings of any importance. There is no system based on the attack alone that is worth considering.

The other four classes of systems are all methods of manipulating the bets and the secret of success at roulette lies in the manipulation of the bets. The four classes are:

Martingales
Progressions
Flat-stake play
The paroli

The martingale is the best known. Every sap player tries it at one time or another. It's the cotton-mouth moccasin among roulette systems. When it bites it kills.

The martingale is simply a doubling up in play and is used only on the even chances. There are any number of martingales, the simplest and the one most commonly used by Americans trying to break the bank at Monte Carlo being a doubled bet on every play until there is a winning. It is known as the straight martingale and is a swift method of financial suicide. The player bets on red or black, odd or even, the first 18 or the last 18, and eleven losing bets cost him $2,047 if he has started with a dollar bet. He can't make a twelfth bet because he would be over the maximum, $1,200. The straight martingale, each bet a loss:

Play	*Stake*	*Total Loss*
1st	$1	$1
2nd	2	3
3rd	4	7
4th	8	15
5th	16	31
6th	32	63
7th	64	127
8th	128	255
9th	255	511
10th	512	1,023
11th	1,024	2,047

And all that money up to win one dollar. The losses on the 10th bet have amounted to $1,023. Winning the 11th bet would get the player $1,024, just one dollar more than his losses. Betting $1,023 to $1 indicates that the player should be in a nicely unfurnished padded apartment, cutting out paper dolls. Yet hundreds fall into that trap.

"The Galloping Martingale" is even more deadly than the straight martingale. When the first bet, $1, is lost the next bet is $3, winning back the dollar lost on the first bet and two others, one for each bet made. The third bet is $7, recouping the $4 lost with $3 additional, one for each bet. The complete martingale is 1, 3, 7, 15, 31, 63, 127, 255, 511, and 1,023, ten bets in all and the total loss $2,046 if all bets are lost. If the player wins the 10th bet he gathers in all his losses and $10 as a bonus. He can only

Continued on page 112

The Frenzied Linotyper

A cynical fictioneer bumps his head against that inexplicable and incongruous entity: love

by ROBERT McLAUGHLIN

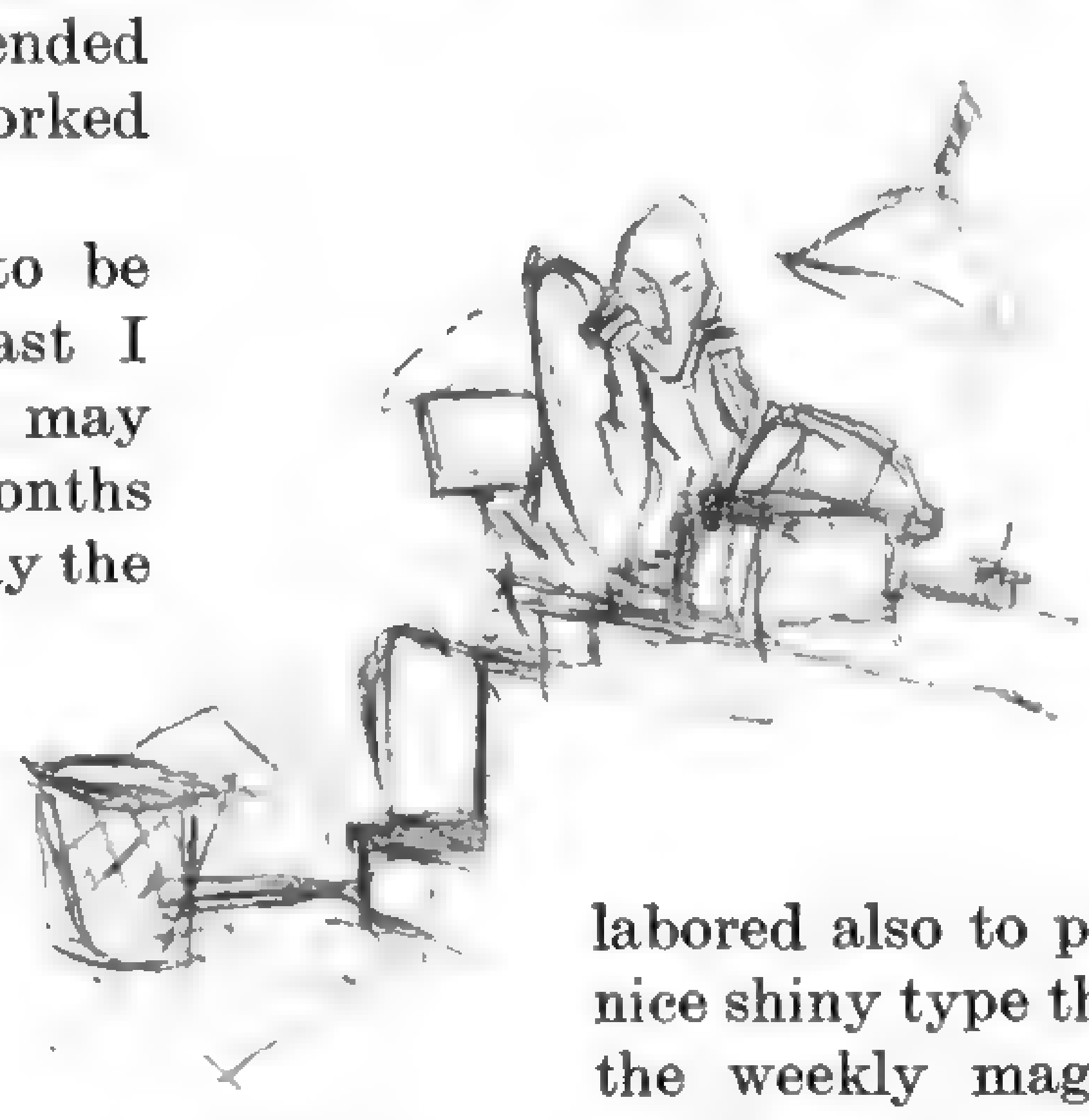
▪ FICTION ▪

About six years ago I was working for a Denver newspaper. I only worked about two months and was then fired but I've always been properly appreciative because, ever since, when intense young men briskly demand "Are you a newspaperman?" I can always reply with an eager affirmative. You see, there is still a lot of glamour connected with being a newspaperman and to have been one—regardless of how long ago—is almost as nice in some circles as being a member of TNE or a high Brahman.

All gaucheries seem permissible to us ex-newspapermen and I have never seen anyone get terribly drunk and insult a host or be just downright boring who wouldn't be excused if he could claim membership in the great ink brotherhood. And almost anyone can, for man's memory is lamentably short and I have friends whose closest association with newsprint was a paper route in their adolescent years who now speak reminiscently of the good old days on the Barnesville Free Press.

In many circles ex-reporters are still held to be hard drinkers, brilliant wits and devils with the women—all this despite the evidence of one's eyes and ears. A glory shrouds them just as it hovers indistinctly and erroneously over the vanished Maya. There is supposedly something in the rather routine profession of news gathering that is believed to contribute a fey-ness to the individual. That is why, when among newspapermen the ears are constantly offended by bad puns and overworked catch-phrases.

This story, though, is to be about a linotyper—at least I think he was a linotyper. I may be wrong since my two months with the *News* gave me only the vaguest knowledge of the workings of the press. At any rate he came from the belly of the building where, each night, the presses crashed and labored to bring forth each morning's cargo of trivialities.



Ours was a morning paper and was put to bed at two o'clock which meant, as far as I was concerned, that everyone went home and left me to amuse myself until the dawn. I reported for work at eleven o'clock at night and was given ten to twenty state weeklies from which to cull items of interest for the State Page. These items—generally boiled down and translated from the quaint phrasing of cowtown editors into recognizable English—appeared under the parenthetical and italicized heading:

(SPECIAL TO THE NEWS)

It was my duty to turn out twenty-five items a night and, though I have since worked in a factory, I have yet to encounter a more monotonous job.

With this task completed I made up the 50- and 25-Year Ago Today columns. These could have been made faintly interesting but I was so hedged about by taboos—religious, racial and ancestral—that each column was more emasculated than the last.

At two o'clock the presses began their thunder and I was sent out—the *Post* invariably beat us to the street—to pick up the rival sheet so that we could discover how badly we were scooped.

By three o'clock at the latest I was alone in the office with the janitor. He was an elderly Czech with a rudimentary command of English and a lively curiosity. Each night our proceeding was the same. Immediately adjacent to the office was a third-rate hotel whose windows matched ours floor for floor. Since the *News'* windows had apparently not been washed since their installation the advantage in this peeping game was all on our side. Only occasionally, though, were our erotic desires satisfied for most of the hotel's clients were too impoverished mentally, physically and financially to participate in even mild orgies.

Our tour of inspection completed the janitor vanished into his mysterious regions and I returned to my typewriter. At that time I burned with the desire to become a writer and—spurred by sales to *Life* and *Judge*—was just beginning a mighty epic of the Italian Renaissance filled with mayhem and the smoke of battle and lively sexual aberrations. Even then I had a suspicion it wouldn't sell even if it were ultimately finished and I labored also to produce short stories of the nice shiny type that seemed so acceptable to the weekly magazines. So it was that I would sit through the early hours typing steadily and with starry-eyed intentness, or else sit brooding with hollow dejection over my unsullied paper, searching in the dim recesses of my mind for an idea. It was when visited by that strange and terrifying mental atrophy that I would speculate about the linotyper, if such he was.

Every morning at four o'clock he would come up the stairs, a short, barrel-chested, very plain man with a black apron about his middle and a pale face topped by an eye-shade. We would nod awkwardly to one another and he would sit at a typewriter, remove a thick table from a portfolio, insert a sheet and set to typing—with two fingers—at an appalling rate of speed.

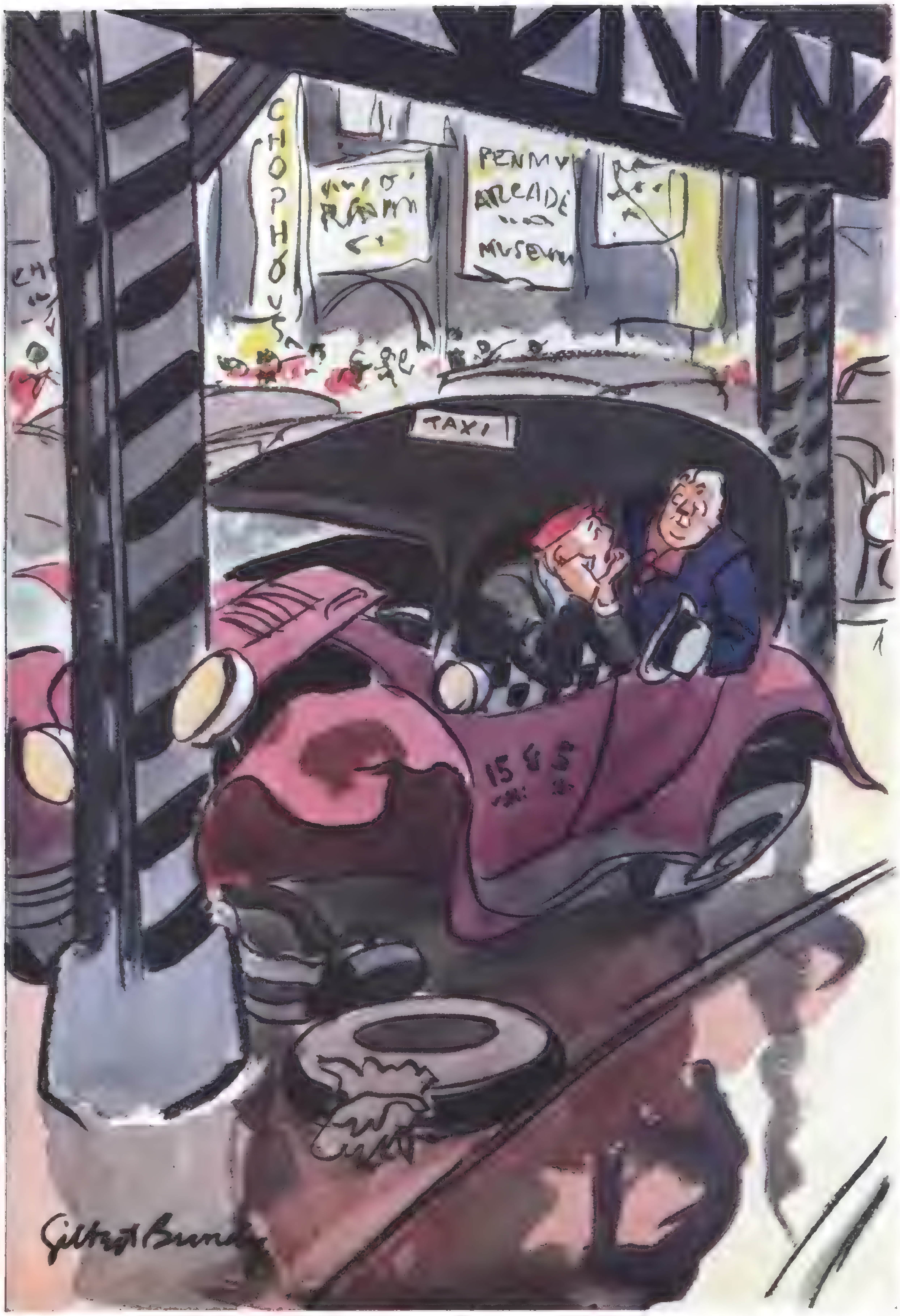
The facility with which he typed; the stupefying ease with which words flowed from mind, through fingers, and onto paper left me stunned. It was particularly galling when I sat opposite him, bereft of ideas—picking at my mental coverlets as it were—to see and hear the proof of his own fertility of thought. Of course I imagined him a writer; probably for the pulps, I thought, refusing to believe that anything worth reading could be pounded out so readily. And, imagining him to be a writer, I felt curling within me that awful envy, hatred and suspicion that every writer feels for every other writer. Almost in desperation I would fling myself at my own machine, typing out nonsense about nowisthetimeforallgoodmen or else putting down what little I could remember of poems or passages that had appealed to me. It was a silly procedure but I was forced to it to give the illusion of creative ability. The more I watched and listened to the little man's assiduous typing the more impossible it became for me to get to work. Nor was this an outburst of temperament on my part for, ordinarily, I was able to work under any conditions and if—happy chance—I should be typing when the linotyper arrived I generally had little trouble remaining oblivious of him.

No, it was only when I was mentally becalmed that I allowed him to get me. At least that's the way it was at first. Afterwards I began to hesitate a bit when he came up; I would watch him covertly, refusing to believe that anyone could type so steadily and without apparent thought. Never, from the moment he sat down until an hour or so later when he finished, would he hesitate. It was as though he had his words faultlessly memorized and required of his hands only the mechanical ability necessary to reproduce them.

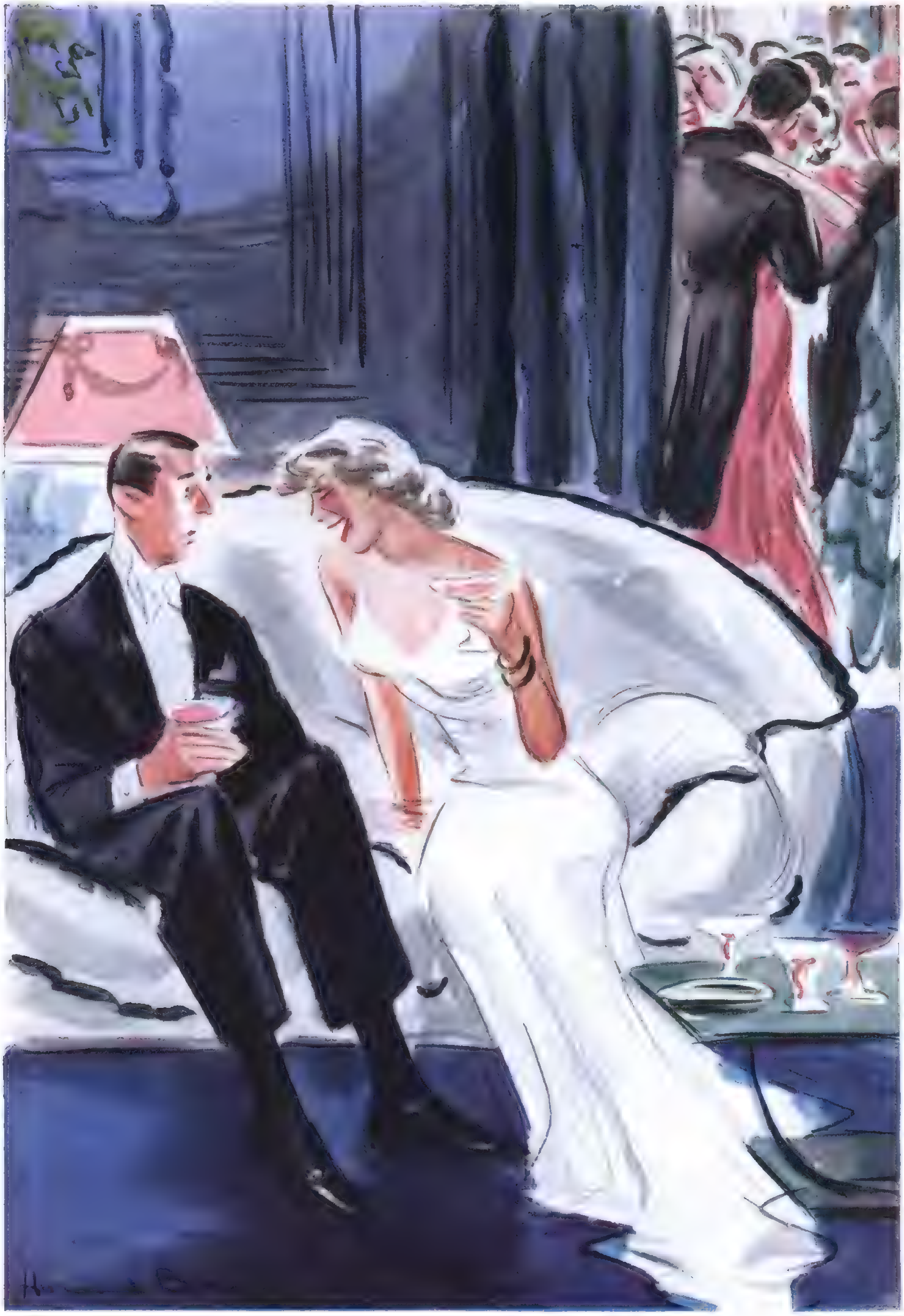
Naturally I was curious. I thought that if I could once get a look at his stuff and be sure it was as bad as I suspected then he would no longer prey upon my mind. But it wasn't easy. He left no papers lying around; he threw no spoiled sheets in the waste basket. It was also obvious that the man wanted privacy and I am not a good hand at intruding. It seemed hopeless.

So I would watch him despairingly. I had never seen anyone attack the business of writing with such grim concentration or win so complete a victory. And when he was finished he would sit straightly, re-reading what he had done, and all the while there would be a smile—a smug, pleased, contented smile—on his lips. That was the

Continued in center of page 144


CHOPHOUSE
PENNY ARCADE
MUSEUM
TAXI
15 & 5
Gilbert Bundy

"When I think of all the times I've dodged that post—"



"I always know when I've had enough to drink—I become unconscious!"

The Jitters Cure

For the gentleman dipsomaniac life is just a shuttle between Park Ave. and his room at Ward's

by JOHN WILSTACH

• SEMI-FICTION •

Ranson Traver was ready for one of his periodic fade-outs. He was accustomed to drop out of sight, as if into an open manhole, when too much crooking of the elbow brought on the jitters and a threat of the monkies.

A week would elapse. Sudden as a magician's illusion, with mirrors, Ranson was wont to reappear in his accustomed haunts, ruddy, bronzed, fresh as a gardenia from the florist. Hostesses who had missed the hard-working life of the party were curious, to no avail. You can't third degree an eligible bachelor, young, rich, a social light, on or off, even if his explanations are inadequate. The implication of—you mysterious, bad child—suggested sex, a hidden seraglio, with lovely houri, captive in chains of pearls on spreads of ermine. His coyness to the wiles of matchmakers and the flutter of palpitating debs could only be so explained. Women's pride refused to recognize a man's lack of interest in women.

It was early in the spring when Ranson saw it coming. That evening at Mrs. Cumberweight's party he imagined people called his name—and when he answered found, not to his surprise, that he hadn't been spoken to at all. One of those lousy symptoms. This would never do. Next week he was to go south on Ray Manley's yachting trip, and hold up his end of the bar. He was commencing to count twenty—then take another drink. Fifteen—then another. Then one after another. The stuff had no kick. A bad sign.

He could see perfectly clearly across the room two copies of Mrs. Shelby Lee, the one on the left as beautiful as the one on the right. Three husbands had spent fortunes for one Mrs. Lee. Ranson shut his right eye. Ah, that was better—one Mrs. Lee at a time was quite enough. The chatter about him hurt his ear-drums. He couldn't sleep a wink last night, even with a stack of night-caps big enough for a sale. Time to go.

Ranson made no excuse to his hostess. He just drifted out, steady, seemingly himself, though he felt like someone he didn't know very well who might calmly walk out of the window, or stroll up to a copper and bust him one on the jaw. Do something out of order. No sleep loomed ahead of him, under normal circumstances. Jitters to the right of him, jitters to the left of him, into the valley of insomnia charged six hundred of the social register. So that was how his mind was balancing on the brink of a breakdown.

He found his car near the corner. Central Park West, Harry, I'll be gone for a week. Very good, sir. And very soon he was taking a drink from a silver flask and stepping out before a discreet looking building, no marking except a lighted house number. Lighted windows above were heavily screened, from top to bottom, perhaps to stop baby from falling out.

His hat set at a rakish angle, Ranson ambled inside. At the left a reception room and office was untenanted. Two colored gentlemen grinned their welcome.

Yes, back to Ward's again, the only modern substitute for old Muldoon's, and without the tough sledding; here, in the heart of the city was a san for an alcoholic come-back, in the course of a week, with medical treatment, electric boxes, showers, violet ray, and up on the roof a gym and an elaborate lounge room. No booze after the first day—and no clothes. Most of the patients came on their own hook; some were contributed by friends and relatives. A century a week, or three times as much, all depending on a patient's taste for special nurses and medicos. No place for the poor, if deserving. Let 'em go to Bellevue. At Ward's the name list of guests was a real secret never broken by any columnist.

A final snifter as the elevator bobbed Ranson up to the third floor. A trim, good looking nurse, with cold blue eyes, waited. Make-up elaborate enough for a floor show. Four nurses had graduated, via patients, into married opulence. Hope for a fifth. But rules are rules—or the hope goes along with the nurse.

"You can navigate alone?" she questioned.

"Yes, I can make it nurse."

"Your old room is ready, you'll be glad to learn."

"Good. I'm used to suffering there."

She followed him down the hallway, and he held the door open for her. He took a final swig, handed over the flask. Might as well—they'd take it away from him before he could hide it. Ranson was undressing as the house doctor walked in. The nurse hung up his things, professionally, in a steel cabinet, flung him pajamas and dressing gown he had left behind on his last visit. He found mules at the foot of the bed, tied the cord about his waist.

"How are you, young man?"

"Terrible, doc, or I wouldn't be here. But I'm in time. The jitters, voices, see double. But nothing yet what ain't. No sleep last night."

"Nurse, fix up a dose of the snake."

She left the room, returning with a glass containing a large mixture of whiskey and paraldehyde, a powerful hypnotic that would knock out a horse, which she placed on a table beside the bed. At that instant a figure swayed into sight, with hair like an old floor mop and bloodshot eyes.

"Hello Ranson."

"Hello Van. You look as if you'd been having bad weather."

"Oh, nurse, look."

Van's right hand shook as if with the palsy.

"If you're shaking for a drink you are out of luck," said the nurse, dryly. "You'd been okay, now, but that bottle of bay rum in your toilet kit got by the day nurse."

"But, nurse, I'll die without a shock."

"That may be a loss to your friends, but not to me. I'll give a sedative when you're satisfied to stop haunting the place. You always were one of the worst animals in this menagerie."

"You—you know—"

"Yes, I know who you are. And you know Ward's, too. You almost built the boss's home in Florida. After the first day you simply cannot get a drink here for love or money."

Van groaned. "Why did I ever check in?"

"So you can be the pet of Park Avenue again. Come back to the room and I'll fix you up for a night's shut eye."

She took him by the arm. Sighing, he went along. Patients who had never obeyed anyone before in their lives, obeyed nurses.

The doctor chatted a few minutes, left on his rounds. Ranson stood, without swaying, looking down the hallway. He was in that peculiar state that sometimes comes when a man, for a short time, actually drinks himself sober. The dose that was the admission ticket to quick oblivion was within reach. That gave him confidence. Fellows had entered Ward's roaring like lions; in ten minutes the paraldehyde and whiskey had made 'em tame as lambs, sleeping lambs at that.

The elevator jarred and stopped.

Continued in center of page 124

I Give You Alex Tzoncheff

As his daughter so tragically learned, you have to take him as he is, and believe in him

by CHARLES W. LAWRENCE

• FICTION •

WELL, nuts, I guess the editor of *The Arrow* was right when he told me I had better stick to being a court stenographer.

That was the one time I ever actually managed to write a story about Alex Tzoncheff.

At the time I thought I had done a swell job. Thought to myself when I mailed out the manuscript, here's one for the gents who say Shakespeare was the last great master of tragedy.

That time I made a tragic hero out of Alex, or thought I did. I had Alex go to the electric chair rather than force his beautiful daughter, Sonia, to get on the witness stand and testify that the kid Tzoncheff killed was on the way to being the father of her child some time before she eloped with him. I can see now that there wasn't much sense to it because, after all, men don't act today the way they did when Shakespeare was writing, or at least you can't get any magazine editor to believe they do.

Anyhow, the story of Alex Tzoncheff should be a novel, and I tried to crowd him into a short story.

Since then I've spent a lot of time sitting in front of my typewriter trying to think up a good plausible story about Alex Tzoncheff, time that I should have been using to translate my court notes.

I've tried to work him out as a fiend who ruled his family with an evil eye and finally hypnotized his daughter into testifying in his favor, thus setting him loose to terrify her and the rest of the family again. That was after I'd been soaking up some Russian novels.

Another time, after I had been slumming with O. Henry, I got the idea of having Tzoncheff appear all through the trial to be a barbarian and then having a trick ending in which Alex pulled the big, noble stunt that sent the weeping jury out to bring back a verdict of acquittal.

Boy, I guess that would have brought back some apt remarks from the editor of *The Arrow*.

Really, though, I've had a lot of pretty good ideas about the way the story of Alex Tzoncheff should be written, but I haven't been able to get them on paper, except that first time, and I can see now that that was a washout.

I've read somewhere that true art is suggestive rather than descriptive, and while it is my opinion that a lot of this modern art goes too far and leaves approximately 100 per cent. to the imagination, still I guess nobody gets much aesthetic pleasure out of a blue print.

And the same, I suppose, goes for the art of writing. I can see pretty plainly that what is the matter with me is that I don't have the power of suggestion.

No matter how hard I remember to be subtle, I am always going into details so everything will be perfectly clear. I guess it's the people I have to associate with that have ruined me that way. Add similes: As subtle as a lawyer.

But ruined I am, and while I hate to admit it after all these years, I give it up. Anyone who wants Alex can have him. Here are the facts, so I can settle down to earning a living with the old shorthand.

As I remember it now—I've thought up so much fiction about this guy Alex that I may not get everything exactly as it happened — but as I remember it, Alex Tzoncheff came over from Macedonia. It's part of Greece or Roumania or Bulgaria, or one of those places. Yes, it was Greece, because it later developed that Tzoncheff hated the Greeks, which seems to be typical of Macedonians. You see, even in an outline like this I'm worried about unimportant details. Anyhow, when Alex got over here he went to work in the Cleveland steel mills.

I've often thought that a real writer who would bother to go to Europe and study the life and habits of the people from whom Tzoncheff sprung, who would then come back and work and live for a while with people like Alex, might be able to use the guy as the basis for the Great American Novel that is supposed to be still coming up.

I'm pretty certain, though I'm no literary critic, that said Great American Novel isn't going to be written until someone gets down on paper the feelings and experiences of the men and women and their children who came off the European farms and went to work in American mills and lived in lousy American slums. Maybe somebody I never heard of has tried it, but the only apparent attempts at the G. A. N. that I have ever read have been about Swedes that transplanted themselves to American farms.

Hell, these Scandinavians just set up little Swedens on the American prairies. They don't have to change their language or even their heavy underwear. But what somebody has yet to do, unless it's already been done and I've missed it, is to get the real dope on a guy like Alex Tzoncheff, who had to change his whole philosophy of life or go under.

A lot of them make the change with only minor casualties, but a lot more of them—I've seen a devil of a lot of them in court—go under, as Alex did.

But, as I started out to say, Alex Tzoncheff was indicted for the murder of his new son-in-law.

It seems that years ago he had promised a good friend of his that when Sonia grew up (she was just out of diapers then) he could marry her. That's not prima facie evidence that Tzoncheff was the I'm-the-boss-in-this-house gent I once made him out to be.

It was a perfectly natural thing for him to do—in the old country. It was the approved way of getting engaged in Macedonia, or so I am told. The trouble was that by the time Sonia had arrived at the heart-throb age she was more an American than she was a Macedonian. After she had got to be a senior in high school and had attended a few gin-and-feel-me parties she had her own ideas about why you get married.

And after young Johnny Trikoupes, whose father owned a restaurant, had given her a few of those Edgewater Park rub-downs, you couldn't blame her for assuming that it was Johnny whom God intended to be the father of her children and not the home-town farmer who in his letters called her "My Rose of Koziani."

You'll have to make up your own love story—that's one of the things I'm not subtle about, as you've probably noticed.

Well, this young Greek went to Tzoncheff, because Sonia insisted on this formality, and said he was going to marry the girl. Alex blew up all over the place (I did once manage to do something with that scene) and promised with his finger pointing to heaven that he would murder young Johnny the Greek if he ever so much as gazed across the street at Sonia Tzoncheff again. Said a lot of things about Athenian dogs, etc., which didn't sit so well with young Johnny the American, who thereupon decided to marry his beautiful Sonia, hell and high water notwithstanding.

Johnny just picked her up after school the next day, drove her off to Wheeling, got a marriage license by lying about their ages, went to a J.P. (here I go drawing a blue print again), sent Tzoncheff a telegram at Sonia's tearful insistence, took her on a brief honeymoon, most of which was spent in a Pittsburgh amusement Park, and brought her back to Cleveland to live with his old man.

For a couple of days after he got the telegram, Tzoncheff went around as though he were in a trance. Didn't notice anything.

But then he seemed to get over it, and he even smiled at the kidding he got from the men at the mill.

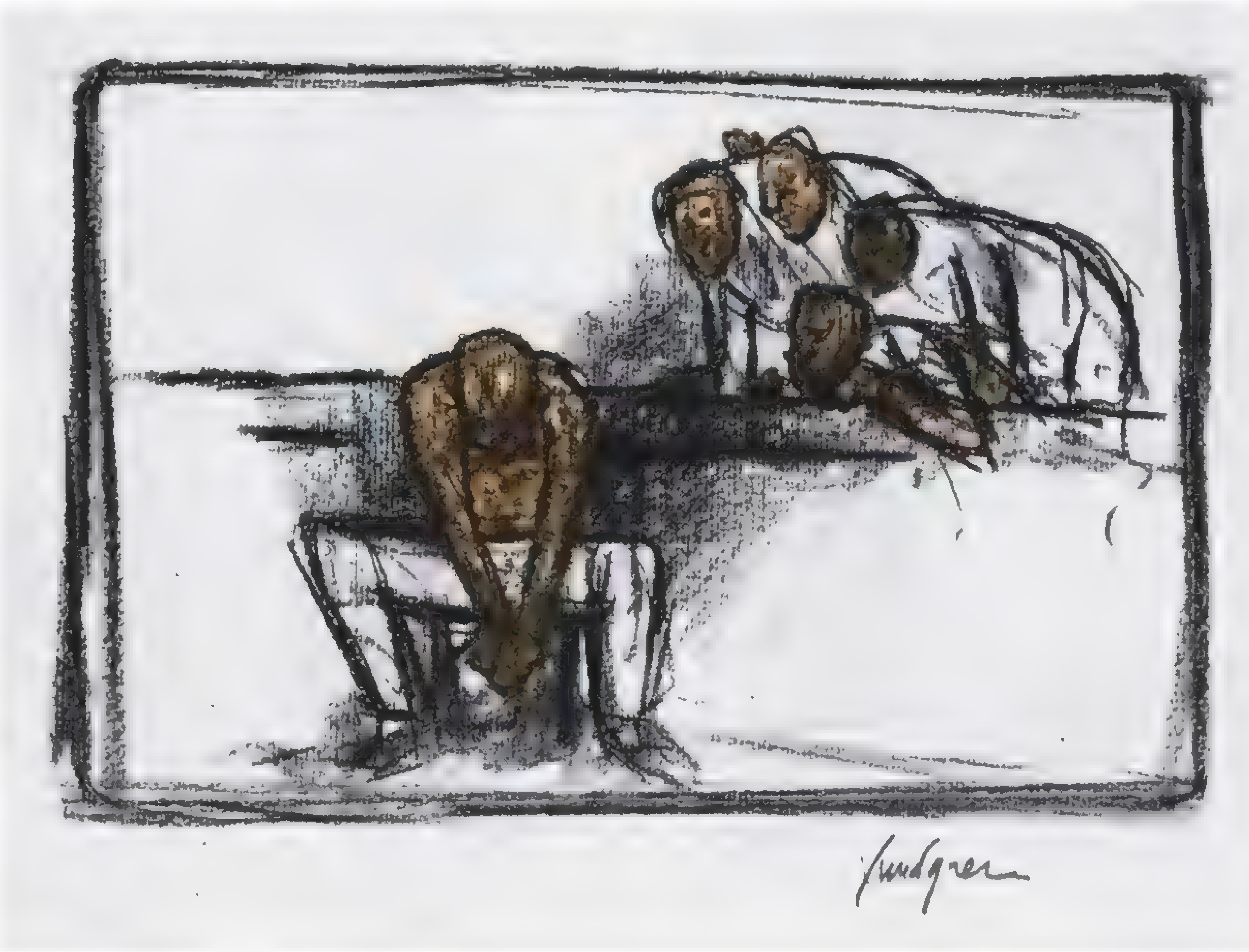
Word finally drifted around to Johnny and Sonia that Tzoncheff seemed to be in a forgiving mood, and so one night they drove over to the Tzoncheff house to make their peace. Tzoncheff met them on the front walk and pumped young Trikoupes full of lead.

If I were good enough to write this story I think I'd divide the novel into three parts —Part 1, life in the Old Country; Part 2, life in the U. S., ending with the above incident; Part 3, the court scene. But whoever makes use of Alex probably will have his own ideas.

The court appointed a young foreigner to defend Tzoncheff (which, again, has nothing to do with the story, but satisfies my craving for details), and about all the kid lawyer could do was plead his man guilty and hope he could make a strong enough plea to get him off easy. Judge Anderson said to bring in the defendant and put some witnesses on the stand so he could decide whether to send Alex Tzoncheff to the chair or give him life.

I had been called to take testimony in case the defense elected to go to trial, so I happened to be in the courtroom when the deputy sheriffs led Tzoncheff in.

I say they led him in, but that doesn't give you the right idea.



Have you ever seen a prize-winning stallion when they took him to the judges' stand at a horse show? A horse usually knows when it's a winner, and that was the way Tzoncheff looked when he came into the courtroom. He marched in with his head up, his eyes shining, an almost disdainful expression on his face. He skittered a little when the deputies turned him around to sit him down. You could see the guy was certain he hadn't done anything wrong and that he didn't give a damn for the men that had him in tow or anybody else in the room, including the judge. I thought to myself, what a hell of a shame a swell specimen like that might soon burn.

The only witness to the shooting itself was Sonia, so they brought her in first and put her on the witness stand. If I could find the right words to describe what followed I'll be damned if I'd give up the story of Alex Tzoncheff yet. But I can't, so here in ordinary English is what happened.

Sonia sat there looking straight ahead at the clock on the rear wall of the courtroom. The young lawyer was whispering nervously to Tzoncheff.

I noticed that Sonia had smooth, black hair, combed straight back into a knot at the base of her neck. She had black, snappy eyes. There was almost no expression on her face. She looked ten years older than 17. She didn't take her eyes off that clock.

Tzoncheff's lawyer, I say, looked nervous, but not Tzoncheff. He just nodded to the fellow to go ahead, and then looked up at his daughter with a half smile and with his eyes shining.

Out of habit, I took down what was said, so I can give it to you pretty straight.

The lawyer turned to the girl, who was still staring over everybody's head, and said:

"You are Sonia Tzoncheff?"

She didn't answer. Didn't turn her head or change her expression.

The lawyer asked her again. She didn't answer. The lawyer looked at the judge, helplessly, and the judge told Sonia quietly that she would have to answer the questions put to her. She shrugged her shoulders just a little and said, without turning her head:

"I am Sonia Trikoupes."

"The daughter of Alex Tzoncheff?" asked the lawyer.

He was boring in. She said:

"I was born the daughter of Alex Tzoncheff. I am now the widow of John Trikoupes." Still staring at the clock without any show of emotion.

For just a second a slight scowl swept over Tzoncheff's face, then he brightened again and smiled up at his daughter. The lawyer tried again:

"Your husband is deceased?"

"He is dead," she said. A pause, then: "He was murdered."

The lawyer pursed his lips and tapped his pencil on the trial table slowly. There wasn't a sound in the courtroom save the light tapping of the pencil on the table. I remember feeling my stomach quiver as it used to when I was waiting for the gun to go off at the start of a hundred yard dash (some of us court stenographers did go to real college).

Then all of a sudden a god-awful noise filled the courtroom. I don't know exactly how to describe it. It was half a shriek, half a roar. Honest to Christ, I thought for a second some wild animal had got loose in the courtroom. In a way that's just what it was. It was Tzoncheff. He had jumped to his feet and screamed:

"SONIA!"

The poor girl turned like a startled deer, her face went powder white, and she looked straight into her father's eyes. I thought, though I was not certain, that her eyes became moist just then and that her lips trembled a little.

She and Alex stared at each other, and while they stared you could hear the clock ticking back there on the wall. I remember hearing Judge Anderson clear his throat.

He didn't pound for order.

Well, in trying to make a good story out of Alex Tzoncheff, this is the spot where I always get stuck. Something hellishly dramatic ought to happen. It ought to be the climax.

The story should end with one or two more paragraphs, revealing Tzoncheff for what he is, either a gentle, heartbroken father, or a cold, merciless hypnotic tyrant. But nothing of the kind really happened.

What really happened was that the girl suddenly got hold of herself, turned away from her father and began again to stare, with no describable expression, at that damned clock on the rear wall of the room.

When I looked at Alex, he had slumped down in his chair and was looking at the floor. His eyes seemed to me to have become sort of glassy.

His face had no expression whatever, unless you can see an expression in the face of an idiot.

The lawyer went on asking questions, and Sonia answered them all, calmly and factually, showing no feeling, never looking toward her father.

When the other witnesses had given the background of the case about as I have told it (Tzoncheff never looked up at one of them or seemed to notice they were talking about him) Judge Anderson dismissed court and told the lawyers he would announce his decision the next day.

It was like an old, broken-down mare that Alex Tzoncheff was led out of the courtroom.

What decision the judge reached, no one but the judge ever knew. When court convened the next morning the sheriff sent word he had Tzoncheff in a straight jacket. A couple of days later they took the guy to the Lima State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

I guess he's still there, but that doesn't make any difference, because this is not the kind of ending you'll want to put on the story of Alex Tzoncheff.

* * *

Now, where in hell did I put those notes on Hill vs. Endicott? ###

A Portrait in Zowie!

Bughouse fable of Spark Plug's papa who had the Heebie-Jeebies 'til he learned of Married Life

by AMRAM SCHEINFELD

▪ ARTICLE ▪

It was at an Artists' and Writers' golf tournament in Florida last winter that short and stocky William Morgan De Beck, drove off into the rough—an' down in them thar parts rough is *rough.*

As little De Beck and his caddy went to look for the ball they were promptly swallowed up among the six-foot high palmettos. A long silence—then the caddy's voice, "Mistah De Beck! I found your ball!"

And from somewhere deep in the palmettos issued forth, "The hell with the ball—come over and find me!"

Now that, if you are a reader of comic strips, would be a typical situation for "Barney Google." What is of interest, then, is that Billy De Beck not only creates Barney Google, but *is* Barney Google. One of the few real masters of the comic sheets (for I eliminate here the producers of those illustrated capsules of melodrama and rehashed dime novels also, and strangely, classed as "comics") De Beck is more completely the comic artist, more closely identified with the character he draws, than anyone else in his rare profession.

It is not unusual to find comic artists drawing themselves. George McManus, for one of many instances, is his *Jiggs* to the life. But De Beck goes further than making Barney Google resemble himself in form, shape, and action, (if not in face—as some of his friends maintain). "A whimsical, adventurous, cocky little guy, full of the devil, but good-hearted—that is how De Beck describes Barney. And, unconsciously, he describes himself.

Billy's has been one of those careers dear to Americans. For years his life was as luridly colored and extravagant as one of his own Sunday pages. Starting from scratch, he burst into the spotlight in his twenties and by the zip and zest of his life as well as his work lifted himself into riches and celebrity. What is more, he still has them.

Today De Beck is forty-five, with the same birthday as Charlie Chaplin—April 16—but a year younger. As he waddles toward you he looks like a Dutch comedian, and you'd swear that his big checked pants are stuffed with pillows fore and aft; but closer examination shows that it is all De Beck and a yard wide. He has small, black, almond eyes darting out from a brown face, the Oriental effect heightened by two lines which slant up above his eyebrows; and with his straight black hair that comes down in a peak and recedes markedly at each temple, if he put on a Japanese costume he could step right into a part in the *Mikado.*

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Digging intensively into his family history, there is no hint of the talents which were to be his. He was born on the South Side of Chicago, within sniffing distance of the stockyards where his father, an ex-newspaperman, had a white collar job. His mother, of farmer folk, had been a schoolma'rm. His father's people way back were French (name used to be De Becque); his mother's were Irish and Welsh.

No artist had ever appeared on either family tree, but as soon as he could crawl, Billy began to show talent with crayons. His first gods were McCutcheon, then Briggs, and he copied their cartoons faithfully. Then Charles Dana Gibson came into his life. By the time he was along in high school he could copy a Gibson drawing, signature included, so faithfully that Gibson himself might have been fooled. And here is where the first Barney Google-ism asserted itself.

Claiming to be a "personal representative of Mr. Gibson" little Billy went about selling these Gibson counterfeits at handsome prices, and in many Chicago parlors were proudly hung, and possibly still hang, these gen-u-wine Gibson "originals."

Two years of art school and Billy got under way. First he drew cartoons for a Chicago theatrical weekly. Then he got a job doing chalkplate cartoons on the Youngstown, (O.,) *Telegram* at $18 a week. Then he moved on rapidly to the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* as editorial cartoonist, achieving $200 a month. And then, to his immense surprise—like the yokels at Barnum's who pushed toward the luridly labeled door marked "Egress"—he found himself fired.

Undaunted, Billy drew up his first comic page and took it to New York. He was cold-shouldered everywhere. He sent drawings to *Life* and *Judge.* All came back. He essayed a comic strip, *Finn and Haddie,* and, although a syndicate actually tried to sell it, not a newspaper would sign up. So fired, rebuffed and broke, what did Billy De Beck do? Another Google-ism:

Billy got out a correspondence course at $1 a copy on "how to be a cartoonist and make big money," and sold thousands of copies the country over.

When this project ran dry, he went back to Chicago and free board with mamma. A long discouraging period, peddling little "He-She" drawings to the papers at $1 apiece, and finally he landed on the Chicago *Herald* at $35 a week to do a "Married Life" feature—a daily two-column panel and a full page on Sunday. But Billy wouldn't put his signature on these.

Publisher Jim Keeley called him in. "Why don't you sign your stuff?" he asked.

"I'm waiting till they get better so they won't hurt my future reputation," Billy answered.

"They're good enough for me," barked Keeley, and raised his pay to $50 a week. A few months later another raise, to $75, followed. Billy began thinking of three figures.

One day the art editor called him in and said, "Here's something queer. Some guy is copying your style—even the lettering."

He showed him two Sunday comic pages titled, *Haphazard Helen* and signed, "Tom Rover." De Beck looked closely.

"Gee—it sure is a dead swipe. Who is he?"

"Don't know," said the editor. "Writes he's a cripple confined to his bed out on the South Side somewhere. Darned though, if his stuff isn't as good as yours."

For six months the paper ran *Haphazard Helen* and sent a weekly check for $25 to the unknown crippled artist. And De Beck never let on that, as a means of upping his income to the fabulous one hundred per, he himself had been sending in the "Tom Rover" pages.

A half year later the publisher of the rival paper in Chicago—the Hearst *Examiner*—got a telegram from William Randolph Hearst:

"Hire De Beck."

It may seem strange that the great Mr. Hearst should have been concerned with this obscure young comic artist. At this point, then, it might be well to digress to Mr. Hearst, for he has been a tremendous influence not only in the career of Billy De Beck, but in that of the entire comic strip industry. It was Hearst who made America comic-strip conscious and who began boosting comic strip artists into one of the most highly-paid groups of creative workers in the world. Ever alert for new talent, even as he is today, although past seventy, it was Hearst who first spotted the big-time possibilities in the young De Beck and who sent orders to get him.

De Beck was under contract to the *Herald* but the immediate result of Hearst's interest was that, learning of it, Billy's boss gave him a new contract at $200 a week. After which it might have seemed that Hearst

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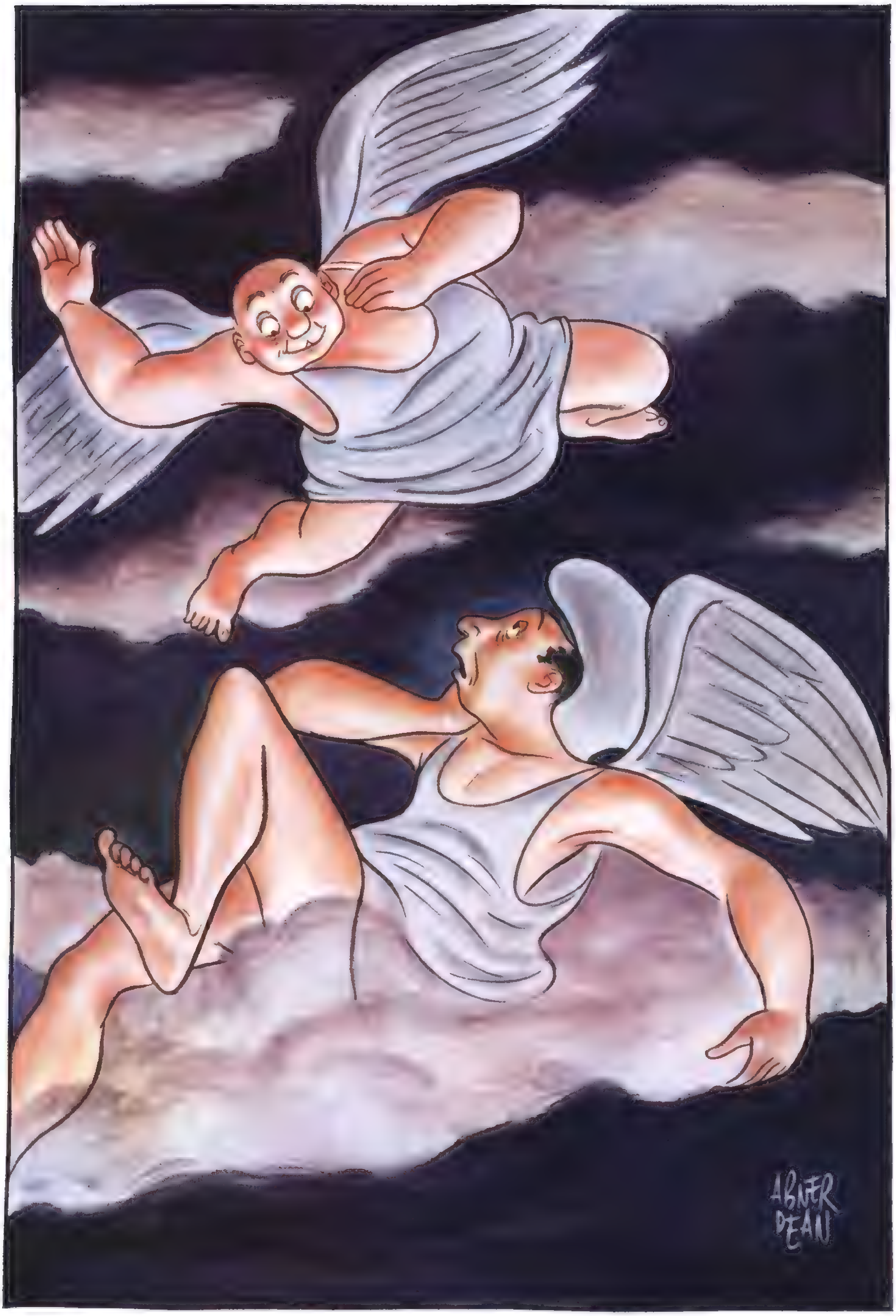
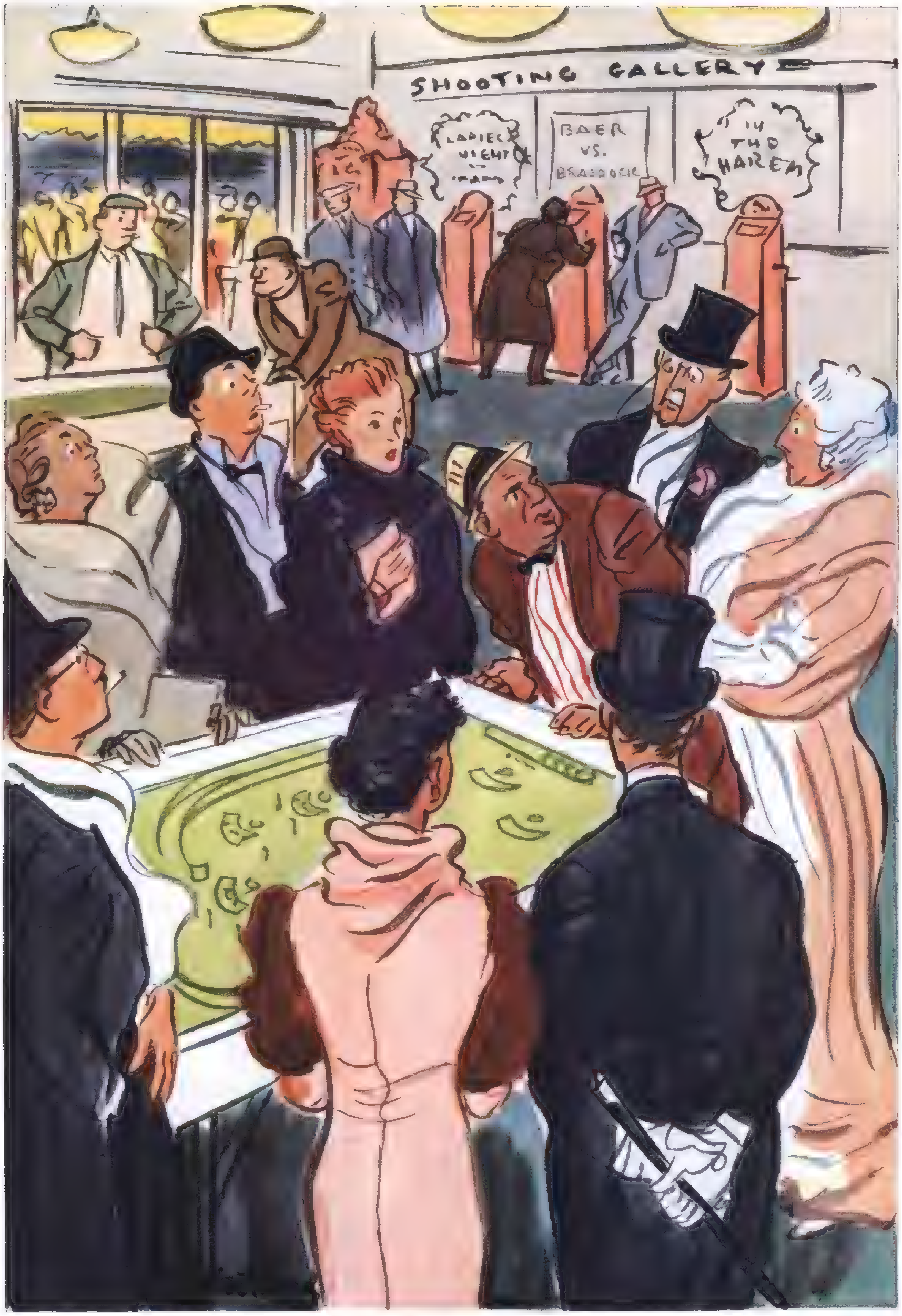


"Your mother-in-law just flew in"


SHOOTING GALLERY
LADIES NIGHT
BAER VS. BRADDOCK
IN THE HAREM

"Ain't you bettin', sister?"

Billiards on the Ground

The days when strong men played croquet hard all day come back with the game reformed as roque

by TRAVIS HOKE

SPORTS

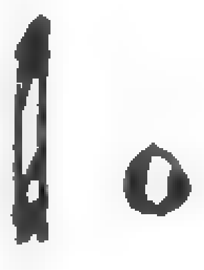
IF YOU happen to be of a certain age you surely remember a fetching scene that was often enacted in your back yard—or maybe you called it the lawn. There was Aunt Myrtle, the belle of the block, and a snappy number indeed, with her hair bulging out over her forehead, a shirtwaist that bulged even farther, and a skirt that did its bulging in the rear—Aunt Myrtle, busy being both coy and sprightly at the same time. And there was her beau, or feller, quite possibly named Augustus, known variously as a hot sketch, dude, or lady-killer—no doubt because so many ladies averred that he would be the death of them—natty as you please in his straw hat, high collar; short, or Seemore, coat (in the lapel of which was a celluloid button inscribed "Chicken Inspector") peg-top pants with four-inch cuffs, and yellow shoes with modish bumps on the toes. Myrt and Gus were having themselves a workout by means of a good, stiff game of croquet.

Gus would tap his ball, which had warped to the general shape of a cobblestone, through a wire arch that you always tripped over in the dark, with a mallet whose head flew off every third stroke. He would tap his ball so that it collided with Myrtle's, freeze the two balls together, place his foot on his own ball, shout, for Gus was a wit, "Twenty-three, skiddoo for you," and sock so hard that Myrtle's ball would rocket far out of bounds, whereupon she would cry prettily "Oh fudge!" (And when Myrtle got the chance to retaliate, and put her foot on Gus' ball and revealed all of two inches of instep, Gus would crack: "I love my wife, but oh you kid!") And so they traded side-splitters and tapped and socked the balls through the arches until one of them landed his ball against the stake they had started from, and then they did it all over again.

Aunt Myrtle and Gus the dude kept up this sort of thing for hours—or did while you were looking—and gave you a fine, enduring contempt for croquet. You might have tried it yourself in the dim past of two years before, but baseball, duck-on-a-rock and the like had soon become your dish, and you knew croquet for a simple, easy game too sissified for any use.

It happens that while you were learning to despise croquet, a lot of grown-ups discovered that they felt the same way, and a few of them did something about it. They changed the rules and the playing field and the implements, they lifted the c and the t from its name and called it roque. They devised a game that is, in a sense, mammoth billards, that is one of the most difficult of all games to play—roque is to croquet as chess is to checkers, only much more so—and that proved to be lots of fun even without Aunt Myrtle. It is played all over the country today, and nobody who saw it would ever call it a sissy game.

Now it is a fact strange enough to warrant digression that croquet had to become a sissy game before roque evolved from it, for that is not the history of most games. Croquet was once considered manly enough for anybody—that the Irish took it over from the French, who played it in the 18th Century, ought to prove something—and for several decades after 1850, when it reached the English, "strong men played croquet hard all day," as Harper's Weekly remarked in 1895. Of course, it was a different game from that which Aunt Myrtle and Augustus played, with a field 100 by 50 yards, heavy mallets, and balls that cleared the arches by less than half an inch. And if strong men played croquet hard all day—why not? To one who is immune to golf, that is no more incongruous than strong men playing golf hard all day—golf, that paradoxic game of double-solitaire whose fun consists in hitting a little ball and whose object is to hit it as seldom as possible.



But the strong men grew too strong, or something, and by the 'eighties croquet had deteriorated into the fluffy affair that you knew, and there, generally speaking, it remains—so hopelessly gentle and easy that many years later the Spalding rule book and guide could say: "It is the little amenities of life that count largely in any system of play or business. These add a flavor and produce results along character lines. (Funny, isn't it, how apologists for all games, from croquet to football, must dwell on the character-building gag?) To win is sometimes the crowning ambition, but with it frequently goes a lack of modesty and an increasing regard for self that destroys the possibilities of development of finer things. . . . The old-fashioned wordy strifes and contentions, cherishing and continuing ill feeling, are now unknown. . . ." And farther on, while praising the pendulum stroke, made by swinging the mallet between the legs, gives warning that "its gracefulness is questioned and ladies are practically debarred from its use." How the old boy who penned that would gape at women tennis players in shorts!

Croquet eventually dropped so low in repute that, to quote Harper's Weekly again: "Only a bold man would dare to be known as a croquet champion." So it may have been a little band of desperadoes who met in New York in 1882 to see if they could get their secret passion back into respectable society. Whoever they were, they did a grand job. They designed a game which the London *Spectator* called "The most scientific of outdoor games. It is more exciting and more intellectual than golf, and involves the very maximum of pressure on the nerves and temper allowable by the regulations of civilized society." The rules they established are, with minor exceptions, the rules of roque today.

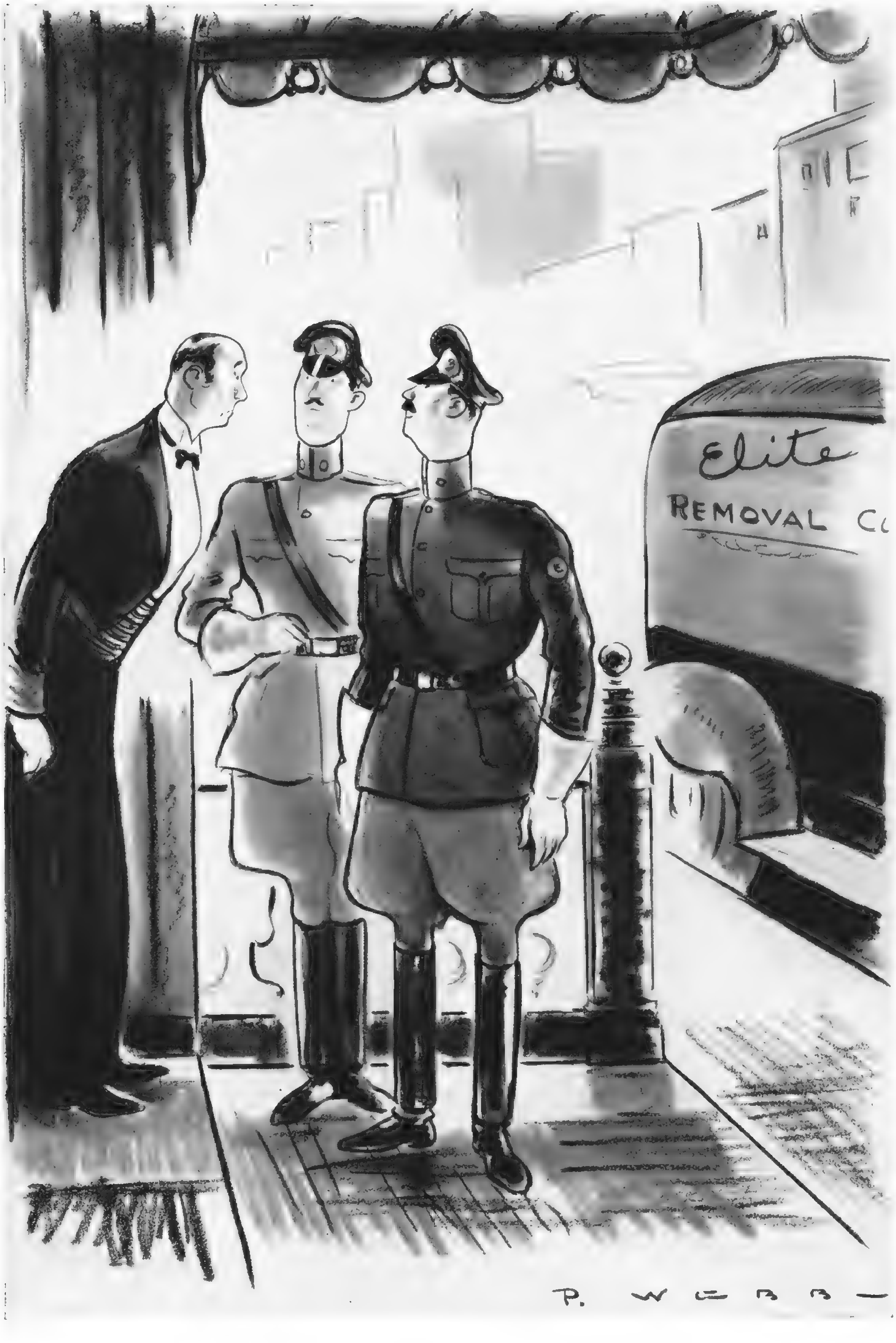
The court is usually of hard clay, carefully levelled, and sprinkled lightly with sand, 60 feet long by 30 wide, with six foot diagonals at the corners to give it an octangular shape. It is enclosed in a border four to six inches high, first made of wood, later of cement and rubber, and now usually of steel "I" beams. The arches are constructed of rigid half-inch steel, embedded in blocks of cement buried under the surface of the court.

The arches are 3½ inches wide, except the two in the center called the cage, which are 3⅜ inches, and the balls, of composition material and so accurately made that they cost three or four dollars each, are 3¼ inches in diameter! Instead of the inch or more of clearance that Myrtle and Gus found difficult to manage, the roque boys have never more than a quarter-inch, and in the national championship tournament, all the arches are of the smaller size, which means only one-eighth inch of clearance.

The mallet, which costs $10 or more, is a highly efficient instrument. Its shaft is ten to sixteen inches in length, varying according to the stance and reach of the player, but short enough in any case to let him sight his stroke accurately (and also to make him stoop or kneel, for the benefit of his waistline) and the head, which doesn't fly off, is seven to ten inches in length and 2 to 2⅜ inches in diameter, bound with steel ferrules. One end of the mallet is hard and the other is capped with soft rubber, somewhat like a flattened tip on a billiard cue, and useful in much the same way.

For generally speaking, a roque player can make just about the same shots with a roque ball that a billiardist can make with the ivories. He can carom or bank pretty much as he pleases. Double or triple caroms are frequent, and a shot that caroms five times

Continued in center of page 133


Elite
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P. WEBB

"Good morning—we've come for the garbage"

The Stoker's Paw

The second mate plays his silent little joke on the little thief from the hold

by GÖSTA LARSSON

FICTION

The boy, a grimy coal-passer, crept warily over the tramp steamer's deck while alert to every slightest sound in the night.

He halted his slow crawl and cast quick glances about him, his chest heaving rapidly under his sweat-drenched singlet. Was that a voice he heard? . . . Was that the mate up on the bridge, speaking? . . . The boy held his breath, his face strained with anxious listening. But then he relaxed. It was only a momentary rattle of the rudder chain that disturbed the silence.

He crept on again, his right hand about a tin pail he was bringing with him. Only absently was he aware of the dull pounding of the engines and the water frothing astern as the small ship plodded through the moonlit ocean. Again the boy thought of the mate up on the bridge. "I must watch out for the mate," he repeated to himself . . . "By God, I must be careful! . . ."

He slowly crept on, but suddenly he dropped flat against the deck plates and lay motionless, huddled close to the main hatch, in the black shadow, out of reach of the treacherous moonlight. He heard a slight noise over at the companion-way, aft, and then followed a sound of footsteps. From where the boy lay he saw the dark figure of a man outlined against the sky—the Steward. The man approached on the port side, carrying a tray in his hand. The boy made not a sound; he lay quiet, his young face tense under perspiration and coal dust, and his pulse thumping in time with the monotonous heart beats of the rugged old tramp steamer as the ship made its way through the equatorial sea.

The boy strained his ears to the steward's steps that trailed off toward midship. Not until the man opened the galley door did the boy venture to move. He raised his head and looked watchfully around the deserted deck. Down in the stokehold a slice bar's jangling against iron rang out metallically upon the midnight quiet; then silence again, with only the throbbing of the engines and the screw incessantly churning the smooth water into a frothy ribbon in the ship's wake.

The boy reached out his arm and put the small tin pail down ahead of him on the deck. He crept on a few paces, then stopped and listened intently for a sound. Again he resumed his crawl. This was the fifth night he had done this thing, and each time he became increasingly cautious, not daring to think of the consequences in case he was caught.

He wiped from his brow the soot-mixed perspiration that trickled into his eyes. Even now in the night it was unbearably hot, the close air weighing like lead on his chest. But God Almighty for the torture of noon when from an unclouded sky the fierce sun poured its fire into the sea and down upon the tramp steamer's decks! In millions of bursting blisters the paint then stood flaking on masts, derricks and spars, on railings and bulkheads, sore-looking blisters in this broiling sun.

But far down below this, below blazing sunshine and a sea swimming in heat, deep down at the very bottom of the ship was Hell's hottest hole—the stokehold where three boilers trembled under the internal pressure of one hundred and eighty pounds per square inch, and where six white-hot furnaces devoured the coal as fast as the gasping stoker was able to shovel it in, as fast as the boy, exhausted in the airless bunkers, managed to haul forth the rank coal, watch after watch, endlessly, a back-breaking, maddening toil.

Down there in the stokehold were the realms of insufferable thirst. "Jesus! I think I go crazy!" fireman Johnsson had moaned as he shoveled coal into the fires during the forenoon. Sweat was pouring off him. One after another he stoked the six furnaces whose white-hot glare scorched the stripped upper part of his body. "Oh, Jesus Christ for this bloody ship!" he cursed while slamming the last furnace door closed and tossing the shovel away from him on the coals. He glanced at the steam pressure gauge and wiped his face with a soiled sweat rag he carried tucked under his belt. Then he sullenly took to watching the boy who was shoveling the reeking clinkers into a heap to be hoisted up on deck and later on dumped into the sea.

"Throw more water on them! For Christ's sake cool them off!" the stoker growled. He was continually moving the sweat rag across his grey face.

The boy obeyed. He grabbed a bucket and stepped to the ash cock and turned on the tap. A jet of frothing salt water rushed in from the sea outside and filled the bucket. The boy flung the water over the glowing clinkers.

There was a sudden fierce hissing and spatter, and a cloud of hot steam filled the narrow stokehold. The yellow flame of the oil lamp flickered dimly near the steam pressure gauge. From above, between the iron gratings, the sunlight shimmered down, hazy in the rising steam. The stoker swore and mopped his face. The boy retreated, gasping, in the stifling heat. For a few moments the man and the boy were invisible to each other in the billowing steam, but gradually the air cleared. The stoker was still wiping his face. He kept his mouth open, snapping for air. Rivulets of sweat were ploughing white streaks through the grime on his arms and chest.

"Oh, Jesus Christ!" he moaned and glared at the boy who stood panting for breath, his head drooping, his arms hanging limply at his sides. The boy wiped his face. His breast rose and fell. Presently he ran and snatched the chatty from its hook and started to gulp down the water, in his mad hurry letting it spill over his face and chest. But his stomach revolted and he spat out the stuff. He retched.

"God, I feel sick!" he groaned. A hollow sound rose from his throat. He spat and leaned weakly against the bulkhead. He looked helpless and small; he was a young boy, not more than seventeen. He passed his rough hand over the top of his head. "My brains are sizzling," he said, and his eyes got bleary with nausea. His jaw fell. He retched again. "It's blood coming," he panted and glanced at the red lumps mixed with a green fluid ejected by his outraged body. He closed his eyes. He swayed as if near fainting.

The stoker said nothing. He stood limp and apathetic, staring before him. He moistened his lips and slowly raised his head and peered at the steam pressure gauge. Again he shifted his eyes to the floor. He moved his hand across his drawn face.

The boy looked into the chatty he held in his hand. "Half of it is rust," he said bitterly. "It's rotten! It's dirty and hot!" He gave a gasp and doubled up with pain as his intestines convulsed. He gulped.

The stoker began to swear. He mumbled his curses in a low and tense stream as if he were pronouncing a weird chant to some heathen idol. "My bloody soul and my heart! . . . Oh, Jesus Christ! . . ."

His voice stopped, and there was only the sound of smug purring from the furnaces in the two squatting boilers. From the engine

Continued in center of page 122

The Case of Dr. Ceccioni

A new solution for the classic murder puzzle where the victim dies alone in a guarded house

by GEORGES SIMENON

FICTION

I HAD never seen Joseph Leborgne at work and I was shocked by his appearance. His blond hair, usually brushed smooth, was in disorder. His face was pale and drawn, and he looked so ill-natured that my first thought was to apologize for interrupting him and leave.

"You came at a very bad time," he grumbled, his words bearing out his manner.

From the time he had accepted me as a friend, discussed with me his criminal investigations, he had always been most cordial. I was on the point of leaving when I noticed upon the table a plan that Leborgne evidently had been studying. During the moment that curiosity held me, his attitude changed.

"Do you know the quarter of the Red Cross in Lyon?" he began.

"I've passed through it."

"It's not the sort of place to linger long. The cottage shown in this plan is in one of the most deserted corners—where no part is touched by the illumination of the streets."

"What do those black crosses in the garden and upon the road mean?" I asked.

"Agents of police."

"Killed—all of them!"

He laughed harshly: "No, indeed. They were on watch during the night of the eighth and ninth of April. The cross that is heavier than the others represents Sergeant Manchard."

He stared at the plan with the same furious regard that he had previously turned on me.

"So you don't ask me why the agents were there to the number of six on that night?" he suggested.

"I'm hoping you'll tell me."

"The day before, the police received this note." He opened a folder and handed me the paper, which read: *Dr. Luigi Ceccioni will be assassinated in his domicile on the night of April 8th and 9th.* (*signed*) *A Friend.*

"Was the doctor warned?"

"No. He was an Italian exile. It seemed probable it was a political affair. The police preferred to take precaution without informing him.

"He was a man of fifty, lived alone in this lamentable cottage, did his own housework, went out for his dinner every evening to a little restaurant in the quarter. On the 8th at seven o'clock he left his domicile as was his custom. Sergeant Manchard then searched the cottage, entering with a pass key, the cellar, attic, closets, every conceivable place where an assassin might hide. Convinced that it was impossible to enter other than by the door, dismissing the fantastic theory of a hidden door or subterranean passage, Manchard posted his men, five of them, at each issue.

"At nine o'clock the silhouette of the doctor was profiled against the wall. He went into his house absolutely alone, did not appear to see the agents of police hidden in the shadows.

"Soon after a lamp on the second floor in his bedroom was lighted. Then the police watched. No one slept. No one left his post. No one lost view of the precise point that he was charged to watch. Sergeant Manchard made his rounds quietly and regularly every quarter of an hour.

"Toward three o'clock the lamp on the second floor commenced to go out slowly, as if it lacked oil. The sergeant hesitated. He decided to ring the bell. He did so. There was no answer. Then he entered with the pass key.

"He found the doctor slumped on the side of the bed, hands clutched over his chest, dead. He was completely dressed, still wore his overcoat. His hat had rolled to the floor. His shirt and clothes were soaked with blood and his hands were buried in it. There was a bullet hole about a centimeter above the heart."

I stared at Leborgne stupefied: "No one entered? No one came out?"

"No one. I speak as if I had mounted guard myself because I know what a fine officer Sergeant Manchard is.

"Manchard found no revolver in the house, in the fireplace or sewer, in the garden or anywhere on the premises. In other words a shot had been fired in a place where there was no one but the dead man and no weapon was found. The windows were closed and had they been open the shot could not have been fired from the outside because of the limited range and the agents who were on watch."

"What is known of Ceccioni?" I asked.

"He was a rich man until he meddled in politics. He lived on vague subsidies that he received from political sympathizers. He has been trying to support a son who is in school in the Argentine."

"Was there anything stolen from the cottage?"

"No sign of theft."

I felt a sudden desire to laugh. It seemed as if some grim joker had prepared an unsolvable case to teach Joseph Leborgne modesty.

He must have seen my lips relax. He flung himself into his chair, angrily.

"When you've got the answer please tell me!"

"How can I if you can't?"

"Thanks," he said drily, "All I ask of you is to stay quiet and not breathe so heavily. I'm on track of something."

Ten minutes passed. I could think of nothing but the black crosses that marked the positions of the agents.

"Is there proof that his son is in Argentine?" I asked timidly.

Leborgne shrugged, put down his cigarette and spat in the fireplace.

"It's utterly impossible!" I concluded, after a moment.

Leborgne left his chair, paced back and forth, stopped in front of the mirror and seemed shocked at the unkempt appearance of his hair.

He brushed it back with his palms and adjusted his tie.

"The truth is easy to find when preconceived ideas do not warp the judgment," he said. "You say it is impossible, and you are right. Let's admit there was no assassin in the cottage, no revolver."

"How, then—?"

"When Dr. Luigi Ceccioni entered the house alone the ball was already in his breast. No one has thought to search for the revolver hidden in some dark alley in the quarter.

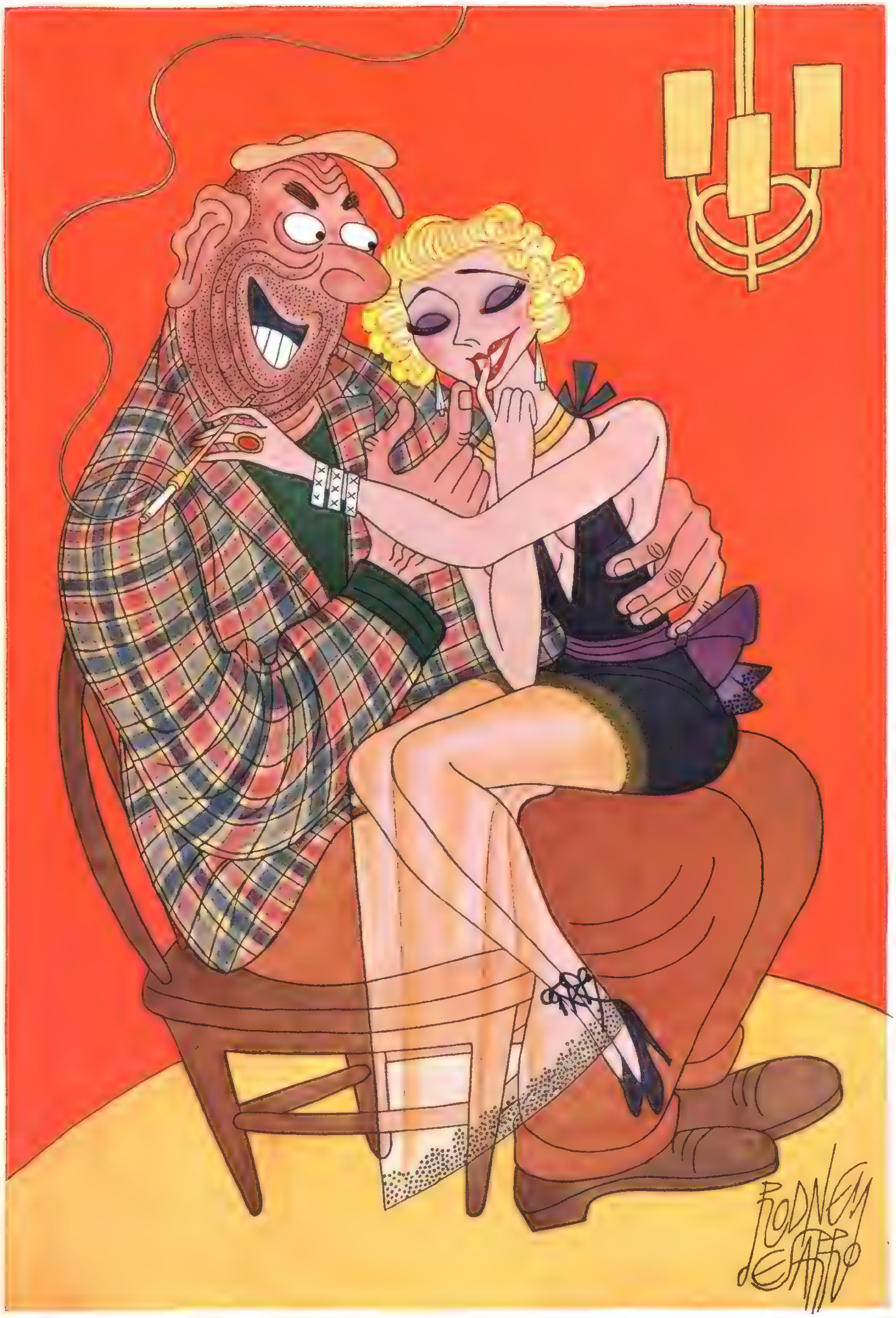
"He was a physician, he knew anatomy, knew where to place the ball so that he could walk back to his house, mount the stairs, reach the bed. Once there he massaged around his heart to make the ball penetrate. I have here a report:

"*Autopsy reveals ecchymoses around the wound and traces of pressure of fingers.*

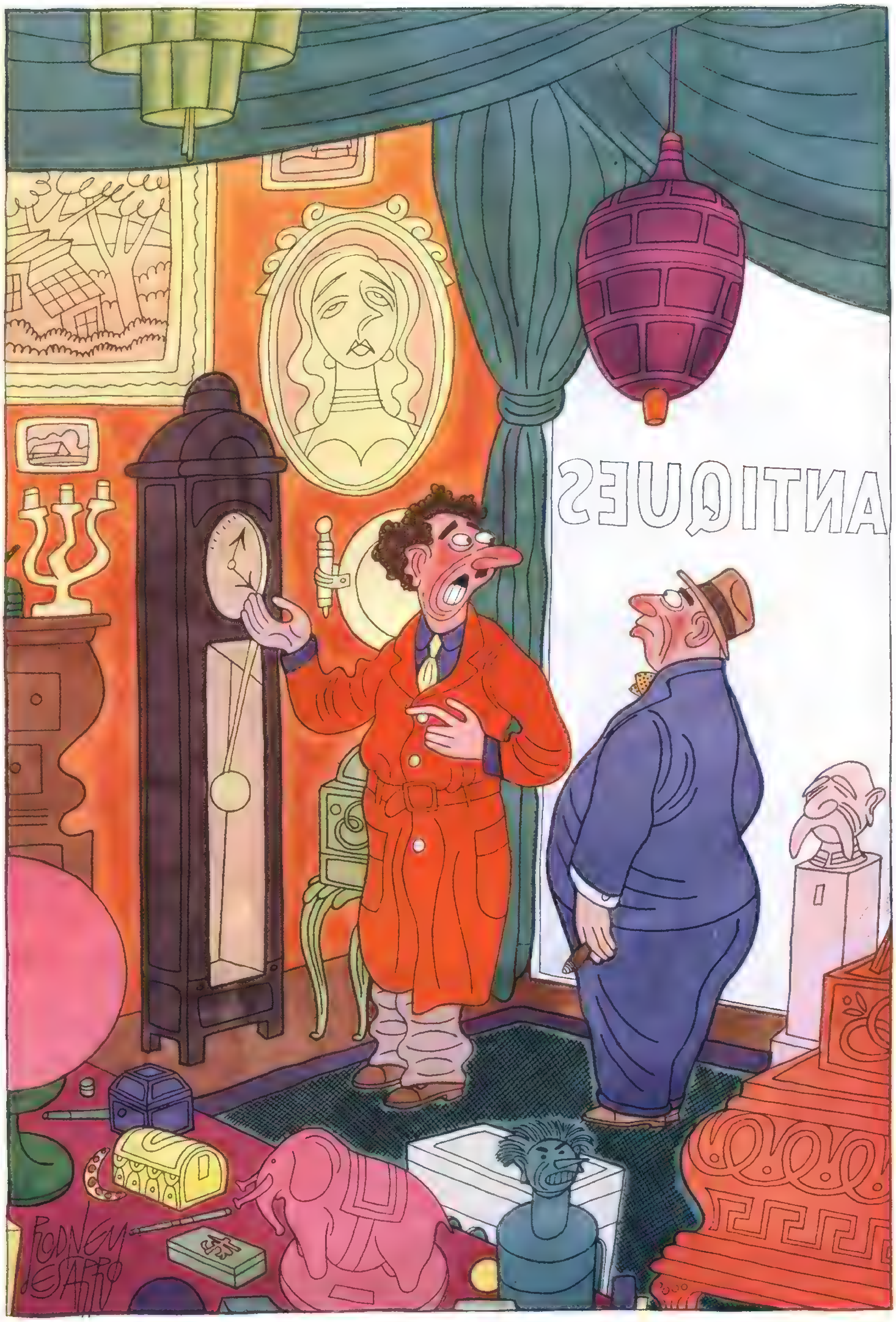
"We will find that he had taken out a life insurance for the benefit of his son, and he wished to die without suspicion of suicide."

A few days later Joseph Leborgne showed me a telegram that confirmed his theory.

"If someone else wants to reach the same conclusion that's all right," he said. "As for me I think it would be a shame for a man to suffer so much pain for nothing. The insurance company has a capital of four hundred millions!" #


RODNEY deSARRO

"Come Buttercup! Tell Popsy Wopsy where you hid the machine gun!"


ANTIQUES
RODNEY DESARRO

"Oh, it runs all right, but when it rings five, it's half past two, if it points to six forty-five!"

A Wink to Fortune

Moral: if you have a tick in your eye or a wiggle in your ear, beware the auction room

by WALTER BROOKS

▪ SATIRE ▪

MR. Gerald Freemantle Wigdon was a handsome but nervous young broker who had dark hair good eyes a wife and a smaller salary than he felt he deserved although it supported four servants a house in Tuxedo and an apartment on Park Avenue. His friends said he had an engaging smile probably because it had got him engaged to several quite eligible young women before the determined Miss Angela Witherspoon slightly dimmed its spontaneity by leading him down a length of velvet carpet to face a clergyman. But she made Mr. Wigdon quite happy.

But though he was happy Mr. Wigdon was still nervous about things. He was nervous about a lot of things but principally about the dollar. He took the dollar quite seriously. He read everything he could find on the subject and though he was no more able to understand them than any other broker his talk was full of eras of falling prices and inflation and he practically wept over the gold standard. And the things he said about the President were terribly bitter.

Well Mrs. Wigdon also thought a good deal about the dollar but her interest in it was practical rather than theoretical. She felt that Mr. Wigdon was not quite as good a business man as his theoretical grasp of currency problems had led her to believe. She had thought him a man of great promise but the fulfillment seemed always to be written with red ink. And the engaging smile seemed no longer engaging when it accompanied such a statement as that he guessed she'd have to go without that fur coat. Where Mr. Wigdon blamed the depression on the President she blamed it on Mr. Wigdon. She was getting pretty cross with him.

Well one day Mr. Wigdon went to lunch with one of the senior partners a Mr. Flitt and Mr. Flitt said he was going to a rare book auction and wouldn't he go along? Mr. Wigdon had read something awfully discouraging about the peseta in the paper that morning and on top of this Mrs. Wigdon had been talking about a mink coat she had seen at Gumpelstein Frères and he felt pretty nervous. His eyelid had begun to twitch as it always did when he was nervous. He had seen a doctor about it but the doctor had said just to keep his mind off it and so though he didn't know anything about books he thought the bidding might keep his mind off his eyelid so he went.

All the way uptown in the taxi his eyelid kept twitching and once a policeman looked angry and horrified at him and another time a girl in a roadster winked back but he was still thinking about the peseta and didn't notice. The auction room was much more quiet and genteel than he had supposed it would be and the frenzied bidders that he had expected to see were just a lot of gentlemen in a state of practically cataleptic stagnation. They sat perfectly motionless on their chairs and the auctioneer got his bids by telepathy. It wasn't very exciting and Mr. Wigdon wanted to go but Mr. Flitt whispered to him to wait until the Tamerlane came up and they would see some pretty spirited bidding. Mr. Wigdon asked what a Tambourine was but Mr. Flitt only said Hush! so Mr. Wigdon decided to wait.

Well as the auction went on Mr. Wigdon noticed that the auctioneer kept glancing at him every now and then with a sort of pleasant interest and some of the bidders must have noticed it for several came out of their trance long enough to turn and stare at him. Mr. Wigdon sort of liked that. Evidently they felt him to be a person of distinction. And they didn't look at Mr. Flitt at all.

Pretty soon the Tamerlane was put up. It was just a messy looking little pamphlet as far as Mr. Wigdon could see and the auctioneer himself pointed out that it was in pretty bad condition. What's so swell about it? asked Mr. Wigdon and Mr. Flitt said Only eight of 'em in the world and Mr. Wigdon grunted and then the auctioneer said I shall ask for an opening bid of $5000 on this item.

Well Mr. Wigdon sat up at this and kept his eyes on the auctioneer and the bidding went up in no time to $10,000. Whee! said Mr. Wigdon. The auctioneer looked at him more and more frequently and Mr. Wigdon began to feel that he really liked the man. And plainly the auctioneer liked him too. There was a sort of a bond between them Mr. Wigdon felt.

The bidding was slowing up. Fourteen thousand said the auctioneer I have fourteen fourteen-two fourteen-three and he looked at Mr. Wigdon and said fourteen-five and then he looked around at the bidders and said Sold for fourteen thousand five hundred dollars. Well old man said Mr. Flitt Congratulations. Eh? said Mr. Wigdon What for? and then a man came up and said May I have your name and address sir? and Mr. Wigdon said Why er yes I suppose so and then several people came up and congratulated him and the auctioneer came over and shook hands and said Easy to see you are no amateur Mr. Wigdon by the way you made your bids and we will hope to see you more often. And then all at once it came over him that he had been winking at the auctioneer without knowing it and that his eyelid had pledged him to an expenditure of $14,500.

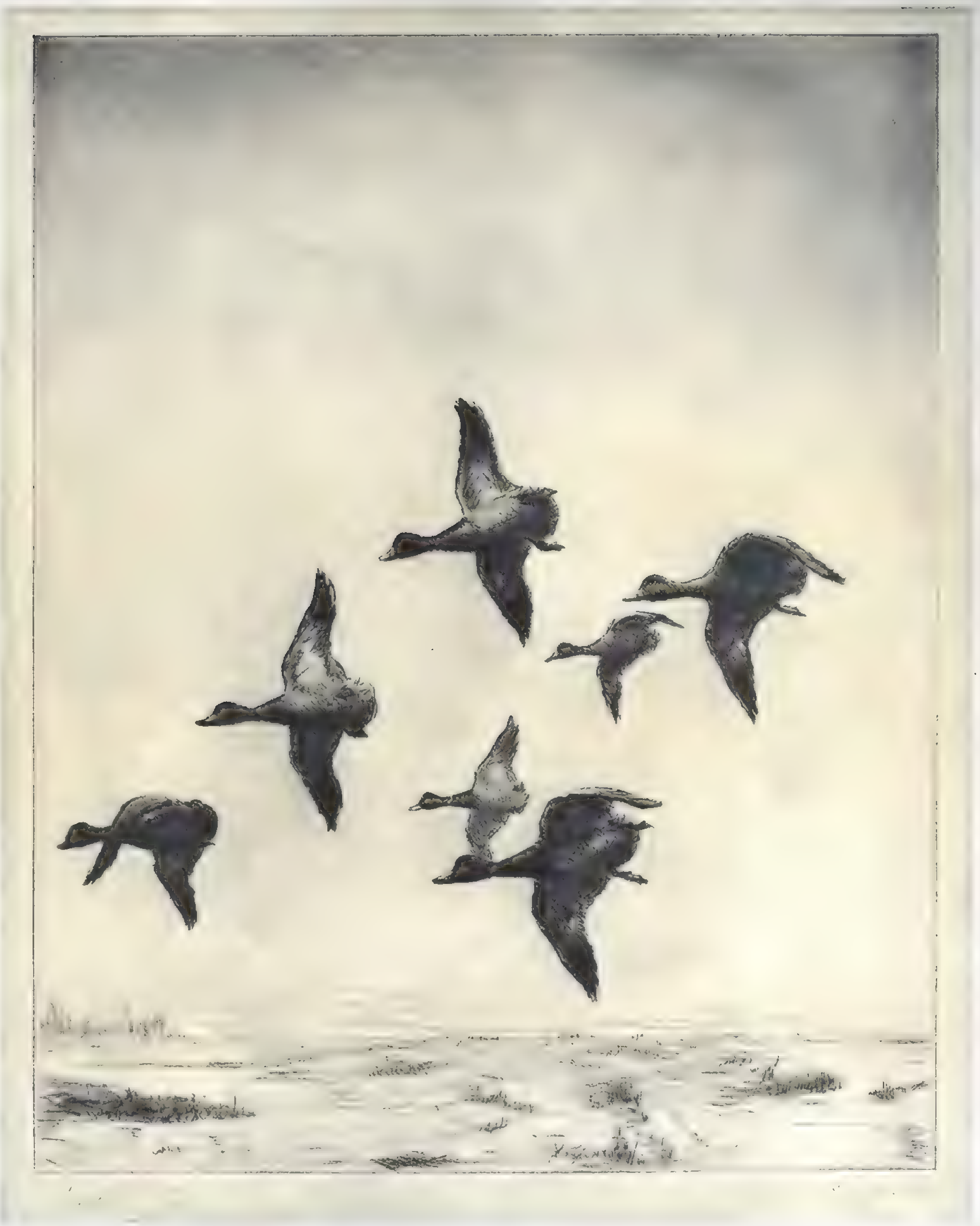
Well he gasped and his face turned red and then white and then stabilized at a sort of Tom Collins green. But he did not dare deny that he had been bidding for he realized that he had probably run up the price on every book sold and if the bidders ever knew that they would come to life and beat the stuffing out of him. For they would consider that his eyelid was his accredited agent as indeed it was. But he didn't know what in hell he could tell Angela.

And the auction went on. Mr. Flitt was busy buying the book he had been waiting for. It was a large book with some of the most decadent pictures in it Mr. Wigdon had ever seen. It was a pretty hot number all right and Mr. Flitt was bidding it in by wiggling his ears. It was the kind of book you would have to keep locked up in the bottom bureau drawer and at another time Mr. Wigdon would have liked to stay and have a look at it but right now he needed air so he slipped out. There were two other people waiting for the elevator a big man who had come into the auction room once or twice and a little sharp-nosed blonde girl. Mr. Wigdon looked at the girl and his eye winked and she shrank against her companion and whispered something and the big man looked hard at Mr. Wigdon and Mr. Wigdon looked away whistling innocently. But the tune he whistled was *Won't you take a little walk with me?* though he didn't realize it. Say said the big man are you trying to be funny?

Mr. Wigdon pretended not to hear him and just then the elevator came and they got in. You heard me said the big man. Eh? said Mr. Wigdon O I beg your pardon did you speak to me? And he smiled pleasantly at the man and then at the girl and his eye winked. Arrh said the big man and the elevator stopped and they all got out and Mr. Wigdon started quickly toward the door for

Continued on page 139

Ed 1/50
Walter E. Bohl



DISCOVERING WALTER E. BOHL

These etchings are the work of a young man of Wisconsin, who learned to walk tramping the north woods, and hunted as soon as he could lift an old-fashioned long-barrel squirrel rifle, who lived alone as winter caretaker for a resort that was deserted nine months of the year, with an English setter as his only companion, who taught himself to draw in the long lonely winter months, with a dog as his only model, teacher or critic; who learned about etching from borrowed books, and made his first etching press out of a discarded clothes-wringer, on which he pulled his first prints in the spring of '33. He is twenty-seven now, and has a wife, as crazy about hunting and fishing as he is, with whom he lives on Chicago's South Side, what time they are not living next to nature, out under the stars on the open road, ranging the haunts of his live models, Arkansas, Arizona, wherever his subjects lead them. This is the first reproduction of the work of Walter E. Bohl in a national magazine.

Rugby in America

Unhampered by huddles, waits, and pauses, this fast football game is re-invading the country

by ROBERT BUCKNER

• SPORTS •

RUGBY football is the fastest-growing sport in America. In the East, with Harvard, Yale and Princeton as leaders, this fast, exciting game is now firmly established and is spreading rapidly to other colleges. A well-organized union, including teams of the New York Rugby Club, the French Sporting Club, the U. S. Marines of Philadelphia and the Irish Shamrocks, and supported by the excellent publicity of *The Literary Digest*, is a conspicuous new feature of the Eastern sports scene.

In the Middle West the Illinois Rugby Union and the Missouri Valley Rugby Union are carrying the banner into schools, colleges and athletic clubs.

But it is in the Far West, under the direction of Harry Maloney, head of minor sports at Stanford University, that rugby has attained its greatest success in America. The California and Southern California Rugby Unions include well-trained and enthusiastic fifteens from Stanford, the University of California, the Olympic Club, San Francisco Blues, Pasadena A. C., Barbarians, Hollywood, University of San Francisco, U.C.L.A., San Jose State College and Lane Hospital.

Last year a Stanford-California team defeated the University of British Columbia 10 to 8, and a week later an All-Star California fifteen, inexperienced and outweighed by 200 pounds, swamped the crack British Columbia All-Stars, 14 to 3. Maloney, who coached two United States Olympic teams which won sensational victories over the French, is now planning a playing tour of Japan, Australia and New Zealand.

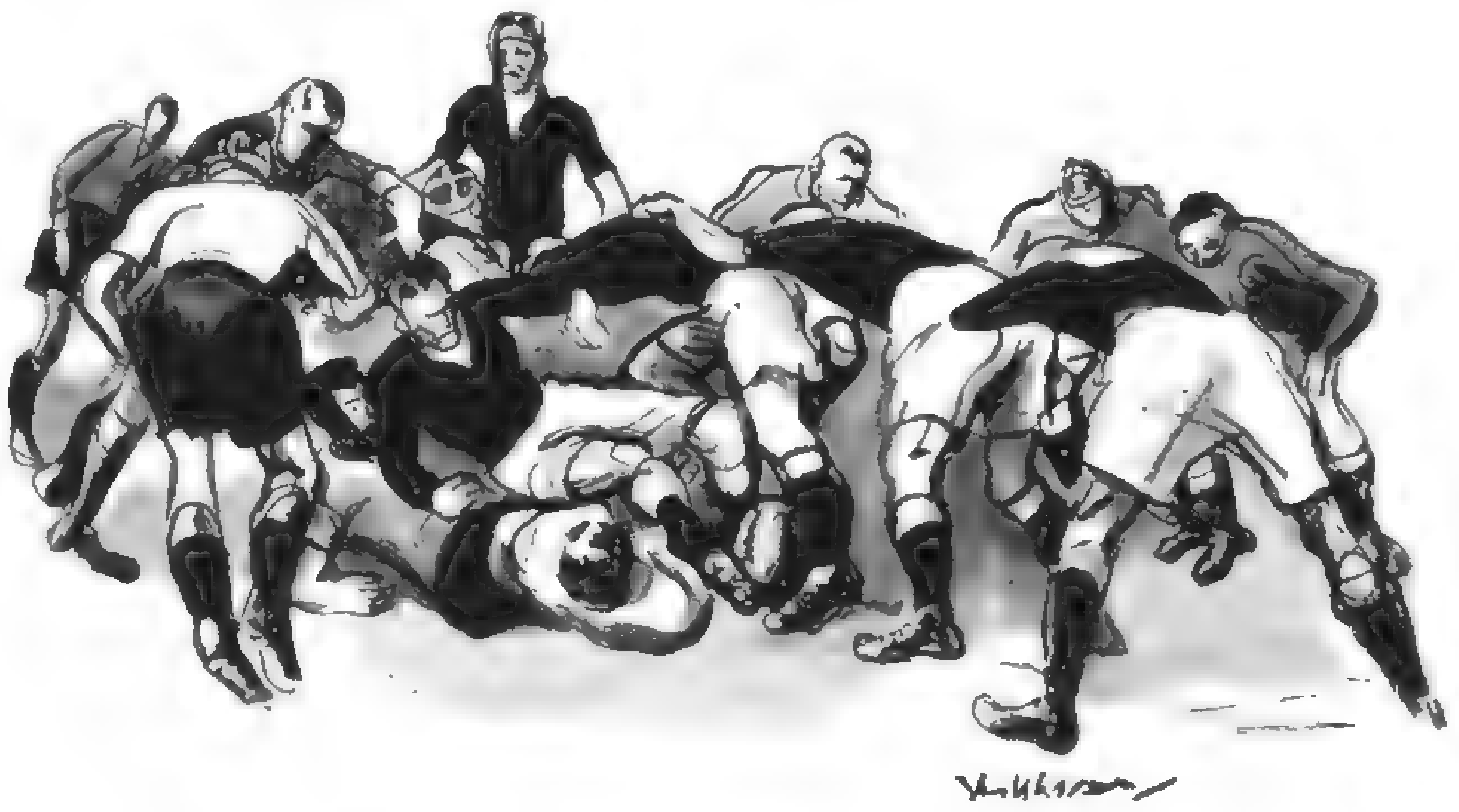
In 1933 the Yale Rugby Club sent a team which included two football captains, Bob Lassiter and Johnny Wilbur, to Bermuda, where they beat the British Navy fifteen.

Stanford is arranging a regular Easter fixture with a combined Yale-Harvard-Princeton team for the American championship, and offers to foot the entire bill.

Rugby has caught on in America for many reasons, and the story behind its rapid growth is an interesting commentary on the ills and abuses of our present game of American football, which it may eventually supplant.

It is news to no one that American football has become a racket at the box-office end, or that the Rules Committee has overloaded the book with technicalities to a point where a sixty-minute game may include perhaps twelve minutes of actual action. Face to face with rugby, a sport without high-paid coaches, with greater scope for initiative, with simple rules and one hour and twenty minutes of smashing, wide-open action, the American game is in a spot where it must either open up or stand aside. Crowds demand action. Million-dollar bowls demand crowds. Problem: action, and more action.

"It's really a relief to have one game where the kibitzers aren't forever scrambling the rules," says Captain Roy Tisdall, Los Angeles rugby player. "As I understand it, the rules of life aren't changed to suit the whims of the players, coaches or spectators either." . . . "I've had more fun and more exercise in one season of rugby than in three years of our game," a Princeton player told the writer. "It's the continual stopping and waiting of the American game that slows it up for players and spectators alike. In rugby, once started a game just flows. Anybody can carry the ball. You learn to think on your feet instead of memorizing twenty formulas." . . . "A great game for after college," a Harvard boy observed. "No signals to learn, no formations, nobody to knock down. I hope to play rugger for many years!"



What are the essential differences between American football and rugby? "American football is the sport which has improved English rugby off the face of the earth," says Caspar Whitney in his *Sporting Pilgrimage*. In the early days of rugby in America, in those fierce, bloody encounters of the '80's between Harvard, Yale and Princeton, it soon became clear that the American players favored tactics of personal assault for which the rules of the English scrummage lent marvelous opportunities. Loose teeth, black eyes and broken noses became so shockingly frequent that it was thought necessary in America to line the men up in loose order facing each other, and to forbid any violent personal contact until the actual running with the ball should begin. This made it necessary that the sides should in turn put the ball in play, and therefore should alternately take possession of it. With this plan, each side organized tactics for the offense and defense. "Possession of the ball" then, is the first great difference between the two games, for in rugby it's nobody's ball unless they've got it.

The natural result of the above ruling was that the forwards, who in the English game have only an incidental connection with the running of the backs, took part in each successive play, opening up a path for the ball-carriers. According to the English rules this made our linesmen off-side, so that the rules had to be changed to fit the new practice. It then followed that if the forwards could play ahead of the ball, the backs could do so too, and this resulted in "interference," the second sharp distinction between the two games. The Rules Committees finished the job of hopelessly complicating the pastime by an elaborate code of tactics for both "possession of the ball" and "interference."

The rugby field is 110 yards long and 75 yards wide. The scoring is: a try—3 points; a goal from try—5 points; a dropped goal—4 points; and a goal from mark or penalty kick—3 points. A try is gained when a player touches the ball down in his opponent's goal. A goal can be obtained by kicking the ball from the field of play over the crossbar of the opponent's goal on any kind of kick except a punt, that is, by a place kick or drop kick.

A rugby team consists of fifteen players—the forwards, usually eight, and the backs seven, though teams play with various formations, just as in our six and seven-man lines. The two B's of the perfect forward are Big and Burly. Usually they play in a 2,3,3 formation. The front line are the husky hookers, the center man of the middle row is the lock, and the last line are the fastest of the forwards, who can drop back and join the fleet backs in offensive or defensive maneuvers.

Passing is done with both hands, propelling the ball surely and speedily in a low hard pass. The proper form is to catch the ball with the hands, and not against the body as in American football. This makes for a faster game, as the ball is often caught and shot away to another back in a single movement. A good three-quarter line will work the ball out to its flying wing back in a series of quick laterals which would dazzle an American halfback. As one who has played both games and seen most of the sports, the writer believes there is nothing in the entire world of sport more entrancing, no spectacle more exhilarating, than the graceful flowing movement, the breathless spirit of a good and well-trained three-quarter line in action. It is the sonnet of sport.

It is impossible to describe a rugby game except as American football without the "time outs," downs and delays. Any player may take up the ball whenever it is rolling or bounding, except in a scrummage. Dribbling, that is, kicking the ball along the ground, is a great feature of the game and demands that a player be able to kick equally well with both feet. Any further attempt to describe the game in actual play would be as chaotic and misleading as the Frenchman's explanation of golf: "You take a small boy—zey call 'im a little cad—wiz a bundle of sticks and a ball. You go into a large prairie. Ze cad he put ze ball down and you 'it 'im wiz your stick—ze ball, not ze cad—so far as you are able. Zen you bofe run after 'im, and if you find him ze same day you 'ave won ze game."

Rugby's return to popularity in America is due largely to Harold Cooper, an Englishman studying at Yale on a fellowship. With typical British obstinacy, and the help of Cecil Bullock, another English fellow, they established the game at Yale in three months' time. They wangled out of the athletic association a field which had been a dump heap, cleared off the tin cans and broken bottles, borrowed a few pairs of old football shoes and began to play. From that very humble beginning the Yale Rugby Club grew until in 1933 they sent their well-trained fifteen to Bermuda on its successful tour against crack British service teams.

The following year Cooper transferred to Princeton and established the game there. P. de Q. Cabot, who was at one time a member of the famous New Zealand All-Blacks, put the game on a solid basis at Harvard, and Big Three rugby began its promising career.

Visits to America by the Cambridge Vandals, a club team, and the Cambridge University varsity team, attracted great attention and opened the eyes of sports fans, writers and players, to the beautiful smoothness and precision of the English game. Tennis, golf and polo are not a spectator's game from the point of view of popularity with the general public. A team-game with the action, speed and exciting body-contact which rugby offers, may provide the answer.

Whenever the subject of rugby arises in the company of American football players or coaches who are not familiar with the game, there is the inevitable story of the American Rhodes Scholars at Oxford. They will contend that this true story answers once and for all time the question of which of the two games is "superior." We think not. But the story is worth telling.

Among the Rhodes Scholars at Oxford in 1926-'27 there was quite a formidable collection of American football stars, including George Pfann, All-American quarterback at Cornell; Green, who had captained the Dartmouth team the previous year; Walter Brown, from Virginia, and several other ex-varsity players from the Middle West and the Pacific Coast. It would have been a fine squad in any man's college, but here at Oxford they were just a quiet bunch of individuals minding their business.

Some of their fellow-students (Australians, for the greater part, a very hearty and breezy people), overhearing Pfann and the other Americans talking about the sport, began to ride them, saying it sounded like a swell game for longshoremen in a dark alley, etc., a game without any technique or objective other than that of murder and mayhem. It was all very subtle, very insistent, and, after a couple of months, finally maddening.

The Americans bunched heads in a war council and came out of the huddle with an idea. They put it up to the Australians like this: We will play you, eleven men against fifteen—the first half American football, the second half rugby. We'll explain our rules to you; you explain yours to us. And give us a week to practice.

The Australians agreed instantly. Here was a fine chance to take the Yanks over the jumps. This was in the year when Bobby Jones and Bill Tilden were carrying off all the silver pitchers in the British Isles, and the opportunity for revenge was too good to pass up.

Meanwhile, according to Walter Brown's version, George Pfann's crowd had been getting together every evening in a quiet spot to practice. They worked out a collection of bucks, reverses, double reverses, spinners, fakes and laterals which would have turned Pop Warner green with envy. Then they managed to get hold of a fellow who taught them all the rugby they needed to know, at least for one afternoon.

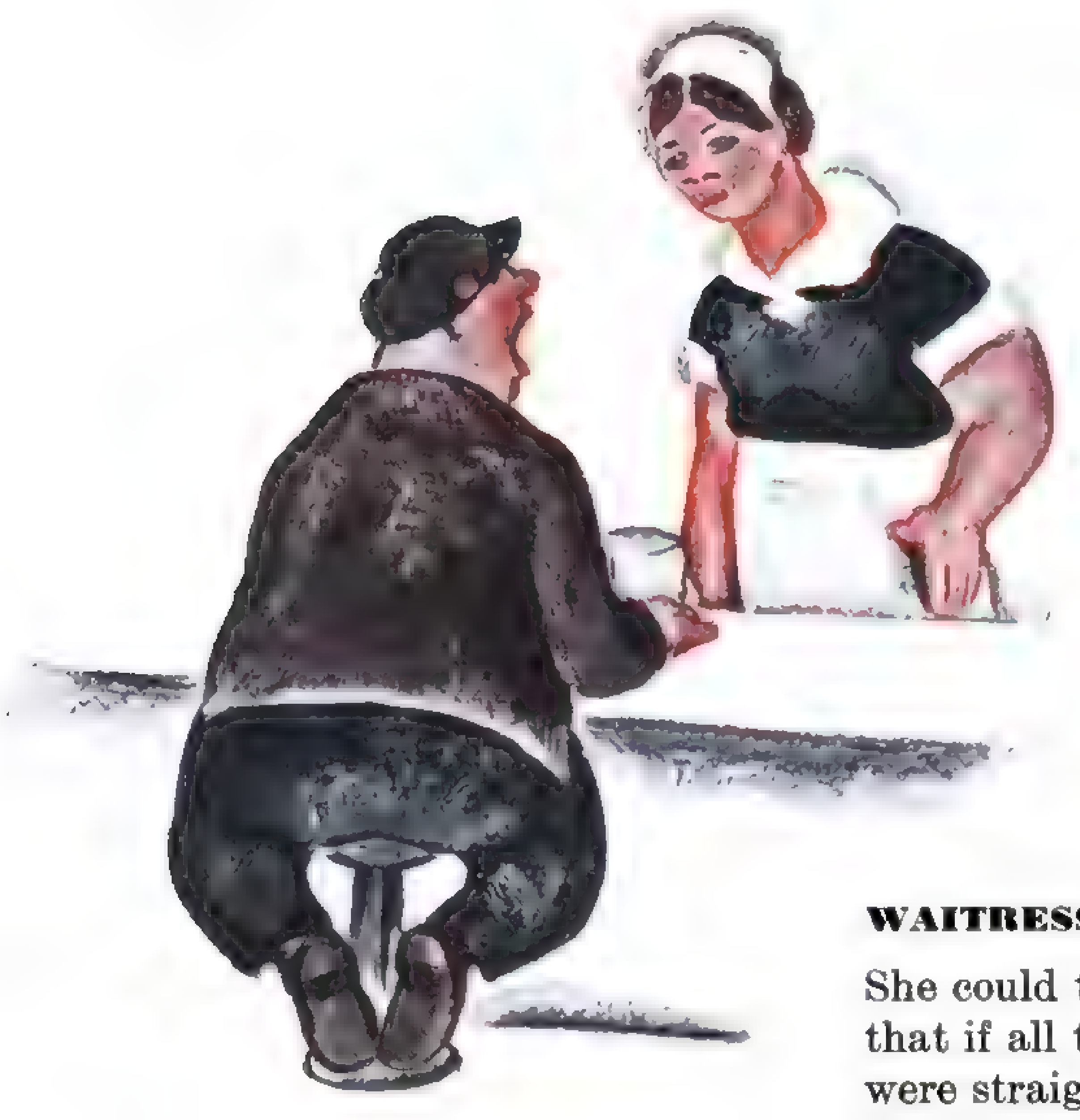
When the day of the big game rolled around, every son and daughter of old Oxford who could walk, push a bike or pole a punt, came out to see the massacre. The general atmosphere of the field was that of politely suppressed glee.

The Australians kicked off to Pfann, who caught the ball on his ten-yard line, and then started to run. And when George Pfann ran, as any football fan recalls, it was very foolish to argue the right of way with him. When this chunck of dynamite reached mid-field, his knees pumping like twin pistons, they say the ground behind him a was a replica of Bunker Hill after the battle. The last fifty yards were open country, and the next twenty minutes among the most harrowing of Oxford's very long and honorable history. The spinners spun, the reverses reversed, the passes flipped thirty and forty yards, until the entire American team was weak from running and swallowing its laughter. The score at the end of the first half was in the neighborhood of 47 to 0. The exact count is uncertain; the official scorer had gone home.

After the tea interval the Australians came back with blood in their eye, among other places, and set to work. That is, the rugby started, but somehow something went wrong. The forwards bunched, the heelers heeled, and the hookers hooked . . . there were countless cries of "Feet! Feet!," "Scrum Here!," "Scrum There!," "Loose It! Loose It!," "Coming in . . . *now!*," etc., while the little scrum-half danced around looking for the ball. The point of it all was, there wasn't any ball.

The American forwards had woven their legs into a sort of daisy-chain rope work and the ball was nestled safely in the center of it. The pack moved slowly and leisurely up and down the field like a terrapin under a derby hat, and by the time the Australians finally worked the ball out the game was over. The score at the finish was still 47 to 0, and the only spectator present was the referee, who had wandered off in a daze to a far corner of the field, proably to think it over in quiet.

Since then, American football is a subject seldom discussed at Oxford. But the only conclusion to be drawn from that game is the one which has now been fully borne out in practice—that Americans adapt themselves quickly to the sport. The only danger to rugby's continued rapid progress in this country is the same one which wrecked it with rules fifty years ago, occasioning this keen observation from an American who had learned to love the game: "The Englishman has on the whole subordinated the elements of skill in combination to the pleasantness of the sport, while the American has somewhat sacrificed the playability of the game to his insatiable struggle for success and his inexhaustible ingenuity in achieving it." #

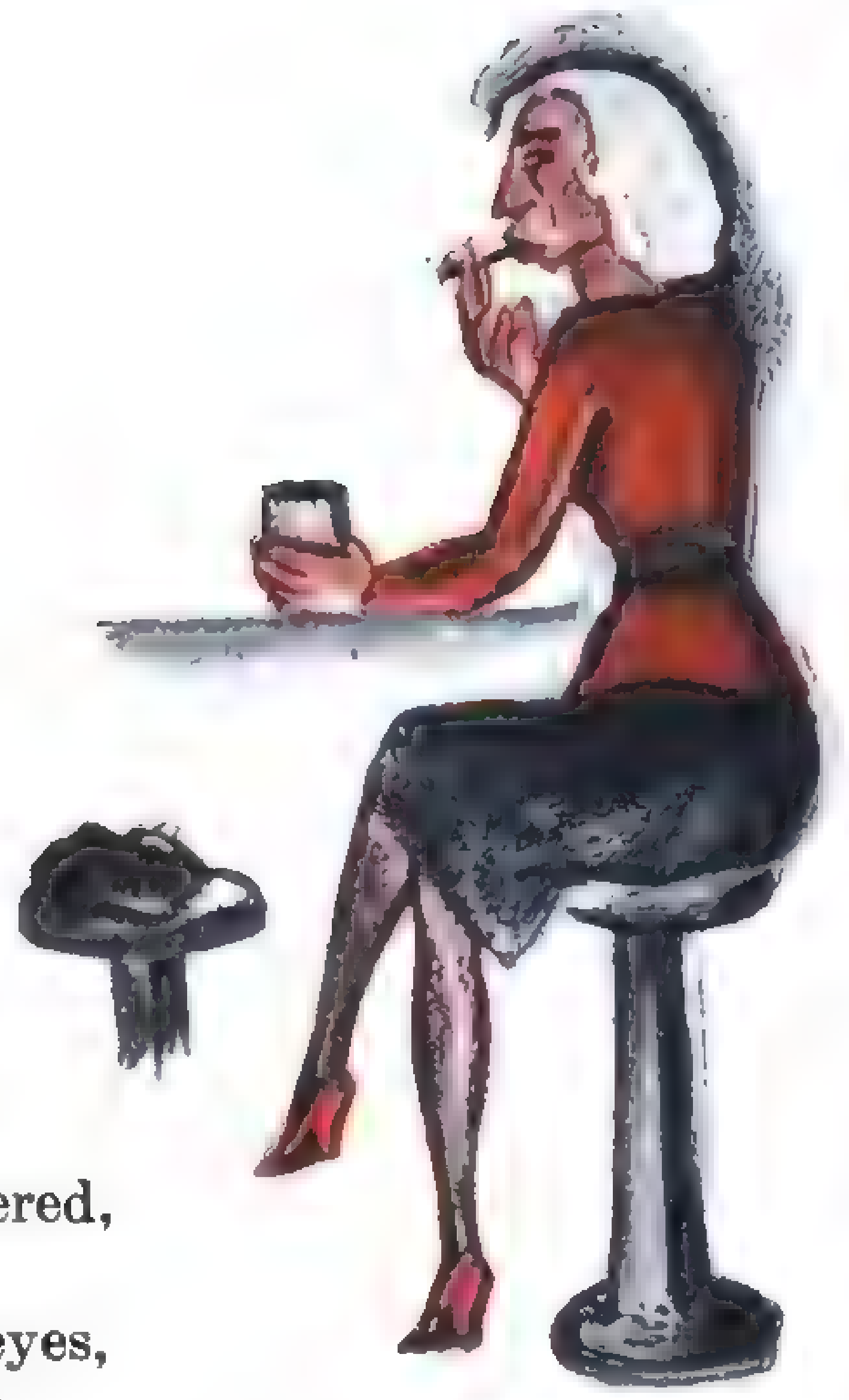


MONOTYPES BY JOHN GROTH

All Night Coffee Shop

by WALKER WINSLOW

Time: Any midnight to dawn.
Characters: Waitress, Girl at the Counter, Guy with the Raveled Cuffs, Dishwasher, Chef, Busboy, Newsboy, Cop.

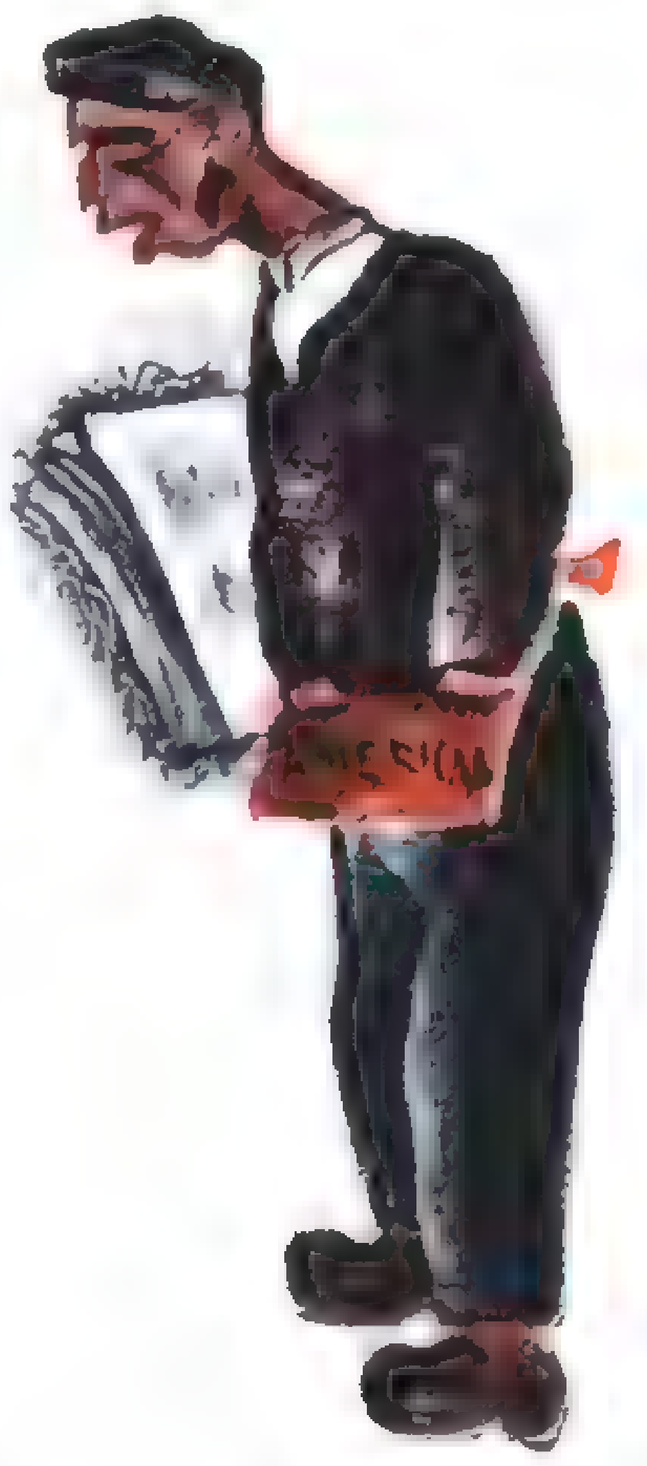


WAITRESS

She could tell you
that if all the walking she's done
were straightened out
she'd be in hell by now
and better off.
What the guys who try to date her don't know
is . . . when they tip her
they're being nice to three kids.

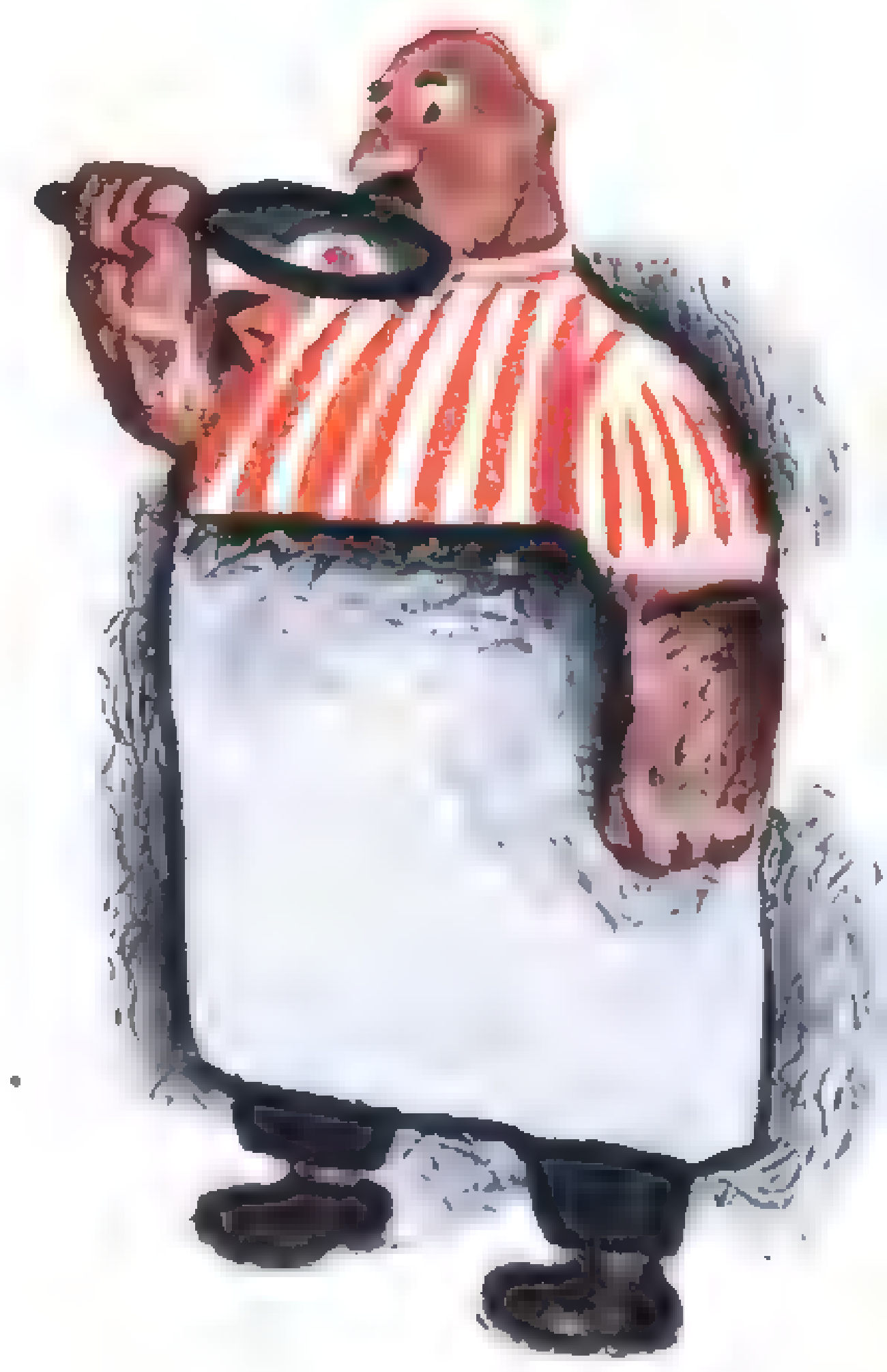
GIRL AT THE COUNTER

When she covers one knee
the other one comes uncovered,
and so they take turns
shining in the big Greek's eyes,
and he muttering hot damn
and she thinking
what's that big greaseball
think he's looking at?
uncovering the other knee.



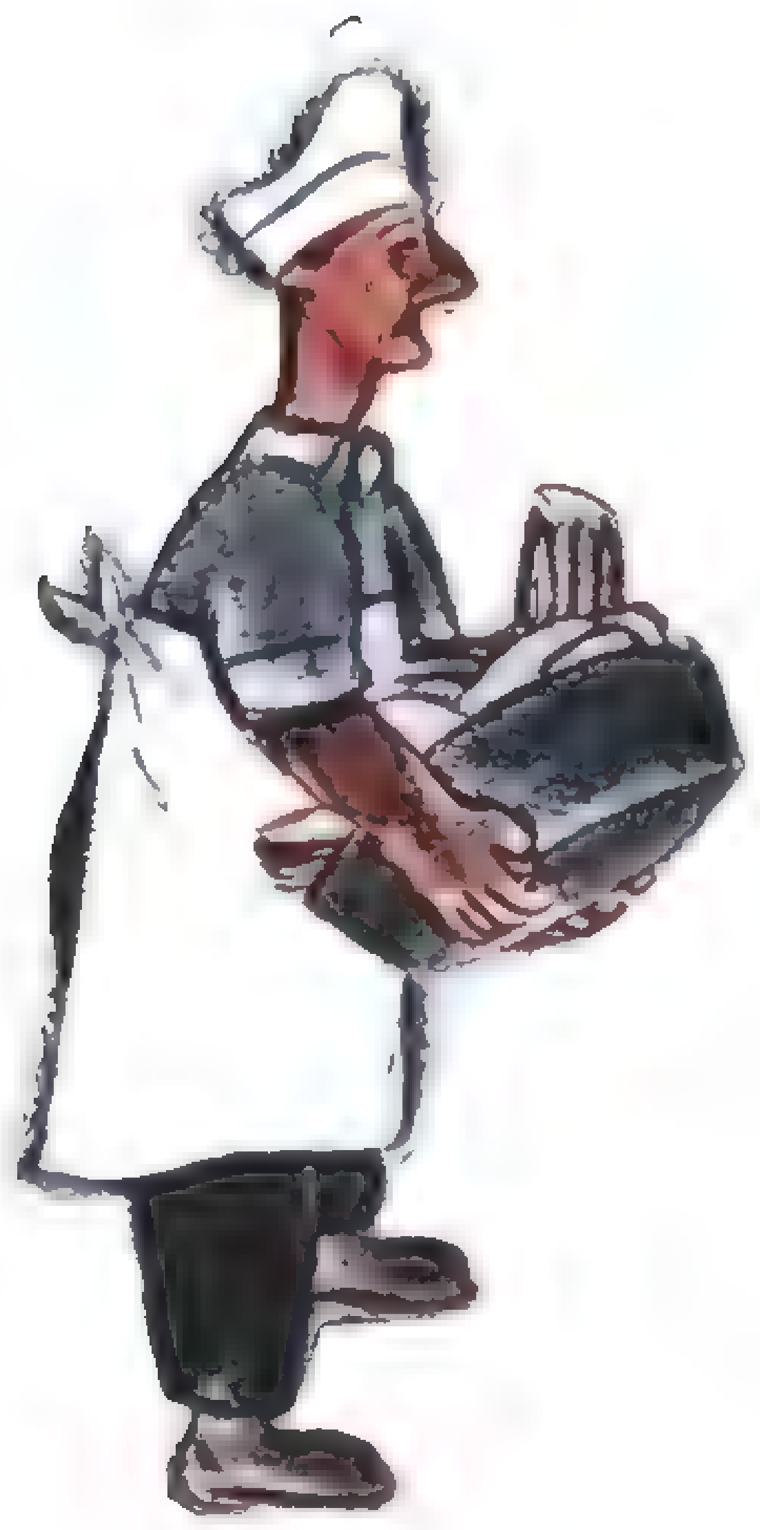
NEWSBOY

A thousand headlines have torn his throat
until it rasps as black as the cheap ink
on the cheap paper he sells.
His eyes have assumed the dullness
of the nickels he peers for,
and having a good corner
he has three broken knuckles to show for it.
At night on his flophouse bed
his sleep is troubled
and he mutters "millionaire."



CHEF

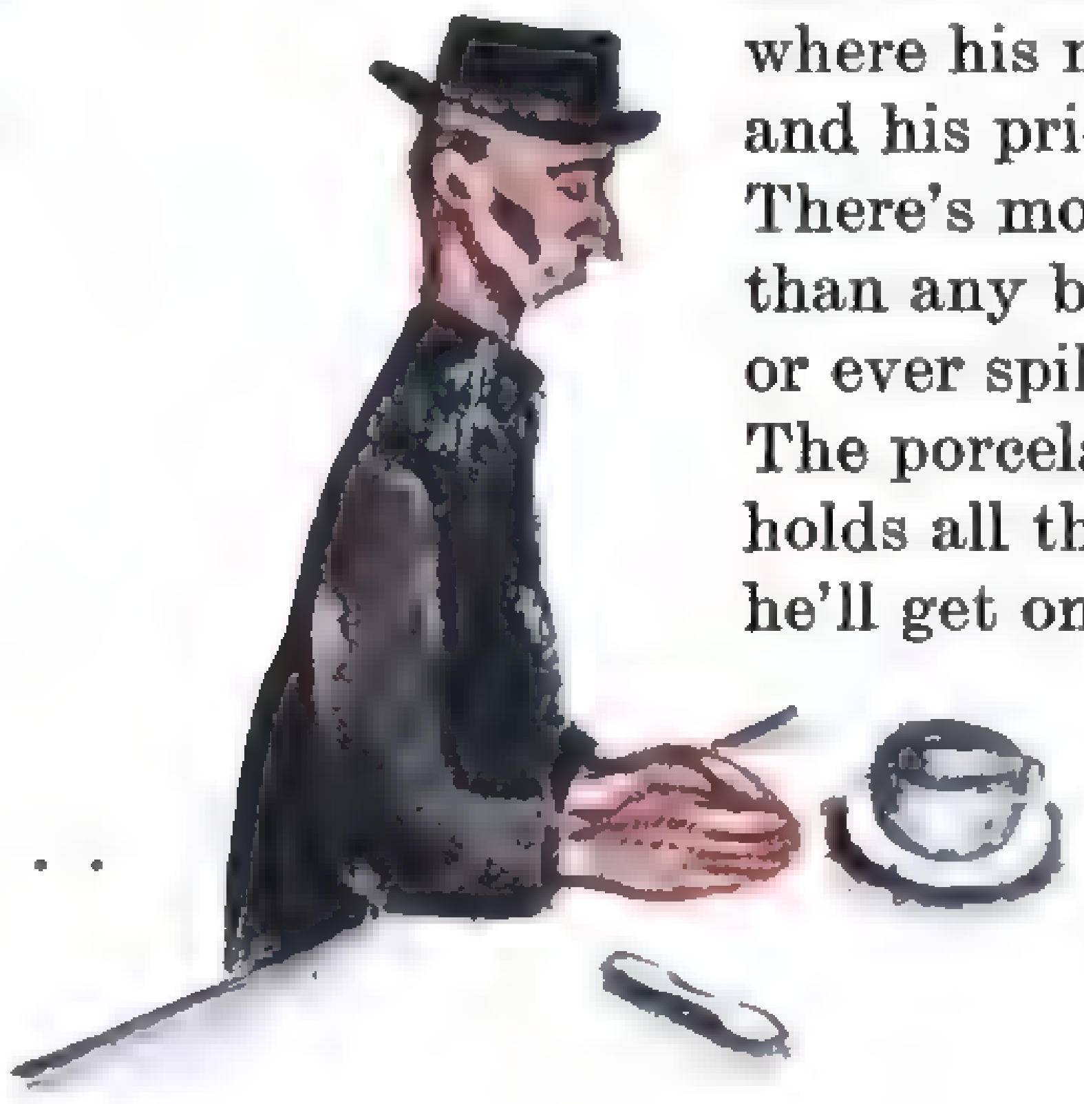
Ham and two times bacon and scrambled
two hot postramis a denver
three ribbers and a milk toast up together
four in the water easy, a stack of wheats
fry four on two two stacks of dry
a club house san (god damn)
six hamburgers to go, no onions on three . . .
hot damn she's gotta it!



BUSBOY

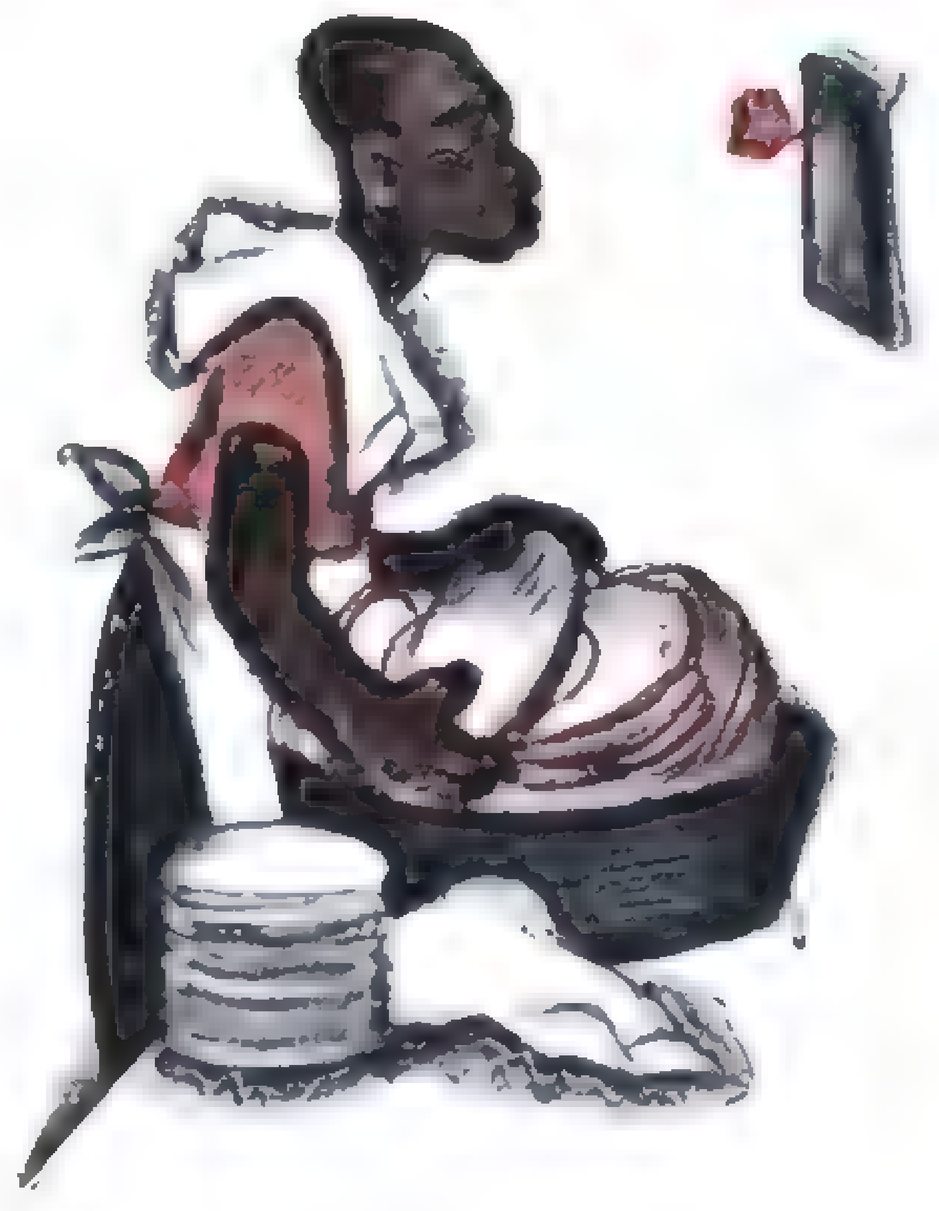
You dirty the dishes
and he takes them away.
Tonight he'll haul out
the butt-laden coffee cups
of three novelists
and an embezzler
but it's the hustler in green
that'll give him remembering . . .

maybe she'll come again tomorrow night . . .



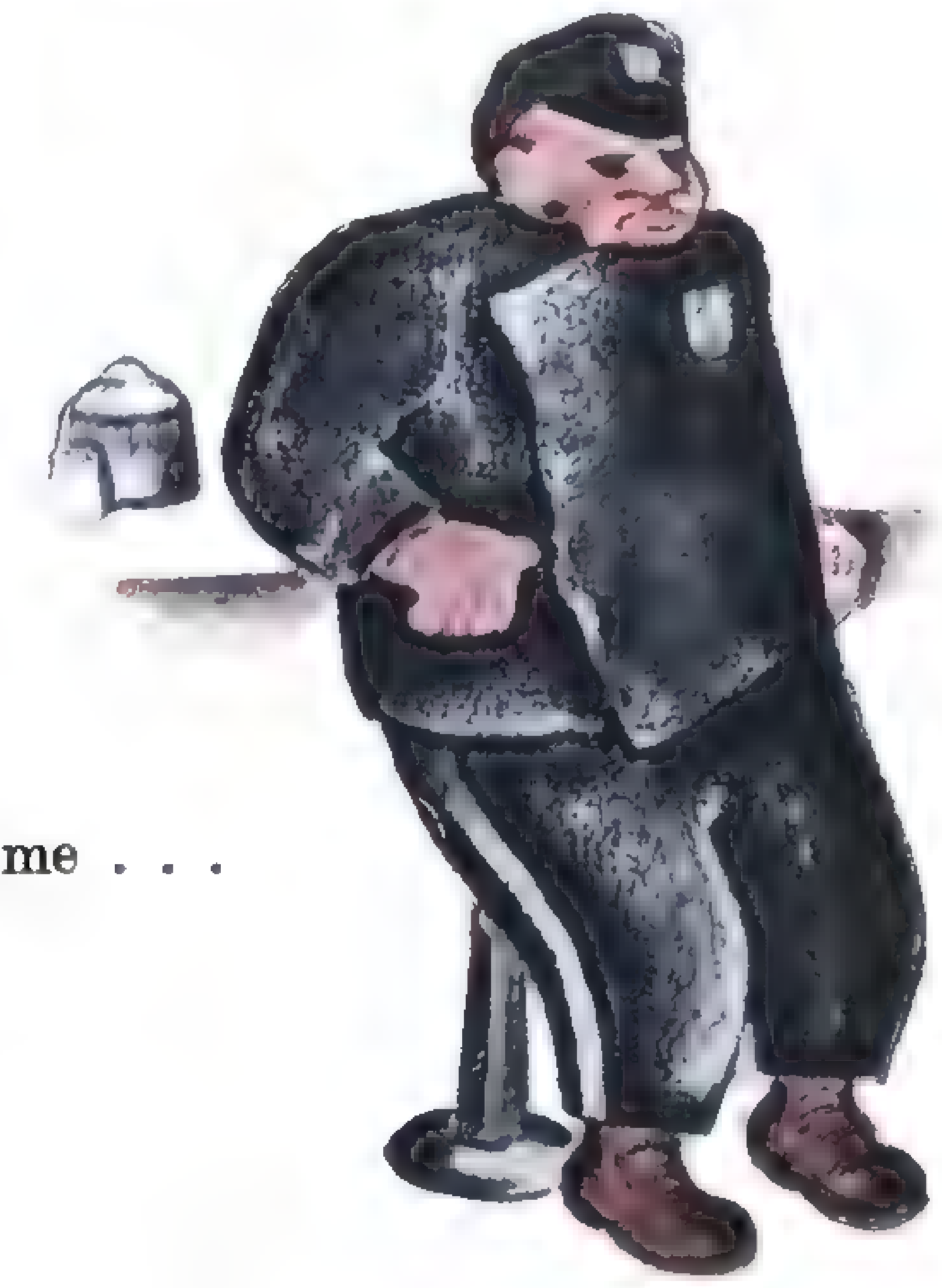
GUY WITH THE RAVELED CUFFS

His feet could tell you
where his nickel came from
and his pride tell you how he got it.
There's more in his cup
than any bean was cracked for
or ever spilled from a spout.
The porcelain his eyes stare into
holds all the food and lodging
he'll get on this night.



DISHWASHER

In the suds. . . .
Tagalog village—cane—Cavite—
sea and cane—Manila—
make name—ship's hold—
Honolulu—a year—cane—
a year—Frisco—boy oh boy—
beet fields—clothes—
fruit harvest—roadster—blondes—
school boy—number one boy—
next season—
now . . .
sink
suds
and a taxi dancer.



John Groth

COP

The same old streets
and the windows always the same . . .

my dogs growling
and every guy that passes
an inspector likely . . .

my wife cheating . . .

and a pay cut last week . . .

god damn it!

look at that panhandler
I'll teach him to go begging on my beat!

Our Aunt Content

Arabian Nights are pallid when the sweet old maid tells your guests why she never married

by ROBERT W. MITCHNER

▪ FICTION ▪

Aunt Content has gone, and we are hoping we will soon be able to mend the threads which had tied us to our former friends. How warmly will we welcome the brave soul who must, sooner, we hope, or later, be the first to cross our doorsill once more.

We were glad to see Aunt Content when she came to visit us for the first time since, ten years before, we had left the little village both our families had always lived in and had moved upstate to the city.

If certain family legends about my dear old aunt had made us a bit uneasy, Aunt Content dispelled that uneasiness the first evening as she sat in our living-room, looking very sweet and placid in her exquisitely old-fashioned black taffeta dress and her little lace cap.

Mr. and Mrs. Jamison called that evening and they, too, were charmed by her graciousness. Our conversation, on topics carefully chosen to suit the delicate tastes of an elderly maiden, was easy and delightful until the subject of blindness came up.

"I remember," said Aunt Content, looking down at her wrinkled hands in her lap, "a school teacher I had when I was young who lost both eyes in a horrible accident."

The guests clicked their tongues sympathetically, but Alice and I squirmed a bit and looked at each other unhappily. Those disturbing legends had included bits about Aunt Content's alleged childhood memories.

"Yes," Aunt Content went on, "the poor dear lost both eyes and had to have some glass ones made."

"Did she quit teaching school?" asked Mr. Jamison.

"Oh, no!" our dear old aunt answered. "Through constant practice she soon enabled herself to see with them."

Our friends gasped. Mrs. Jamison was quite pale.

"You—you mean she saw through—that is, she could look at things with her glass eyes?"

"Oh, yes. Her right eye, as I remember, was rather dim, but the left seemed perfectly normal."

Mr. and Mrs. Jamison changed the subject with a jolt, and soon got themselves outside to safety.

After Aunt Content had retired for the night, Alice and I spoke, a bit gingerly, of what we called her infirmity. Alice referred to it as "a tendency to exaggerate" and mentioned her "vivid imagination." I experienced a dull throb of apprehension, something like that felt by a youngster who, having been disobedient, has been told to wait until his father comes home.

Naturally, other friends of ours called, whether through curiosity or because of a real desire to meet our guest, I can't say. At any rate, all of them left as quickly as the Jamisons had, and under similar circumstances.

There was no restraining Aunt Content. After all, it is difficult to request a dainty old lady to watch her conversation.

Alice's buffet supper climaxed Aunt Content's visit.

Thirty acquaintances were invited "to meet John's aunt, Miss Content Darrington." Before the guests arrived, we punished Junior severely in Aunt Content's presence for a lie he was supposed to have told. He wept histrionically, and swore that he realized lying was bad and that never again would his lips utter a falsehood. The performance netted him a quarter, as agreed beforehand, but that it had failed to impress Aunt Content became evident soon after the supper had gotten under way.

As our relative was helping herself to the breast of chicken, someone noticed the amethyst ring she wears and asked about it. Aunt Content sighed, attracting all eyes to herself. "I'll tell you its story later this evening," she promised, mysteriously.

The guests clamored for the story as soon as Alice began carrying empty plates to the kitchen. I sat near my aunt, feeling just like an eye-witness to a hanging.

"I got this ring," murmured Aunt Content, "years ago when I was in Egypt."

A crash from near the kitchen door, where Alice had dropped two plates, startled me. The guests, fascinated, ignored the distraction.

"In Egypt? How interesting!" they buzzed.

"Yes. I was twenty and we were traveling around the world. One morning I awoke before the rest of my party and resolved to see the pyramids at dawn. I hired a camel, though its owner was reluctant to see so young a lady venture out alone, and rode toward the desert."

An audible, romantic sigh escaped the ladies in the group as they moved their chairs closer to Aunt Content's.

"I had ridden only a few hours when I noticed a queer shape on the sand ahead of me. As my camel approached it, I could tell that it was a man. Seeing me, he stumbled across my path."

The ladies sighed again. I was in agony. Aunt Content, to my certain knowledge, has never been outside the borders of this state.

"He called to me in a piteous voice, telling me not to be afraid. He was an old Arab, tattered and filthy. 'My good man,' I said, 'what do you want?'

" 'A drink of water, lady, for the love of Allah.'

"Fortunately I had a large thermos jug with me and was able to let him have as much ice-water as he wanted."

"Did they have thermos jugs in those days?" Alice asked, rather belligerently.

Aunt Content smiled at her. "John's Grandfather Darrington invented them, my dear," she said, "and this was the first one ever made."

Alice wilted. From that moment on she simply sat there, opening and closing her mouth.

The guests were impatient at the interruption. "What happened then?" they wanted to know.

"The Arab wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and knelt at my feet. He called down Allah's blessing upon me, and then he gave me this ring." Here Aunt Content indulged in a nicely-timed dramatic pause. Then she proceeded.

"Naturally I was greatly pleased—"

Here I broke in. Perhaps she would give up and let the fiction end there. "I should think you would have been pleased," I remarked kindly. Then I turned to my friends. "Would any of you care for another cup of coffee?"

"Naturally I was pleased with the gift for its own sake," Aunt Content resumed, "but the Arab touched the ring mysteriously. 'It has a secret power,' he said."

This I thought too much. "Really," I started to say, "This is—"

A sibilant chorus of hisses for silence halted me completely.

" 'If ever you want to be absolutely alone,' said the Arab, 'you have but to press the amethyst against your chin and every person around you will disappear.' "

Here the guests chuckled at the humorous element which they believed had been introduced. Aunt Content smiled sadly and gazed at the wall above the heads of her audience.

Continued in center of page 121

Production No. 5

A study of Charles Chaplin in the work of making his latest and probably his greatest film

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Author's Note: *The new Chaplin picture is, at the moment of writing, being completed. Scenes are being added and eliminated. The following, therefore, is not to be taken in any way as an outline of the picture—and certainly not as a criticism of it. What I saw was Chaplin at work and a jumble of reels, not in sequence and without musical accompaniment. The "farewell" scene, mentioned below, has been eliminated; it may be restored and it may stay out. For a review of the picture, consult the proper department of this magazine at the proper time.—G. S.*

"We're shooting a crowd scene at San Pedro on Monday afternoon," said Chaplin. "Do you think it would interest you?"

The street began nowhere in a vacant lot and ran a hundred feet or so to a dilapidated dock without a string-piece; it was one of Chaplin's own streets, authentic in its squalor and it instantly made you think how persistently Chaplin had laid the scene of his most fantastic humor in dirt almost to the point of degradation. It was freshly built, but you have seen it dozens of times in the Chaplin comedies: the mission, the saloon, the drugstore with shabby advertisements of shabby patent-medicines, the pawnshop, the tailor's, the restaurant, the theatre. At the end stood the new element: the Big Scale Manufacturing Company, with the sign: "Building Being Wrecked." The windowpanes were shattered.

Coming early, we saw the scene in complete desolation. Presently the extras drove up in busses, clamored for food, staged a small and friendly riot over the delay. Chaplin suddenly appeared, exhausted by a morning of work at another location, absorbed in the work still to be done. We lunched in the trailer which serves as his dressingroom and watched the huge machinery being set up. We talked of the complicated equipment and of the technical expertness of the men. Chaplin thought it was magnificent—and a little foolish. He put on his shabby coat and his little hat, took his familiar flexible walking-stick and Chaplin disappeared, the little Charlie of the screen taking his place. The mob had been set in place and it was absurd to see the little man we all know, the intimidated man, the fugitive, the unfortunate one who shrinks at the sight of a bully or a policeman, mounting to the top of a derrick and crying out orders to his assistants and to the crowd.

The scene was a simple one. Charlie, out of work, is walking along the street when a truck, carrying explosives, passes. The red warning flag at the back drops off and Charlie picks it up and runs, shouting, after the truck to give it back. At that moment, unknown to him, a crowd of Reds, with down-with-war banners in all languages, comes round the corner and catches up with Charlie.

Mounted police and patrolmen charge down on the marchers and seeing Charlie with a red flag in his hand, surround him and arrest him, beating up the others in their stride. There was nothing to it, no finesse, no subtlety. The extras knew their job almost without telling. Charlie wanted them to march more regularly and shouted out, "Can you sing 'Hallelujah, I'm a bum'?" A roar of enthusiasm answered him and he rehearsed the march once with the song, himself singing; the extras cheered him. Then the takes began. The whole point of the scene depends on Charlie's unawareness of the crowd behind his red flag, his concentration on the disappearing truck. The third time they took the scene it worked, because just as the mob caught up with him, an expression of utter despair came over Charlie's face—it was so acute that, watching him, I thought something had gone wrong; but it meant only that the truck had vanished. (There was no truck on the set, of course. A flash of it will be cut in later.)

A few days later Chaplin was making another scene, in which the derelict Charlie, defeated by the regimentation and mechanization of the world, parts forever from the girl, "Peter" who has flitted across the line of his life, saved him for a moment from annihilation and, defeated herself, is now preparing to become a nun. She comes, in her novice's gown, to say goodbye to Charlie in the waiting room of a hospital. The enchantment, the lightness of heart, the rare merriment which Paulette Goddard brings to the part now decline, yielding to resignation, a profound feeling that for them, at least, life is like that. The play of emotions is amazingly swift; without speeches to serve as guides—and to slow up the action—we pass in the space of seconds through the joy of Charlie and Peter as they meet, through his confidence that they will be always together, through her refusal, his plea, and the farewell as the door closes. The scene had been taken several times before I came into the studio; it was taken half a dozen times while I was there. At the end of each take Chaplin wandered into the vast shed of the studio, among fragments of sets, walking around and around, creating the scene second by second in his mind, criticizing it, rebuilding it, utterly removed from the bustle of the electricians and property men, unconscious of the studio. Then suddenly, with a smile, he returned, said a few words, and went into the scene again.

Production No. 5, which will probably be called *Modern Times* when it is released, was so named for a working title because, I suppose, it is the fifth of Chaplin's long pictures, and as you count the others off on your fingers, you are aware of Chaplin's unfaltering creation of masterpieces: *The Kid*, *The Gold Rush*, *The Circus*, and *City Lights*. That the new picture stands with these great enterprises goes without saying, but to those for whom Chaplin did not begin with the acclaim of the long pictures, it has a special, and especially endearing significance. Because, growing out of a thoughtful general theme, it has the essential actions and the comic climaxes of a dozen or more of the earlier Chaplin pictures, all created freshly, all woven into the new story, and all superbly done. An escalator, a revolving door, roller skates, a cabaret—to the old Chaplin fan they will recall the one immortality which the silent pictures found for themselves, the Chaplin shorts. To the newcomer they will have something else, for these comic scenes are so concentrated, and so built into the stream of the picture, as to be a fresh revelation of the comic art.

Long ago someone who had seen a conveyor-belt in a factory described the process to Chaplin and his first remark was, "There's a great comedy in it for me, if I could only find it." That instant reaction is the one clue to Chaplin's work, which is more often missed than followed. Production No. 5 tells the story of a man's escape from all the belts with which modern society rings him round, of his being caught back again, into shop, store, hospital, army, patrol wagon, whatever it is that can first engulf him after each evasion. But everything has to be reduced to comedy before Chaplin can create it in his own terms. He is more sensitive than most people to the pressure of a somewhat cockeyed society on the individual, but if he were to turn somber and tragic, he would be falling under the very influence he detests. His individuality requires him to state his thoughts and his emotions in comic terms. He has resisted the pressure to preach and to curse, unless his comedy preaches and curses for him. In the scene which he con-

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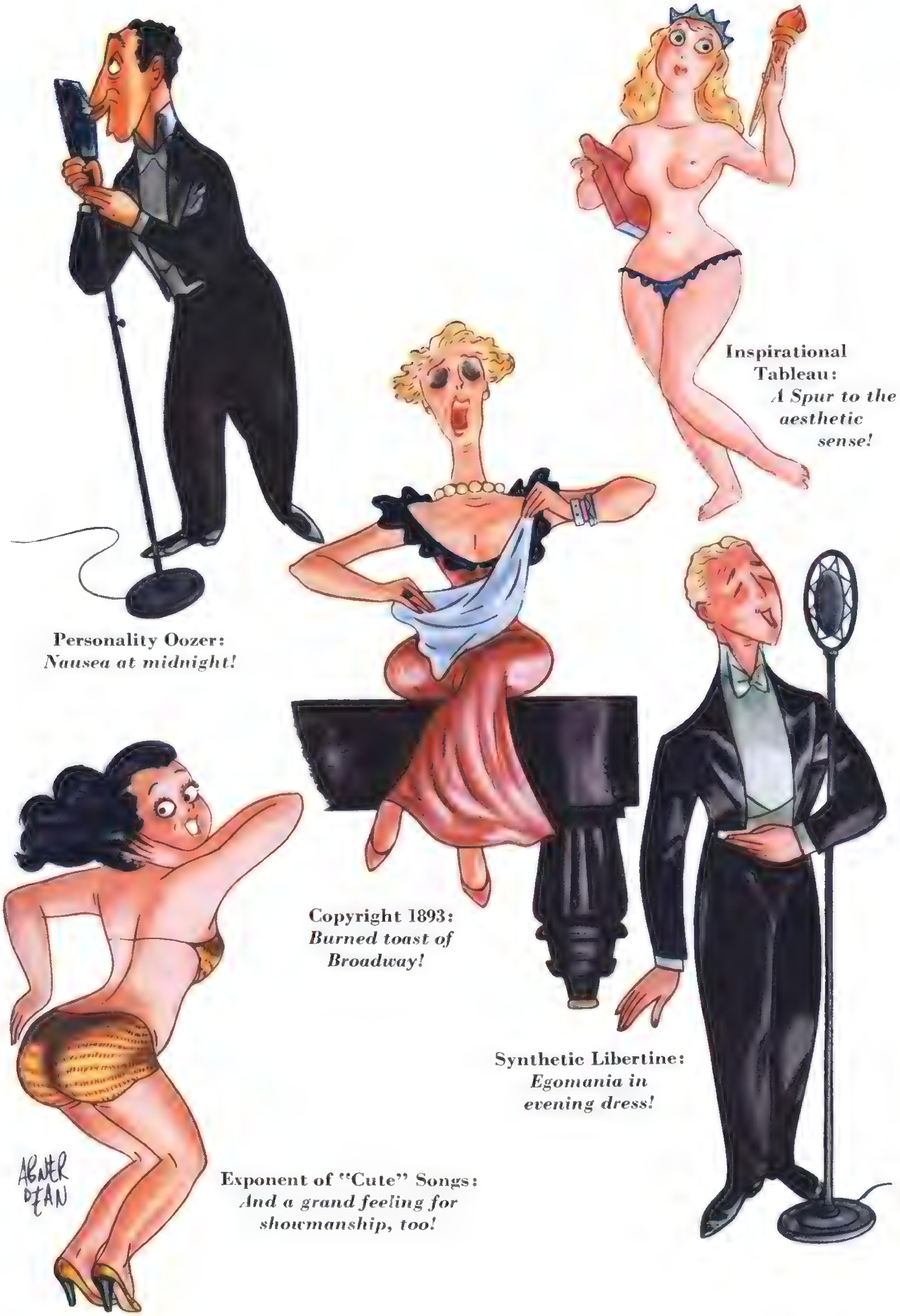


Personality Oozer:
Nausea at midnight!

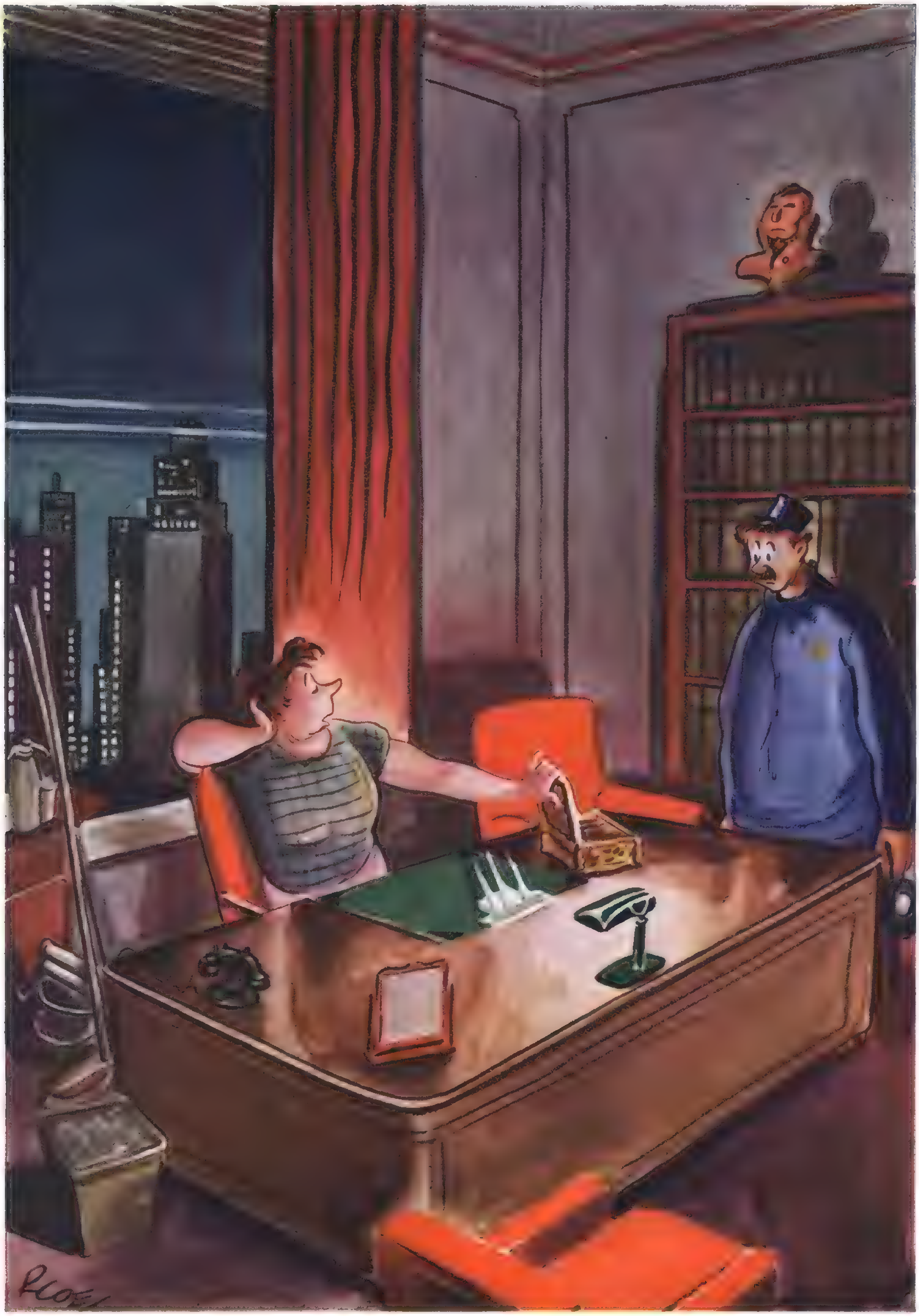
Inspirational Tableau:
A Spur to the aesthetic sense!

Copyright 1893:
Burned toast of Broadway!

Synthetic Libertine:
Egomania in evening dress!

Exponent of "Cute" Songs:
And a grand feeling for showmanship, too!

UNDER THE HEADING OF ENTERTAINMENT
(Some evidence for the prosecution)



"Oh, by the way, handsome, have a cigar!"

One Hair on the Head

The roots of baldness are deep in the glandular and nervous systems rather than the scalp

by HERMAN GOODMAN, M. D.

• ARTICLE •

BALDNESS has always been a fascinating subject. Way back among the ancient Egyptians, the priest physicians showed how interested they were. The oldest prescription on record from the Ebers papyrus (1500 B.C.) is one for loss of hair. Would you like to know what the pharmacist used? The ingredients in the baldness cure prescription included: The fats of the lion, hippopotamus, crocodile, goose, serpent, and ibex.

Interest in hair loss continues to this day. If a fellow has his hair, he takes a sadistic pleasure in the bald heads of his friends. But, "you should know how to keep your hair" is what is heard all too often. The idea is that it should have been kept on the head. But, alas, and a lack of hair. I know as little as anybody else. And that includes my father who at seventy or more has hair in profusion. He has far more hair than all of his four sons put together. Hence, I cannot blame my own shiny head on my ancestry.

Why did I lose my hair? I came into the world with about the same chance for keeping it as anybody else. As I recall, I had lots of hair. There are still some pictures and one crayon showing a little boy with curls. The barber under the Old Confarone on MacDougal Street cut those curls. I see them still on the floor of the basement. Some of that hair must have been as old as I was at the time. You see hair grows about one inch every six weeks. That makes about eight inches a year. All the hair does not live in the scalp the same period of time. Some hair falls out sooner—it becomes older earlier—than other hair. If the hair is not cut, it may grow, on the average, to the length of 40 or 50 inches on the crown and back of the head. At the sides the growth is generally limited to about 18 inches. Since I am quoting figures, I will recite a few more. The average number of hairs on the scalp is 100,000. Redheads have less and blonds have more. The thickness of a hair varies in its own length and the thickness of the hairs vary on the same or different heads. The average is 400 to the inch. The Chinese have the thickest diameter hair. Blonde Nordics have the thinnest hair.

Hair can and does stretch—with the change of weather, for example. Remember that the girls complain that the new permanent is all out of whack because there is rain coming. Hair is a good indicator of a falling barometer because it absorbs water. And a good thing, too! If it didn't, there would be no permanent wave machines. Enough of numerology. I didn't know anything about it when my hair was cut for the first time.

There was lots of hair during my school days. Too much for any comb. It stood straight up, thick and bushy. Who would have thought that the time would come when there would be no hairy covering for that head? Certainly, I didn't.

Did I lose my hair because I wore a tight hat and the head was kept too warm? In those days, I never wore a hat. But the idea that wearing a hat caused the scalp to be too warm and made the hair fall out was once accepted. There was proof, too. Was there ever a savage, a non-hat-wearing savage who was bald? Of course not. So it was the hat of civilized man which caused his loss of hair. That was an accepted theory. There are many people who still believe that. You see some of them going about without a hat either in winter or in summer. But hat, or no hat . . . There is no hair!

Did the hat of civilized man really cause the loss of hair? Would going without a hat have kept the hair in the scalp?

The idea was that the hat, particularly the stiff hat, the bowler hat, the top hat, and all hats made so as not to yield at the rim, stopped circulation. The blood to the hair of the scalp was supposed to be retarded. You wore a hat. According to this theory, the hat tight enough to stay on your head was tight enough to press the blood vessels. You lost your hair in consequence. A few questions come to mind. Why didn't the scalp show the effect of loss of blood? Why was it that only the hair was lost? Ladies wore tight hats, and they didn't lose their hair. Why?

It became necessary to change the idea. It was the air inside the hat which caused the loss of hair. A hat had to be ventilated if you wanted to save the hair. Notice the air vents in your father's derby, or in your own. They are there to let the hair have air to breathe. It doesn't make sense, but there are hatters who actually ventilate the hats. Straw hats are still ventilated.

The idea that wearing hair covering caused loss of hair dies hard. With modern science, the hat idea went into the laboratory. It wasn't the pressure of the hat which kept your hair from staying on the scalp. It wasn't the loss of blood circulation. It wasn't the hot air. It was lack of sunlight. And if you didn't expose your scalp to natural sunlight, it was a good idea to expose it to artificial sunlight. All the doctors in creation bought artificial sunlamp machines. Their bald heads and the heads of their patients became red, and itchy and scaly. But where, oh where, was the hair? One of the exponents of artificial sunlight for hair growth wrote a book about it—you can find it at the library. He was over here some years ago. And he had less hair than many of his patients!

This may be a good place to tell of another idea. It is foolish to us, but years ago it was seriously considered. The idea was that there was a tube running the length of the hair. When the hair was cut, something vital to hair ran out of the cut end. That loss had to be stopped. So somebody invented the singe. It was used to seal the cut end of the hair to prevent the loss of an important constituent of the body. This idea is still prevalent. Your barber still singes hair.

You may recall another famous idea that loss of hair was due to overwashing. Men lost their hair because they washed it too often. Women with long tresses (this is of the time when women wore the hair long—it was called the crowning glory of womankind) did not lose their hair as did their brothers because they didn't wash the hair on the head so often. You see, it took a day to wash the hair on a girl's head, but only a few moments to wet down the boy's locks. It was possible to prove that since men lost their hair more frequently than women, and since men washed their head oftener than women, washing often was the cause of loss of hair. It seemed simple. And it was as false as many other ideas as to the cause of hair loss.

We will mention another idea as to the cause of loss of hair. It is the opposite of the one just discussed. You lost your hair, according to this theory, because you didn't wash it often enough. The accumulated scale, called dandruff, went down into the hair follicle and ate away the growing part. It was usually called the root. Every one could make the examination for themselves. Pull out a hair. Look at the bulb at the tip. Is it moist? That was a healthy hair. Is it dry? That was a dead hair. We must explain that notion of hair root. It was usually said that a hair was pulled out by the roots. It was a bad sign, because it meant that another hair would not grow there. On the other hand, if the root stayed, a new hair would take its place. The truth is that there are no roots to hair. The hair is not to be compared with an onion shoot and its root. Hair does not grow from seed. The hair of the body has a vital strand deep in the hair follicle. It is

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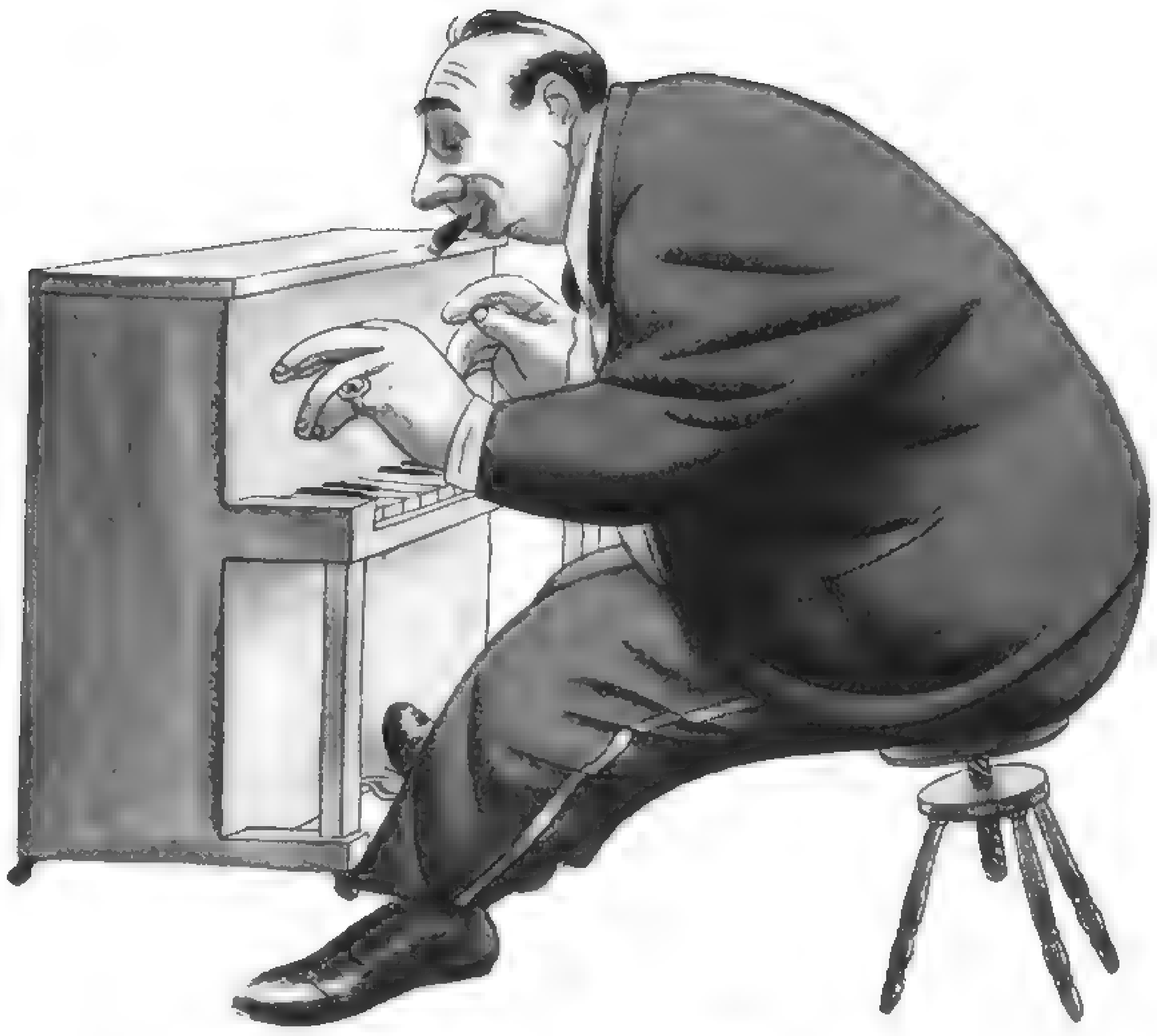
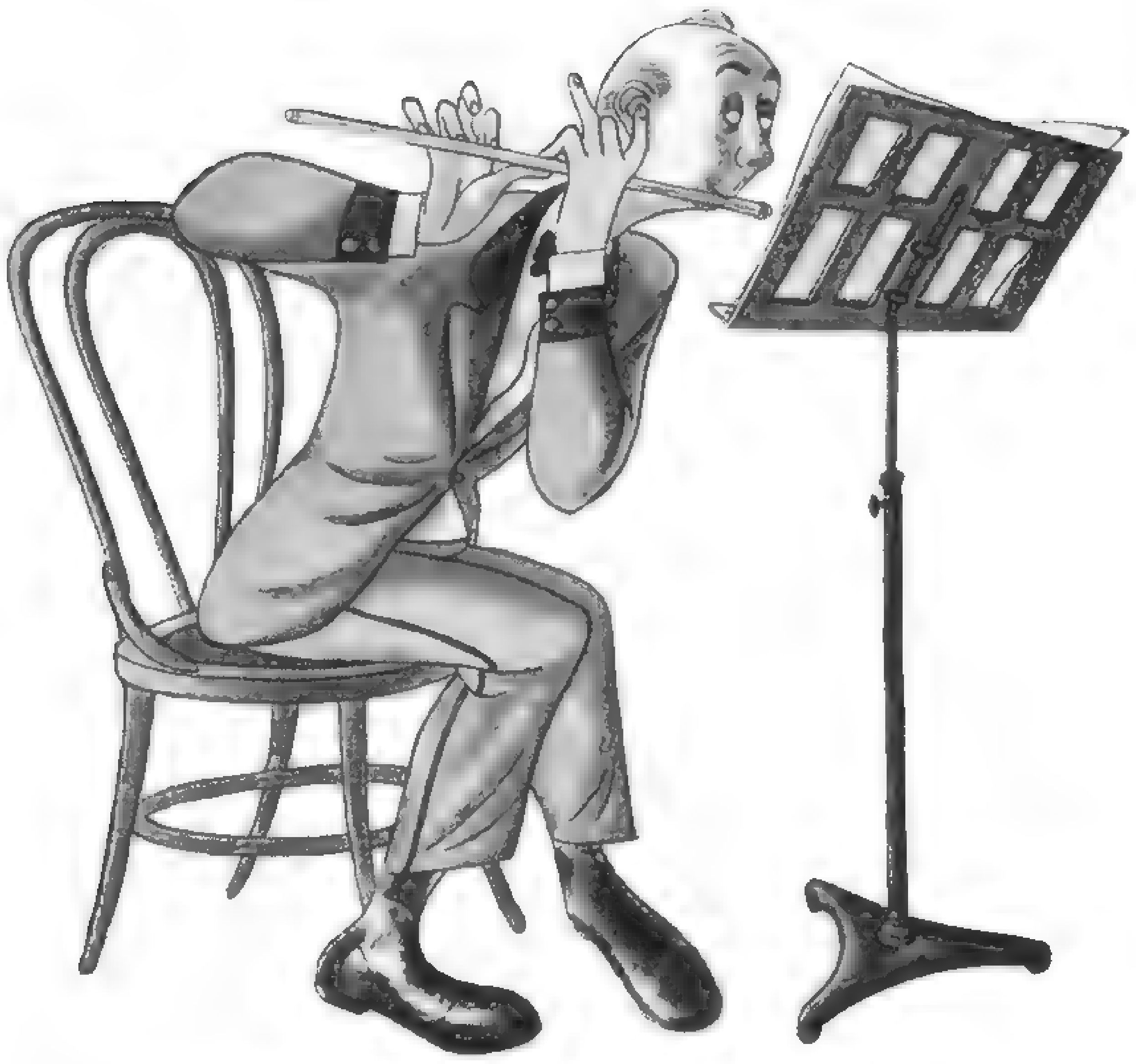
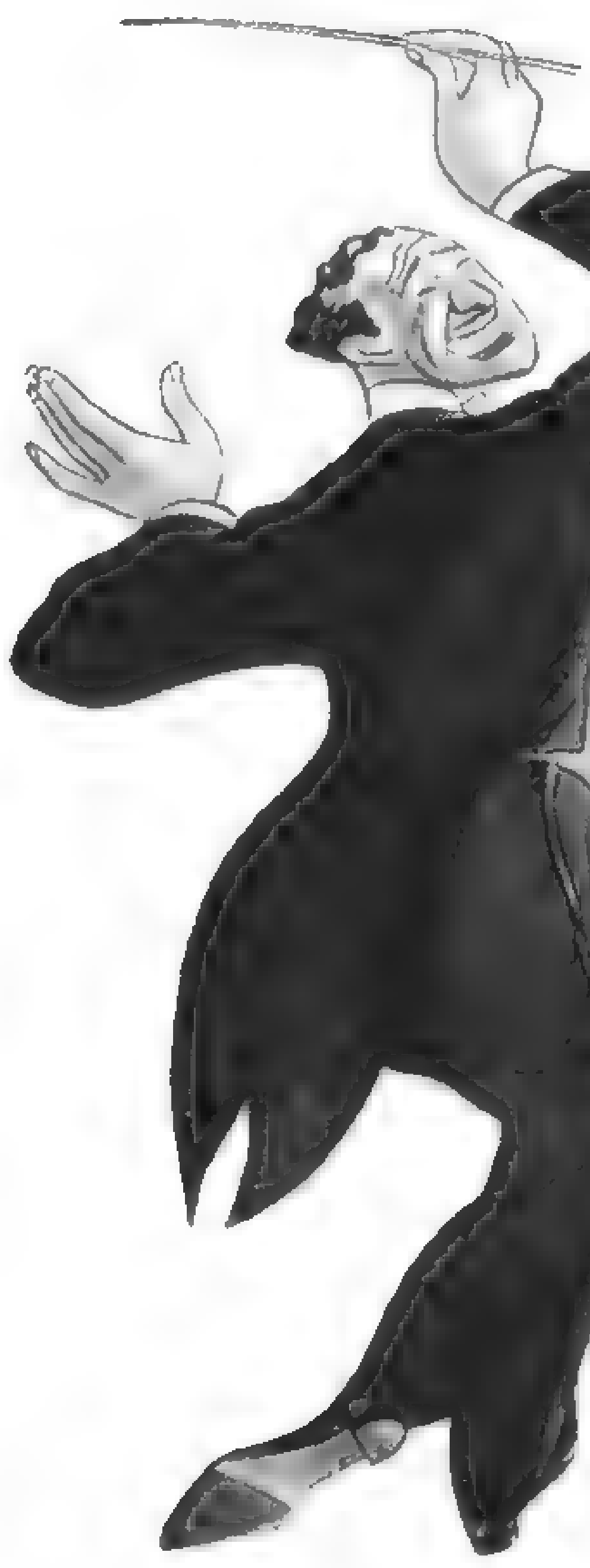


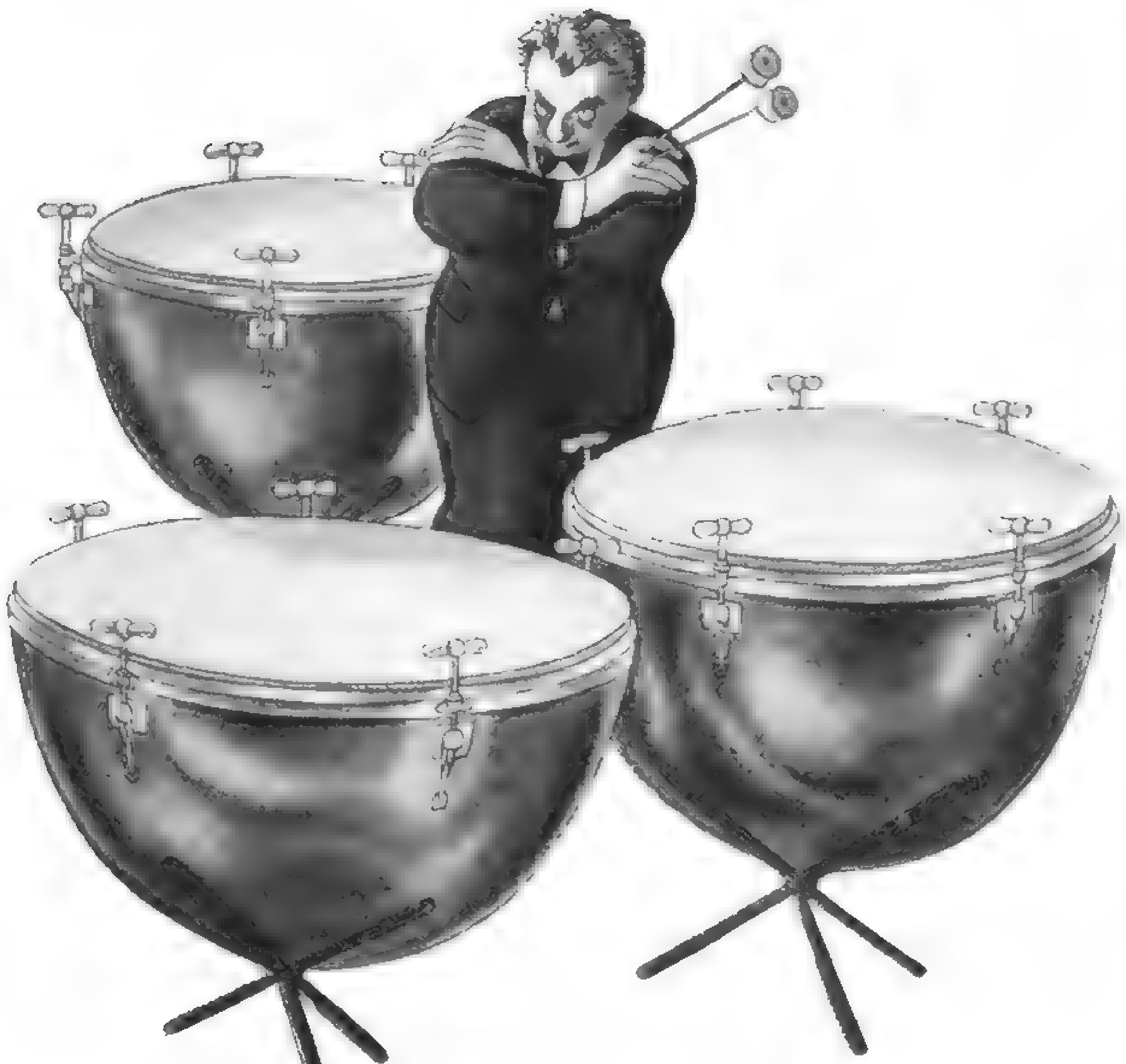
Chronic Whimsy



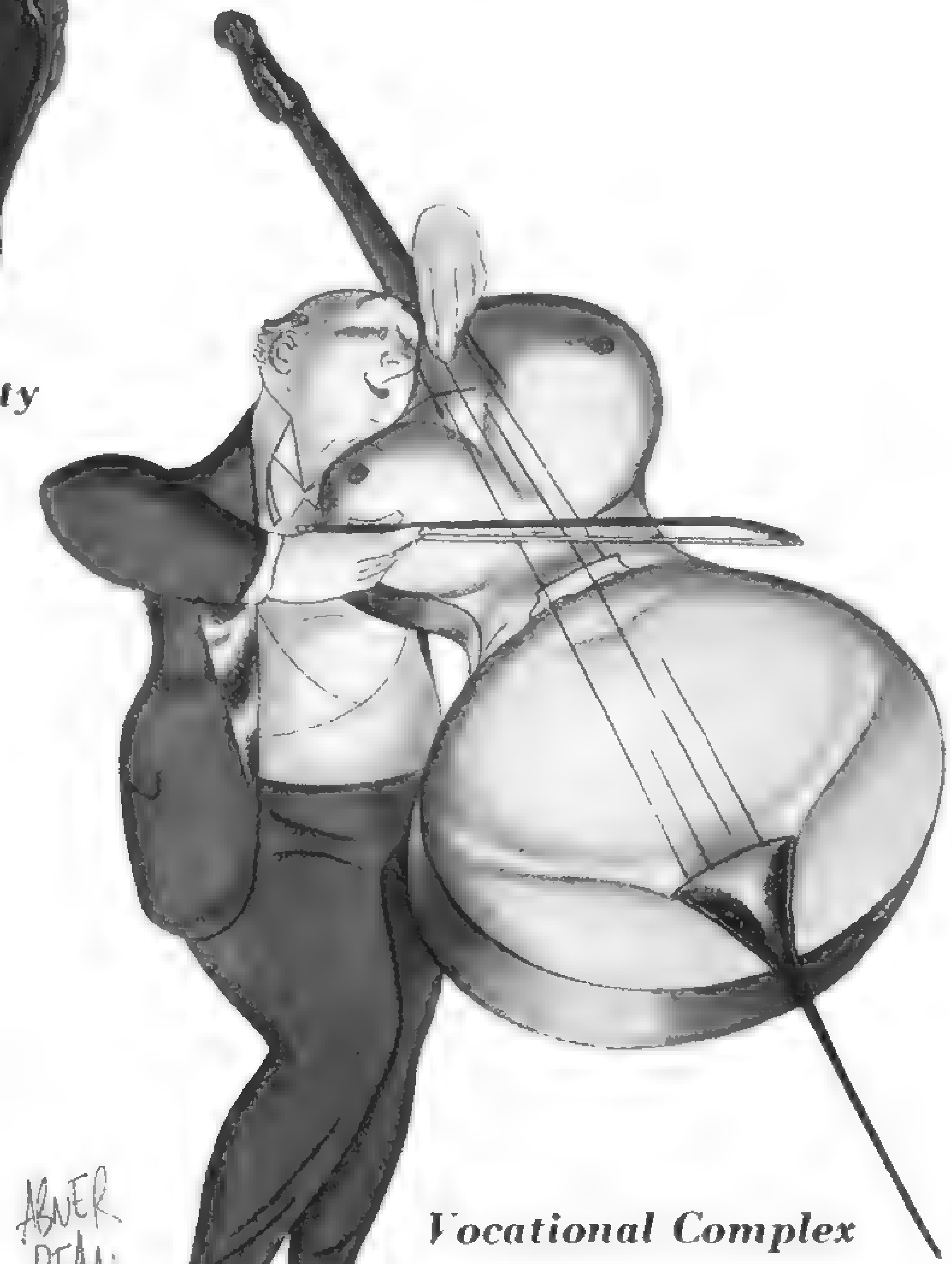
Frustration in ¾ Time



Dual Personality



Arrested Development



Vocational Complex

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

The Music-Box Review

The Russian musical version of Barnacle Bill the Sailor as an Arabian Nights hero

by FRANK BLACK

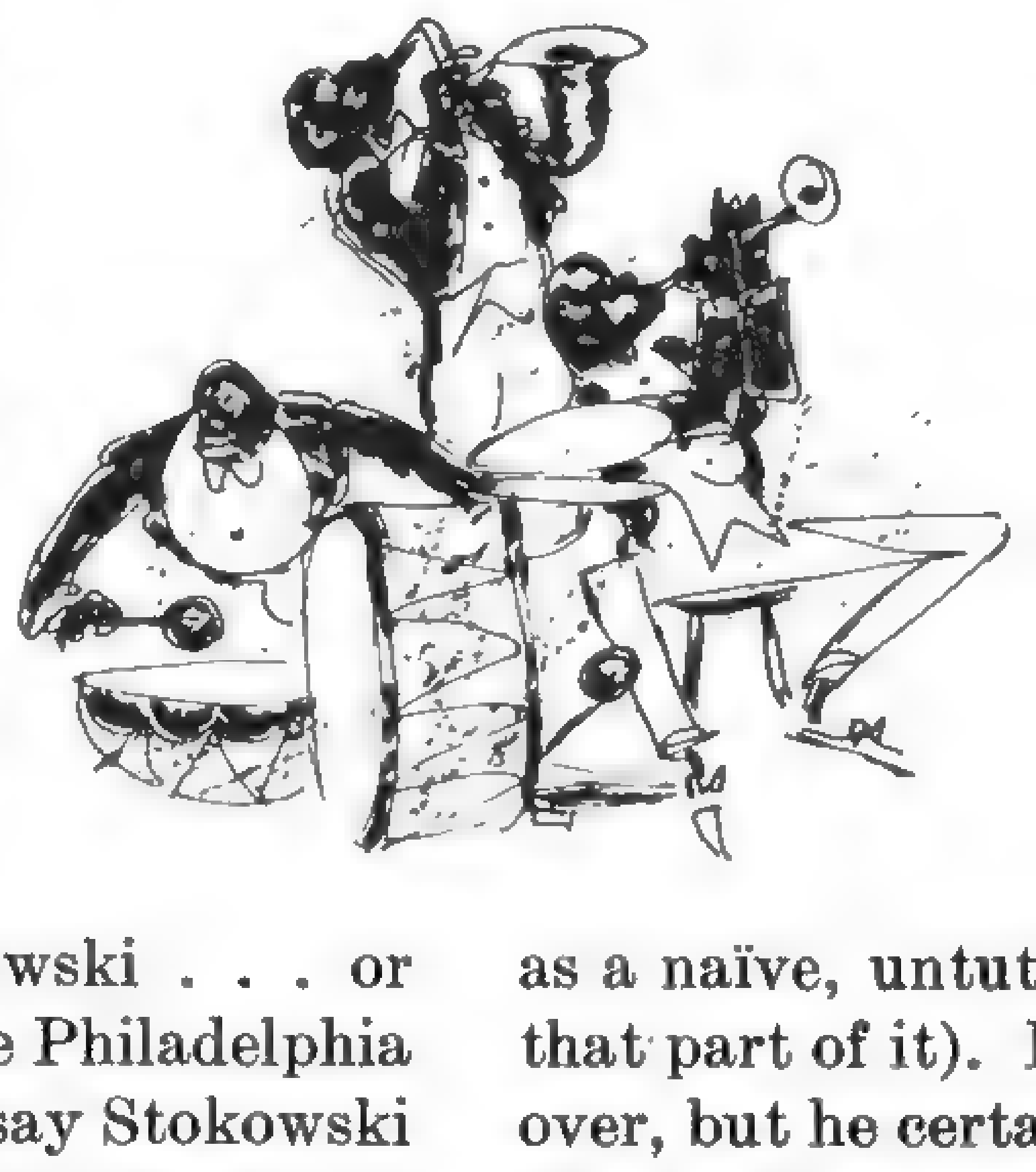
RECORDS

When Scheherazade seated herself at the Sultan's feet to tell him the tallest and longest unvarnished lie in history, she laid down a record that has withstood every assault. Even some of our famous senatorial filibusters about "pot likker" and "sech" fell short.

This is the story of "Barnacle Bill, the Sailor" but Scheherazade called him Sinbad. The entire range of emotions is pictured orchestrally in this suite . . . not in an elemental way, musically, but as if told by a well educated narrator. Rimsky-Korsakoff never becomes coarse or ill-bred, never spits on the drawing-room rug, but as a to-the-manor-born raconteur he cannot be surpassed. He approaches his material carefully and surely and with an uncanny orchestral color-sense. When he has Scheherazade ask, via the tremulous tones of the solo violin, "Who's that knocking at my door?" old Barnacle Bill thunders out, "'Tis I," instead of "'S me!" Beethoven would probably have made the entire orchestra emit a belch of gigantic proportions typifying old Bill's alcoholic halitosis.

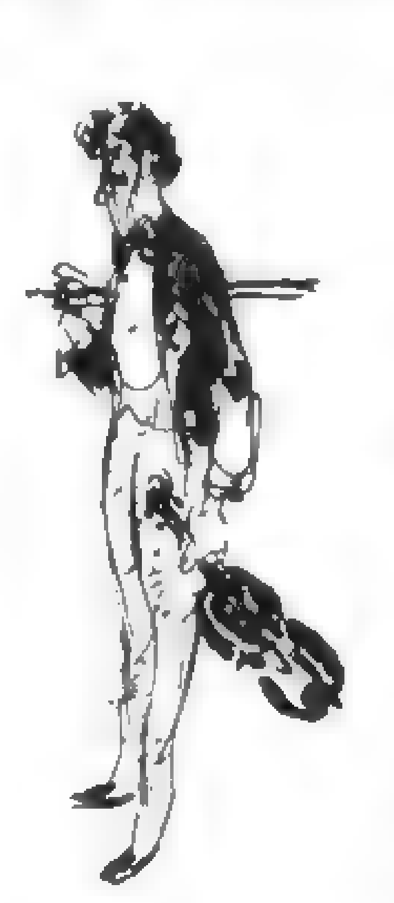
Need I tell you Scheherazade's entire story and the manner in which she prolonged the tale to save her life and how she finally won the Sultan over . . . and over? It is the *Tale of the Arabian Nights* told with a Russian accent. It has the long rolling swells of the sea, barbaric oriental splendors, camels, elephants, emirs, sultans, slaves in the market-place, rug-sellers, beggars and sheiks; in fact, a map of cosmopolitan Asia. And it is music of and by a cosmopolite.

This score is an unabridged text book of the modernized Berlioz school of orchestration. "Old Marse" Rimsky-Korsakoff (end it with a "w" instead of two "f's" if you like) certainly knew his way around when he passed through the valley of the shadow of the Orchestra. He achieved his aim by his genius in orchestral coloring and rhythm rather than by his sometimes thin thematic material, just as Berlioz did. This is not yet old-fashioned music . . . don't forget that Stravinsky is out of Berlioz by Rimsky.



The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski . . . or should I say Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra . . . or should I just say Stokowski . . . plays this work superbly. You may not agree with many of the strange things that go on in the interpretation, and neither do I, but here is a performance with glamour, both in tone and ensemble playing. There is a tonal halo around the whole thing.

I've always thought that composers as brilliant, mentally, as Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote down what they wanted (in other words, a personal note to the conductor-interpreter) but evidently I've been mistaken. However, Stokowski evokes some glorious effects from his Philadelphians and I've nothing but praise for the most of his reading of this work. The climax, depicting the crashing of the ship against the rock and the quiet, glowingly amorous finale is as beautifully played as anything I've heard. May I add a note of commendation to Mr. Hilsberg for his beautiful violin playing and to M. Tabiteau's oboe soloing and two more notes to the solo clarinet (Mr. McGinnis) and bassoon (Mr. Guetter)?



Scheherazade and Stokowski's baton . . . long may you wave!

Scheherazade—Symphonic Suite—
Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra.
Victor—Musical Masterpiece Series—No. M-269.
PS—I know he doesn't use a baton any more.

* * *

If you came in at this spot during the picture you may leave . . . because it's about Schubert again. I'm afraid that rhapsodies are in order and if I become slightly and incoherently hysterical about his *Seventh Symphony in C Major* you won't care because you will have stopped reading by that time. Well . . . and this may sound like a non-royalty bearing animal (reprint, if you will) . . . Schubert again steps to the fore as the greatest melodist of all time. If you can't believe that, just listen to this album.

Schubert must be that phantom, the little colored dwarf who writes many of our leading composers' tunes. Instead of coming upon a fairly decent melody and worrying it to death like a terrier might a rat or dissecting it like the "enquiring surgeon," he keeps popping new ones to you, one lovelier than the other. All that a sincere musician can do is to stand aside and wonder at the melodic fecundity of this amazing genius whom some critics still tolerate as a naïve, untutored melodist (they admit that part of it). His musicianship they pass over, but he certainly knew orchestral color. The very opening of the symphony is important music. And, of course, the second movement, the *Andante con moto*, is one of the most beautiful in the symphonic repertoire.

By this time the reader, having heard more than enough about Schubert and his God-Almighty C Major Symphony, will probably yawn and say, "Stop talking and let's hear it." Which is a good idea.

Adrian Boult directs the British Broadcasting Orchestra in this reading and I don't agree with his tempi in a great many places. Yet there are spots of sheer beauty. The wood-wind is magnificent in the *Andante*. But the speed of the finale makes it impossible for the triplet figures (am I too technical) to come off. The orchestral ensemble is grand. When Boult cracks the whip the band makes an attack that really sounds.

Columbia has done a very fine bit of recording and instead of lapsing into more Schubert gushings, I'll only advise you to have the album delivered to you . . . then you'll probably become more of a bore about Schubert than I've been.
Columbia—Musical Masterpiece Series—No. M-268.

* * *

"They had to have something new, the folks up in Harlem, so they started 'Truckin'.'" All of which is an explanation of one of Duke Ellington's new tunes with which he and his band proceed to town and in no uncertain rhythm. Hot Duke! This is one of the most exciting, breathless numbers I've yet heard from him. And it has started a new dance up in Harlem which is just as exciting. Yet on the turnover there is a complete reversal of mood, way over to the sweet and slow side. *Accent on Youth* is the piece, as sugary as cane and beautifully played. No use to say more about this latter number because *Truckin'* will fascinate you so you won't get to *Accent on Youth* till after supper.
Brunswick—No. 7514

* * *

Phil Ohman went west and he must have thanked Horace Greeley a thousand times since. In New York he was only half of Ohman and Arden, piano-playing his way about. Now he has his own band and it's swell. He does two *Top Hat* numbers, *No Strings* and *Isn't This A Lovely Day*, both with some typical Ohman piano work. The scoring is good and the band plays well. I liked Kenneth Baker's vocal work better than Marjorie Lane's but he shouldn't have taken some of the notes in *Lovely Day* an octave higher. Phil, I'm proud of what you've accomplished since you decided to go your own way.
Columbia—No. 3076-D.

* * *

Victor, on a Red Seal label, has a new idea. The Boston "Pops" Orchestra plays *Carioca* and *The Continental* and it sounds

Continued at top of page 167

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Historical novels come right up to present times in the leading fiction of this fall

by BURTON RASCOE

▪ BOOKS ▪

The decline of Rome was gradual, extending over an exceedingly long period of time, during which there were so many booms and recessions in power and prosperity that no one perceived it as a decline, although with each boom there were those to proclaim that perpetual prosperity had arrived at last, and with each depression there were those who proclaimed that the end of the world was at hand.

There was no *fall* of the empire until Gibbon decided that the word would give a nice dramatic cadence to the title of his history.

The Roman state was always in that condition now so glibly referred to as a "transition period."

I am extremely skeptical of most of the clichés being bandied about by most of our more ominously brooding intellects. The Spenglerian prophecy of the downfall of western civilization seems to me to be of the same kind as the prophecies of those scientists who say the termites will ultimately destroy all other life and property and be in sole possession of the earth.

I hear of progress made by the termites occasionally. And the way the termite victims talk about it does give you a momentary sort of feeling that maybe there is no use going on. Termites got into Jack Springer's bath house and ate away the wooden beams so that the concrete edifice sank eight inches out of plumb. And it seems that my friend Russell Doubleday is troubled by the insects but less troubled by them than by the scientists' reports as to what they might do once they get going good.

So used is Russ to accept the pronunciamentos of the scientists that he has developed a beautiful philosophy about it. He is cool, calm, collected in the face of what he believes is inevitable. I was in his office one afternoon and he said, quite casually, in the midst of talk of other things, "My wife has just told me on the telephone that my house is collapsing. . . . Termites. How do you feel about General Johnson?" We discussed some matters of state and chaff and the phone rang. When the conversation had ended he said with marvellous ease and restraint, "False alarm, I am glad to report. The house still stands. The plumbers have been there and have said that all that is needed is a new block under the support of the porte-cochère. The wood of one of the pillars was a bit weatherworn."

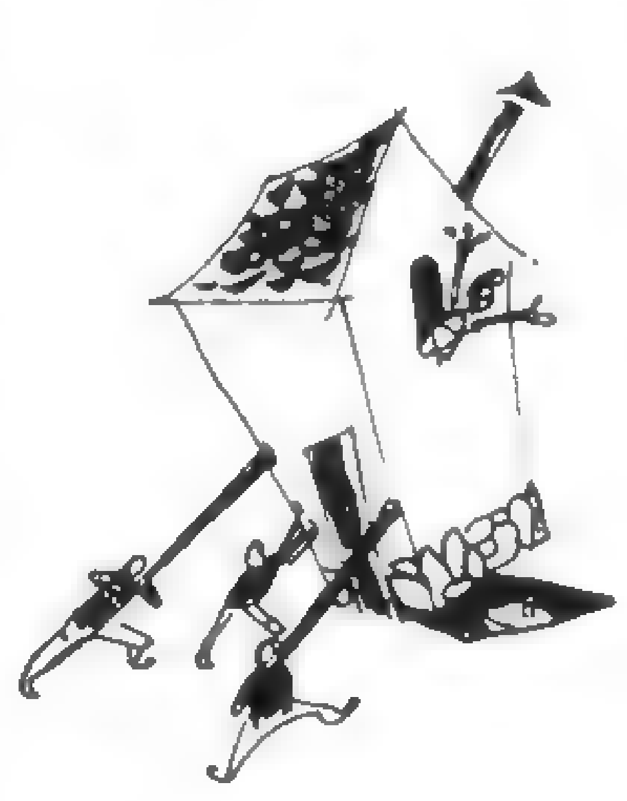
I feel this is a parable in world affairs. It is within bounds of the possible that the termites will be the ultimate and only inhabitants of the globe. And yet it is also within the bounds of the possible that another species of life will come into being within a few million years and destroy all the termites before they have made any great headway. Before the life span of each and all of us now living is out, it is not only possible, not only probable, but quite in the cards and not to be escaped, that things haven't come to a standstill and that there will be a number of changes in the aspect of things here and there and everywhere.

I have noticed this phenomenon for a long time—to be precise, for about thirty-five years; for at the age of seven, I believe, I had intimations that Dulcie Murphy would not always be my sweetheart because Dulcie's parents had removed (taking her) elsewhere and Lillian Fields suddenly appeared in new lineaments before my imagination and reciprocated my passion to the extent of letting me carry her books home from school.

From then on I was to some extent aware that the circumstances of my life and of the world about me were subject to change without notice: at intervals I had measles, chicken-pox, whooping-cough and even typhoid which severally altered my status from feeling good to feeling bad and from being up and doing to being sick abed; I grew out of my clothes and had to be bought new ones; I had to pass examinations to get from one grade into another grade; Adley Morris' mule died and Cecil Johnson moved to Louisville.

Yes, I soon began to notice that things weren't what they used to be.

But with this noticing I did not concurrently get the idea, when I wanted a bowl of chile very bad and didn't have a nickel to get one, that the end of all things was a mere matter of moments and that what was about to occur was all on account of the predatory and anti-social antics of Joe who ran the chile parlor. I didn't even think of Joe as a dirty capitalist. Nor as a *petit bourgeois.* Joe made good chile, the best I ever tasted, before or since. I am glad to pay him this humble tribute. I consoled myself with the thought that presently I should be in funds and could blow myself to a large bowl, which cost ten cents.



When I was about twelve I did reach the conclusion once that the jig was up, at least for me. That was when I had gone under again after coming up for the fourth time in a miniature whirlpool while swimming. I had wondered, before being yanked to air by a husky farm-hand, whether my brother George or my brother Henry would inherit my roller skates and how they would divide the Tiger eyes, the Henty and the Alger books.

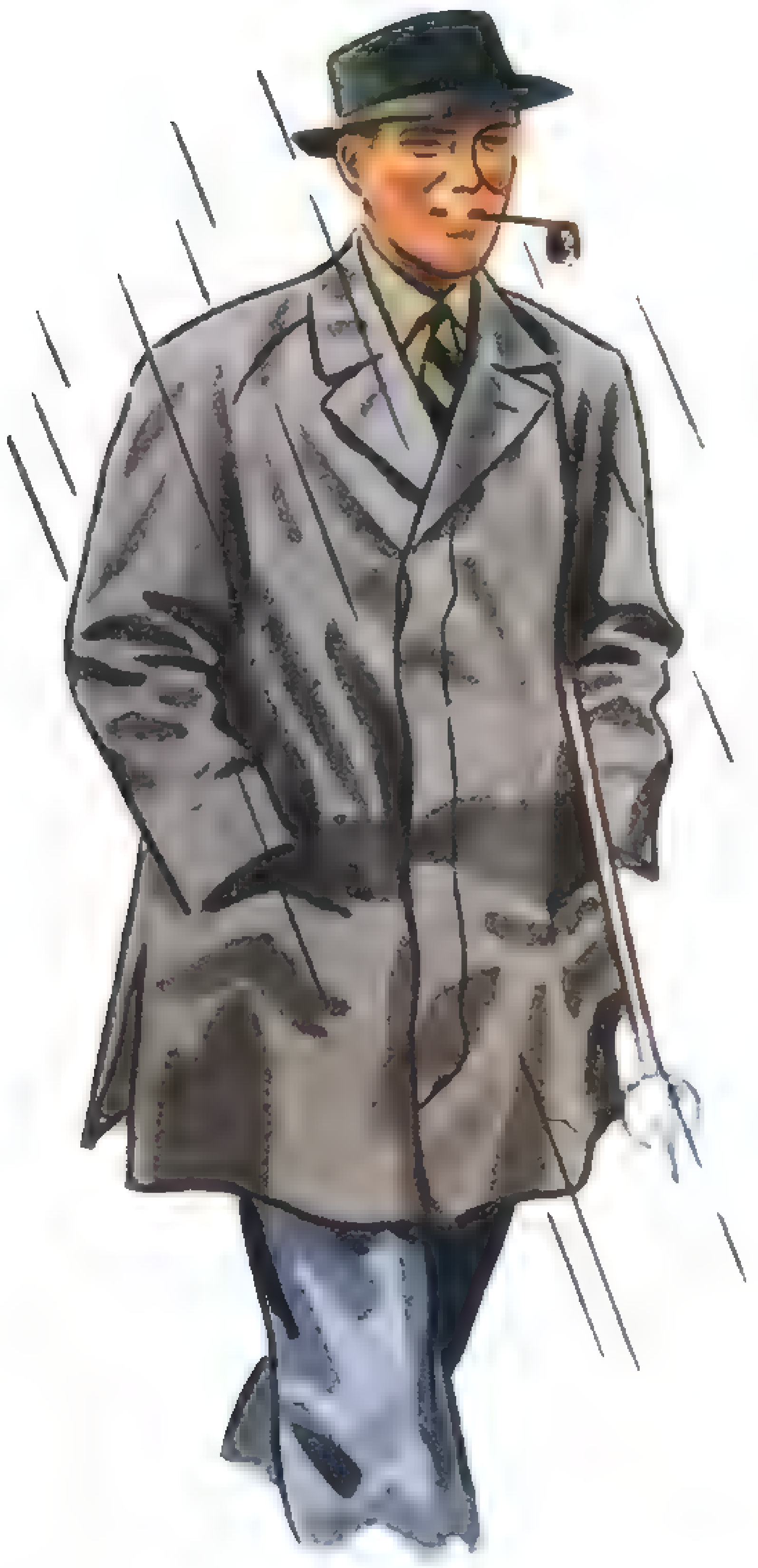
You see, I had heard that when you sink for the third time you drown. Although I had come up for the fourth time I had no personal data to offer in disproof of this axiom because I was demonstrably going down for the fifth time and I was reluctant to believe that I should prove to be a violation of a commonly accepted law of physics.

My logic was not very agile at the age of twelve. My credulity was as bland as that of a Neo-Humanist or of an American tourist in Germany who thinks Hitler has accomplished great things or of an Intourist visitor to Russia who is all aflutter over the sight of Russian women at work as iron moulders "with a gleam of the future in their eager eyes" or of an American visitor to Italy who has heard that under Mussolini Italian trains run on schedule and who argues therefore that Mussolini is hot stuff. I was then at about the mental age my literary pals, Kyle Chrichton and Clifton Fadiman, will be when they are fifty-five.

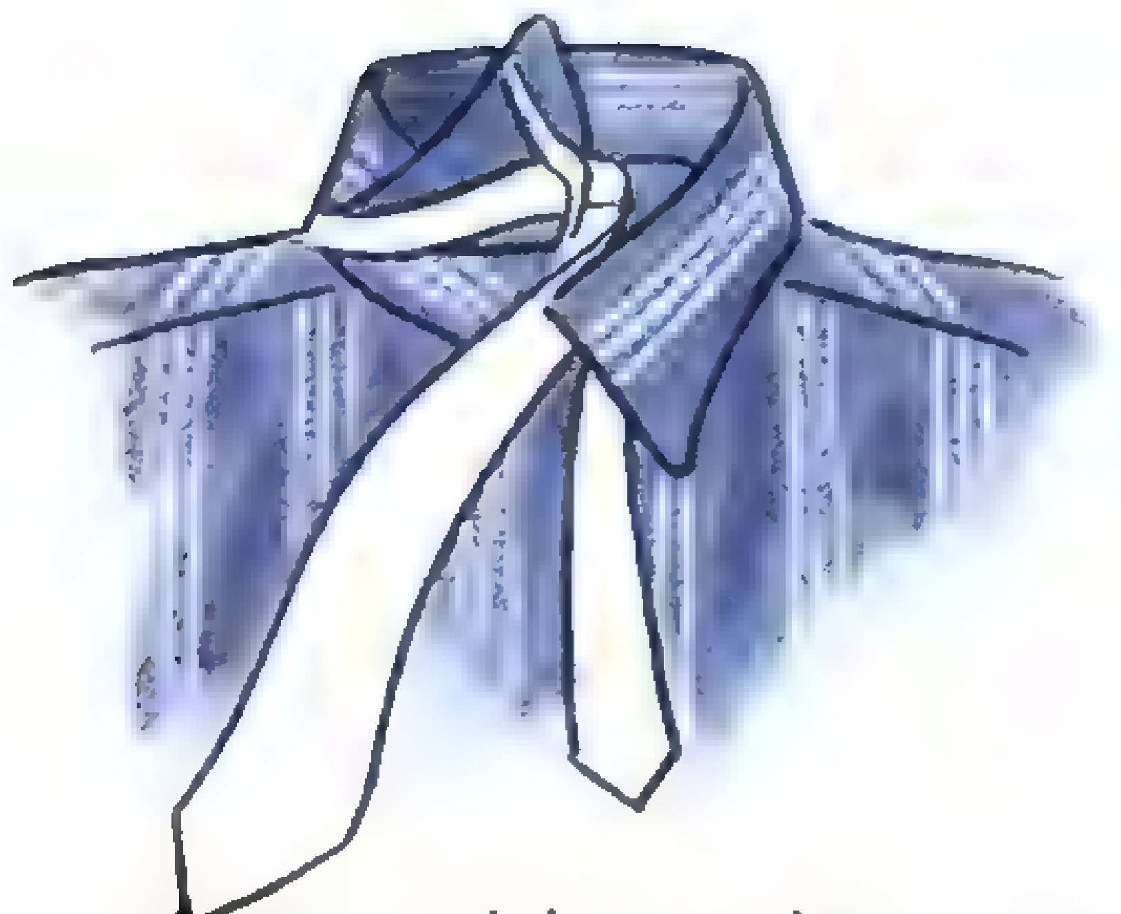
Some of our eminent thinkers apparently haven't been through any such experiences as those I have just encountered. I wonder how they lived when they were kids. In what vacuums did they conceive the delusion that they can foretell the future? How can any one be so silly as to say that Western Civilization is done for, or that Europe is in a state of collapse, or that Society is breaking down everywhere, or that there are only two issues facing the world, Fascism and Communism? And yet balloons-full of this bosh is breathed through the beards and false whiskers of professional prophets on every side. Their wails are beginning to sound like the choruses of the senile in Aristophanic comedy.

These wails burst in loud obs and sols, as old Sir Thomas Browne hath it, in *Breakdown* by Robert Briffault, a book of Jeremiads issued in 1932 for the Union Square trade and so neglected by its proper constituents that it is now reissued to appeal to the dirty capitalists who are pretty sure to be buying Briffault's *Europa* in vast numbers. Add it to your collection of literary curiosa, if you are

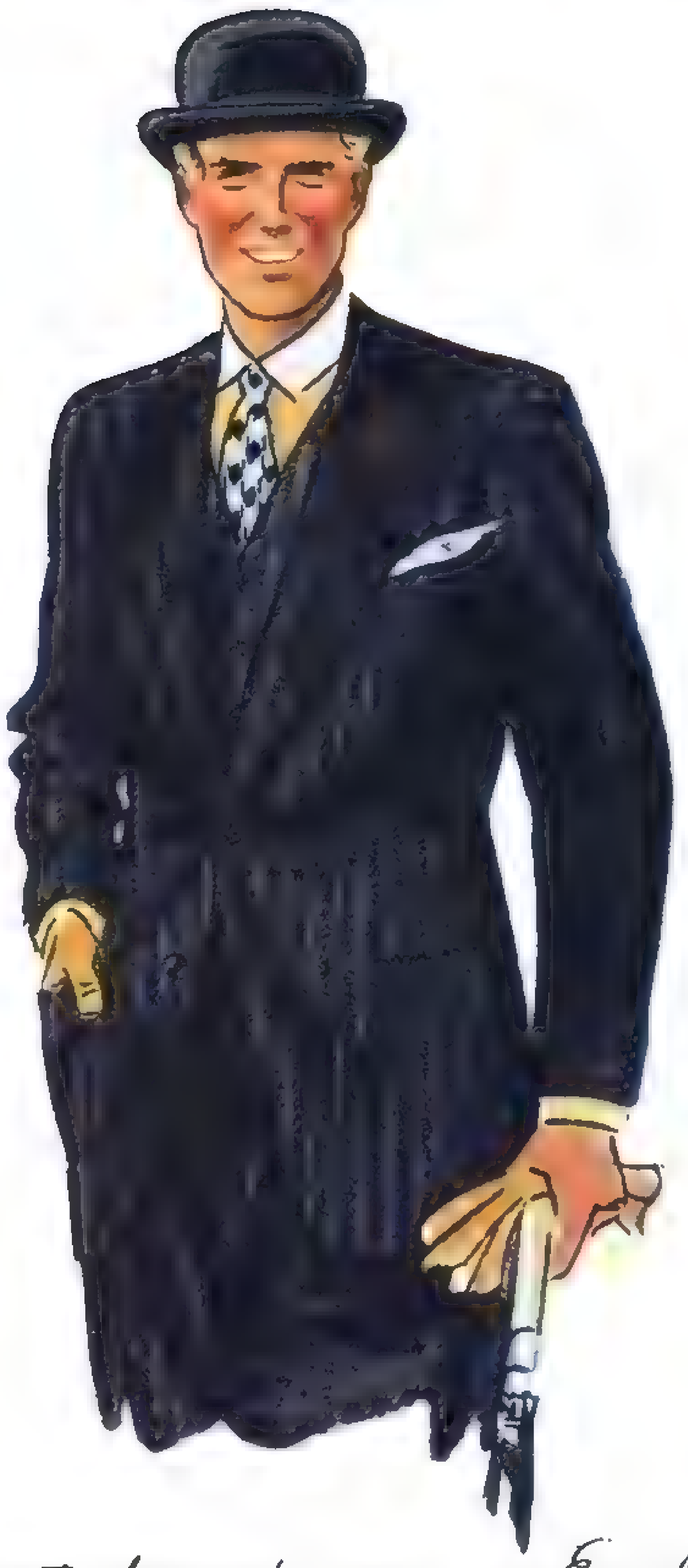
Continued in center of page 199



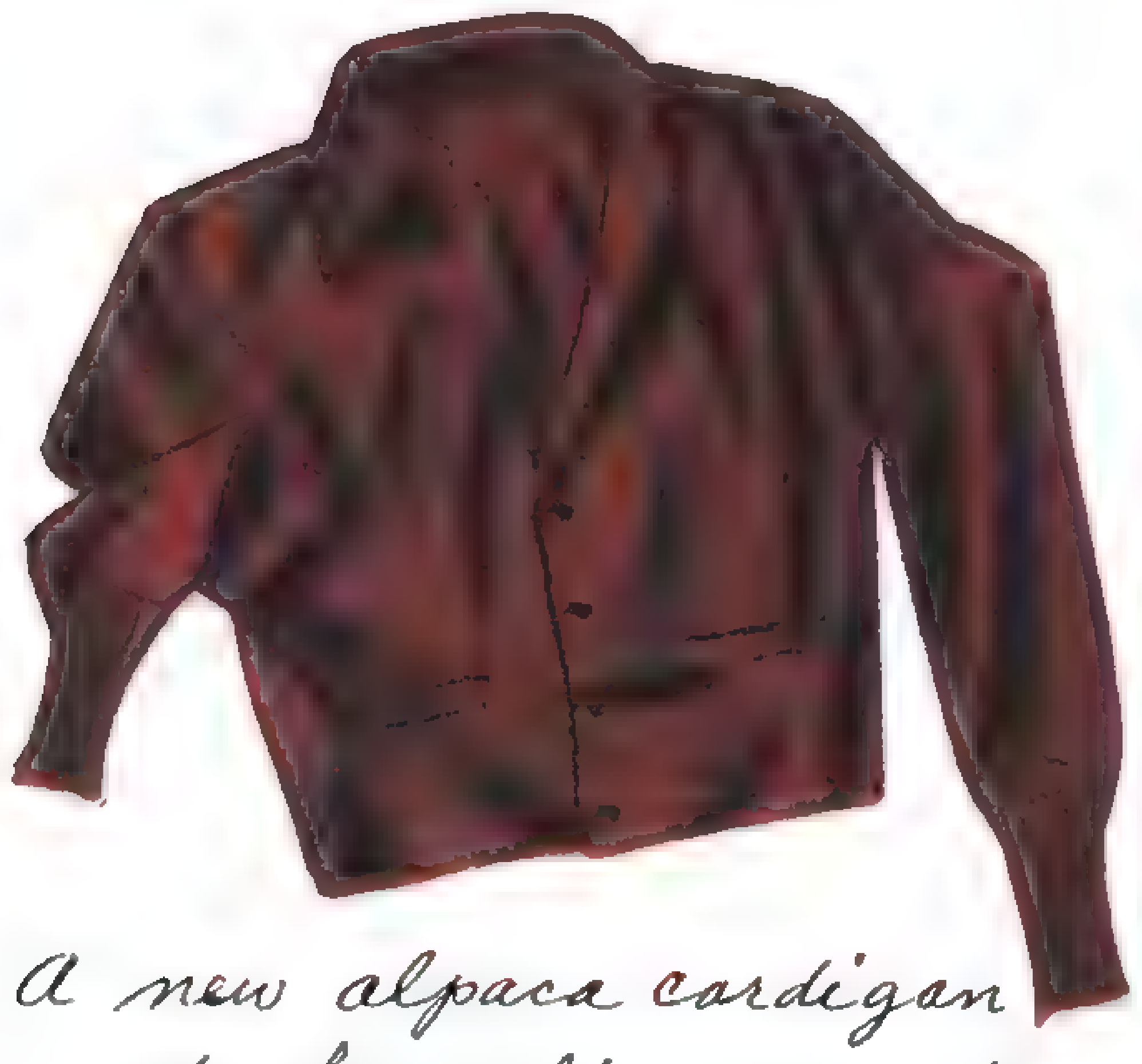
The new short rain coat
with side vents for country
spectator wear — Muirfield,
Scotland



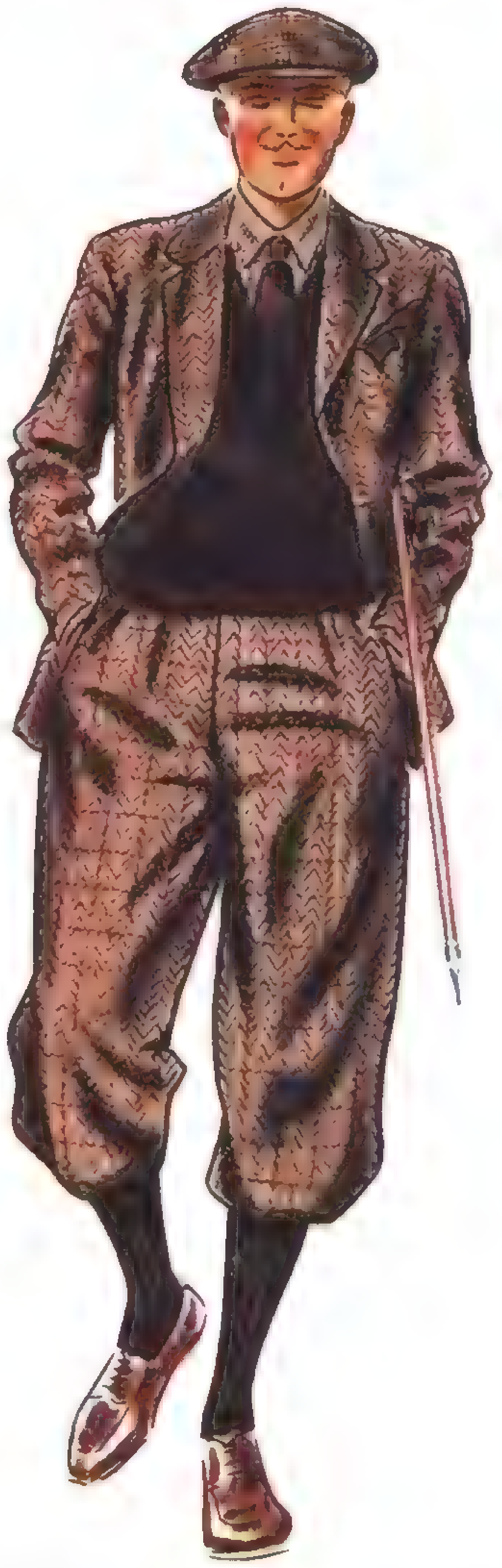
Broadcloth shirt with satin
stripes and the new English
slotted collar that keeps the
knot and collar always in
position



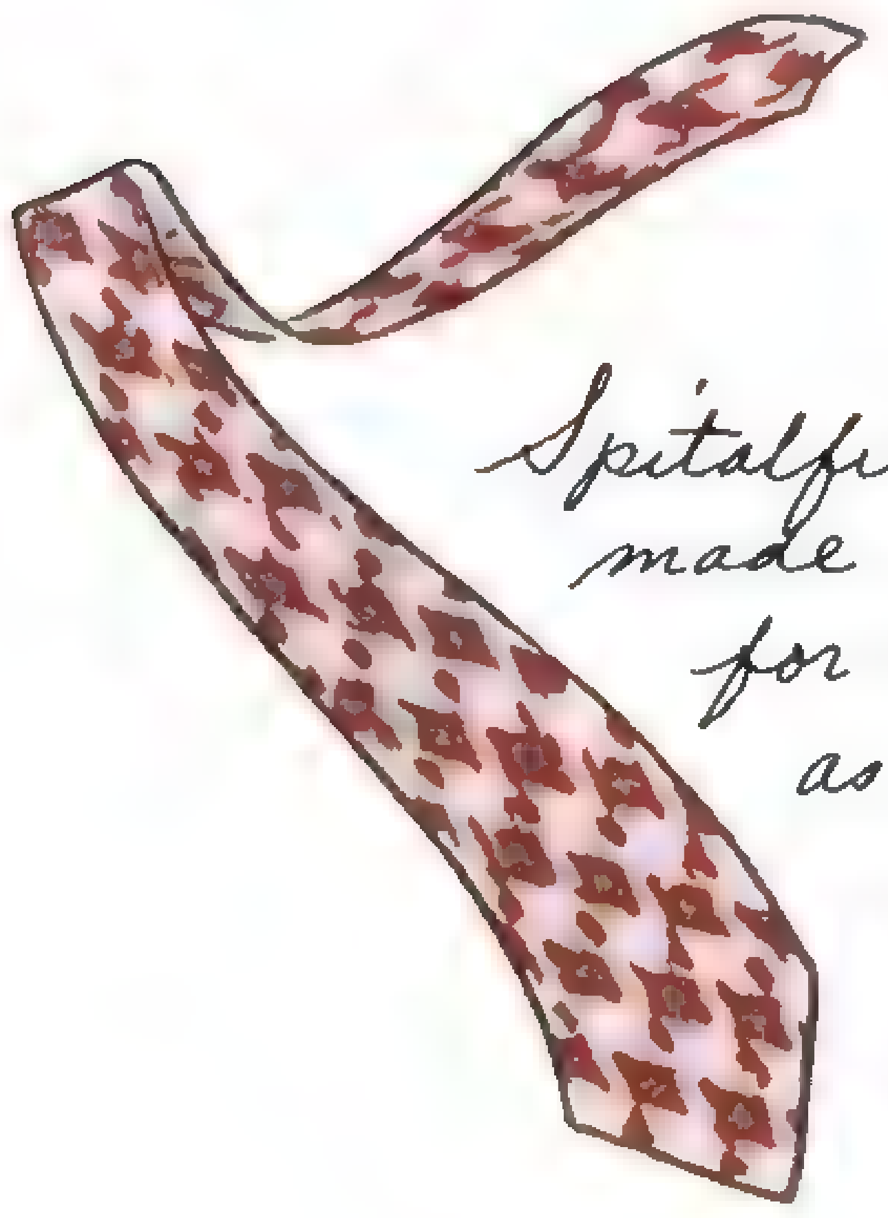
The best dressed men in England
are wearing the single breasted
two button peak lapel coat
that is cut away in the front
and has its fullness under the
arms. Bond St., London.



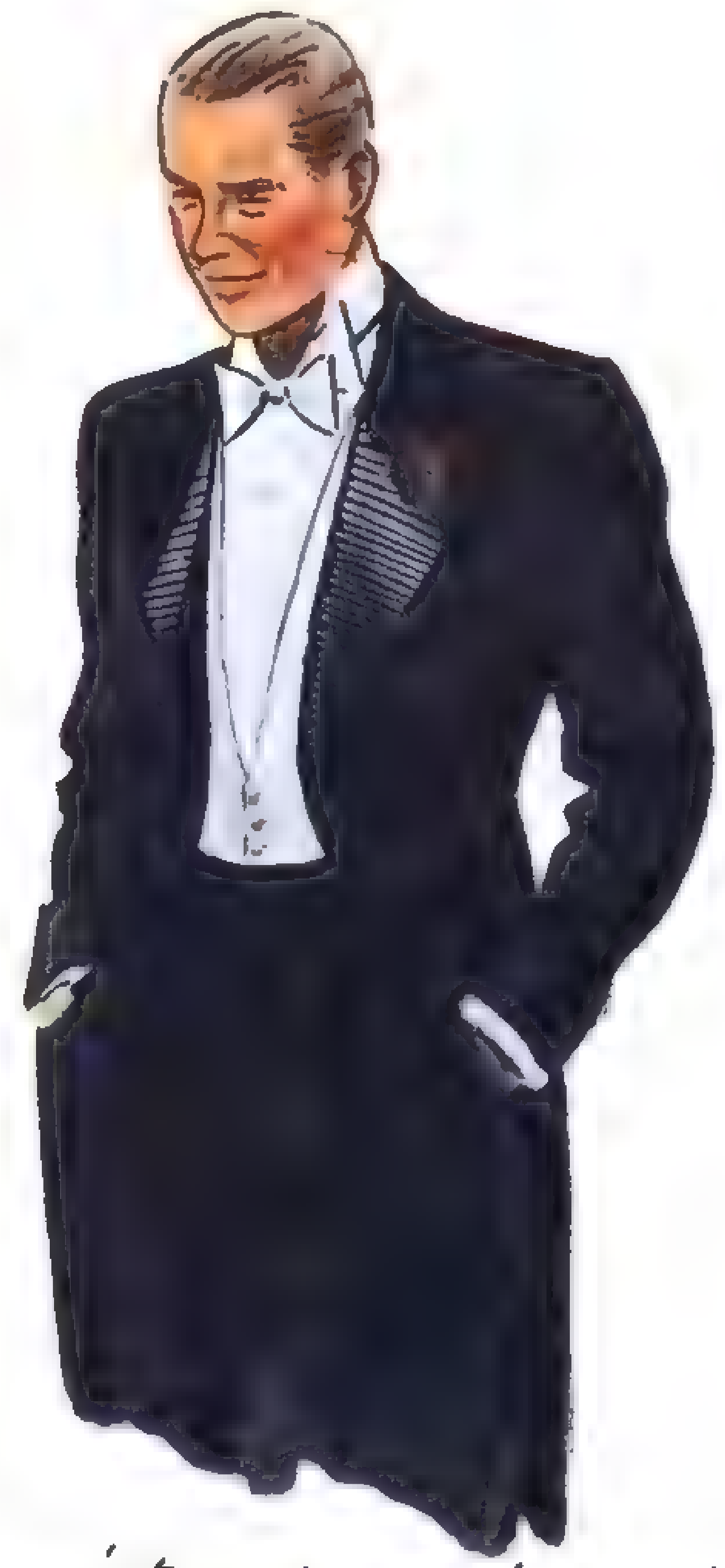
A new alpaca cardigan
made for golf — seen at
Muirfield, Scotland.



85% of the golfers and spectators
at the British Open wore knickers,
very often with jackets to match —

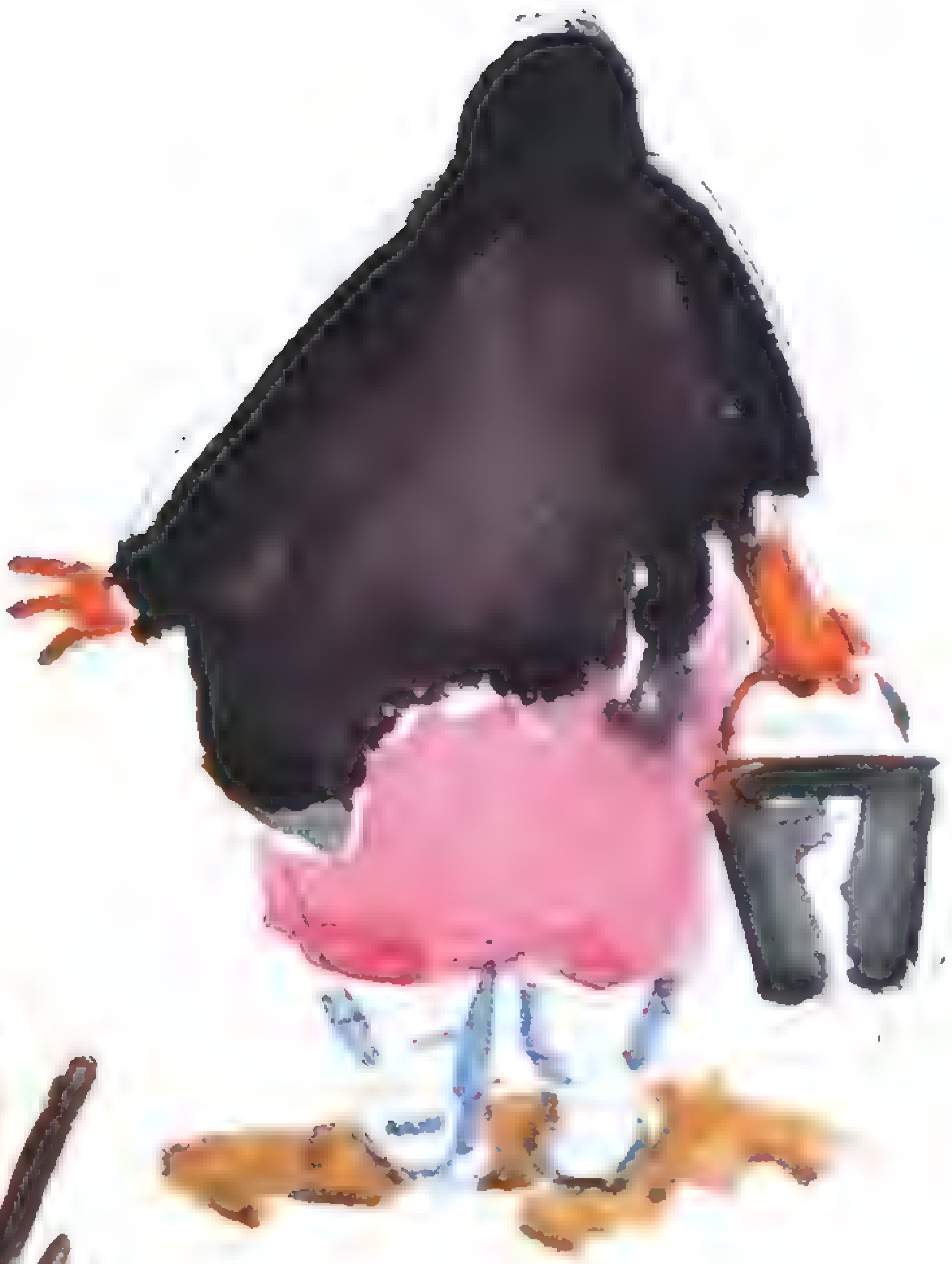


Spitalfield hound's tooth tie
made in the large shape
for the widespread collar —
as worn by the
Duke of Kent —

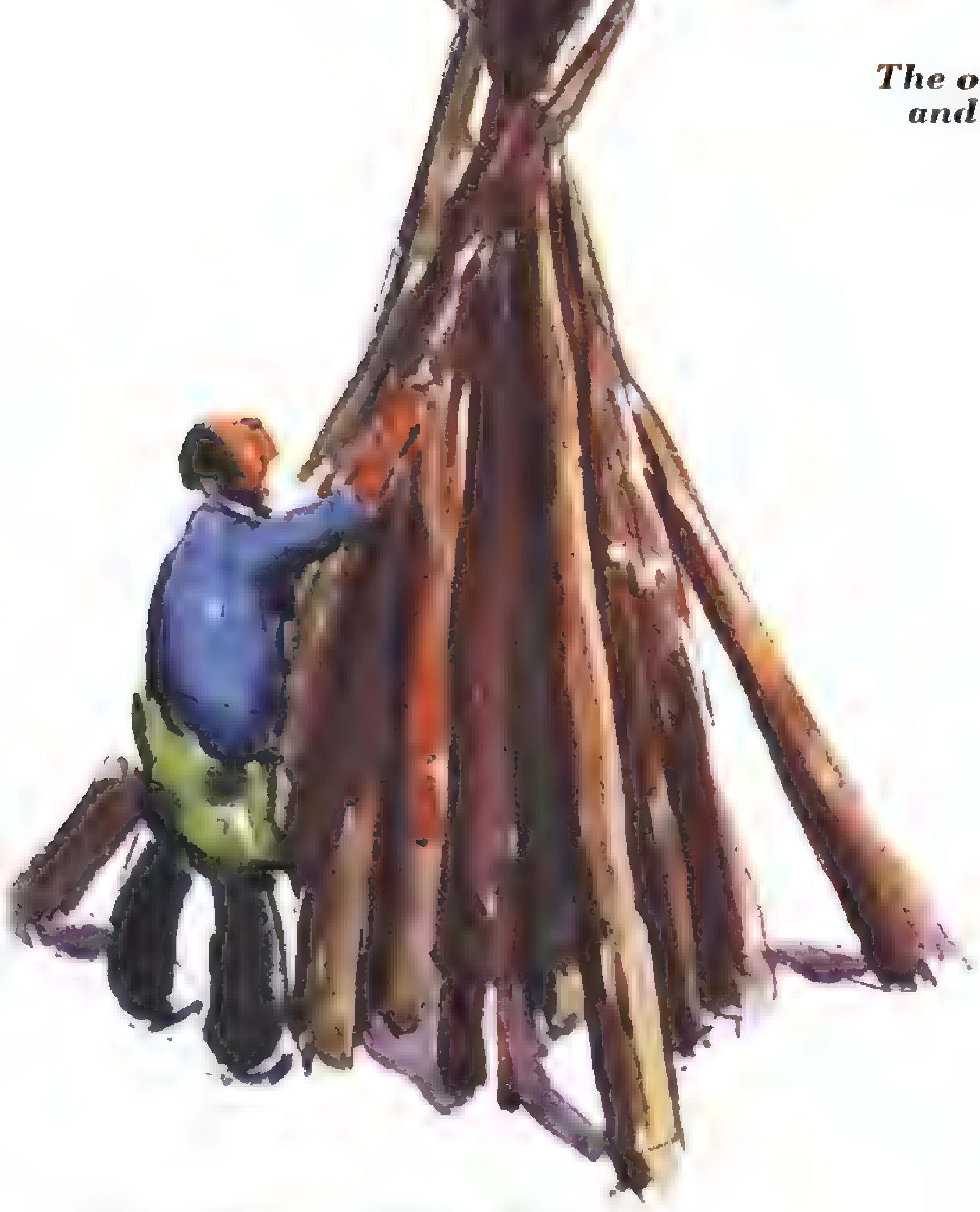


The new waistcoat without the
lapels was recently made for
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Newest
boutonniere — Indian windflower
made of feathers. Tailcoat —
by tailor to H.R.H. Prince of Wales
Embassy Club
London

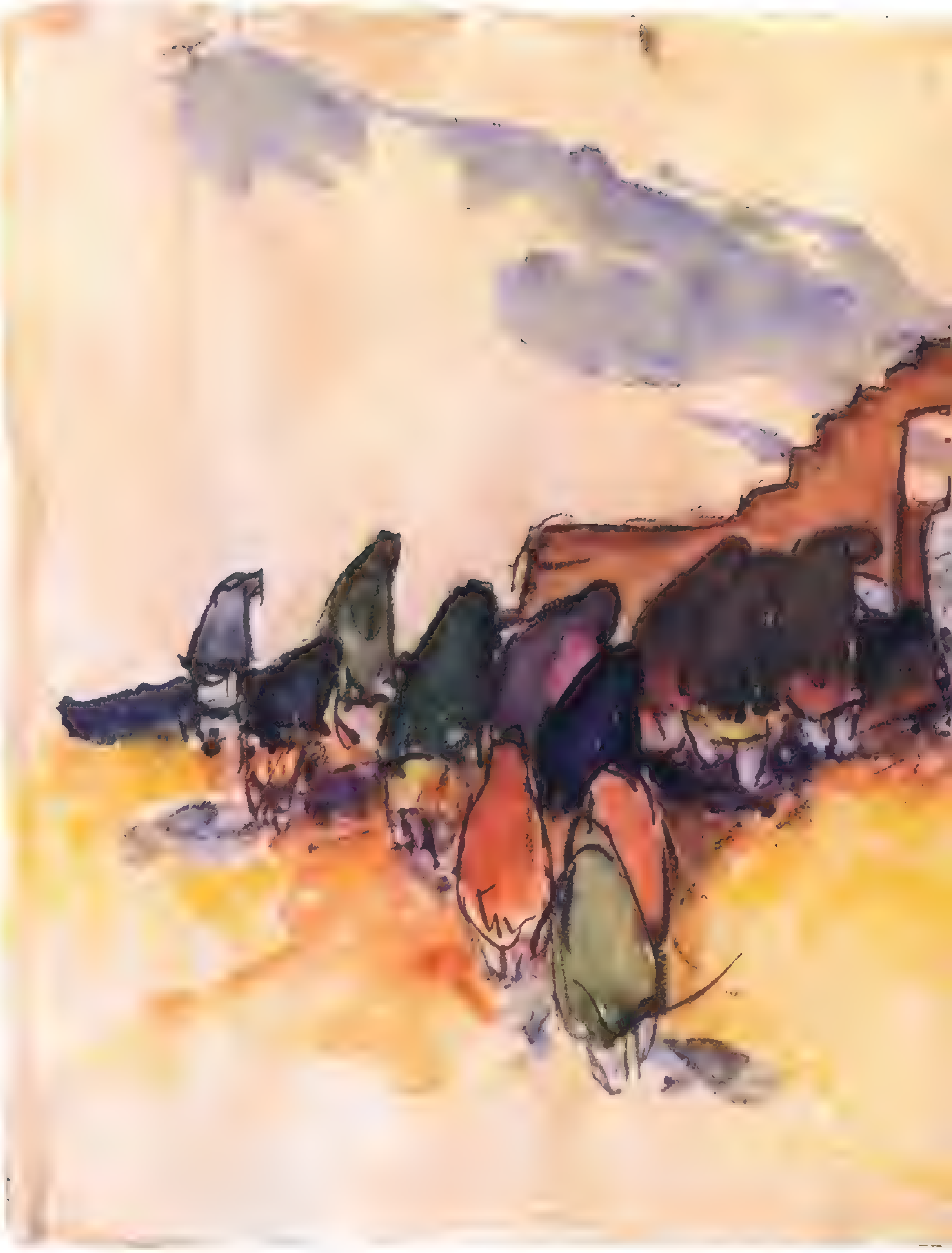
Robert Goodman



The only hewers of wood and drawers of water

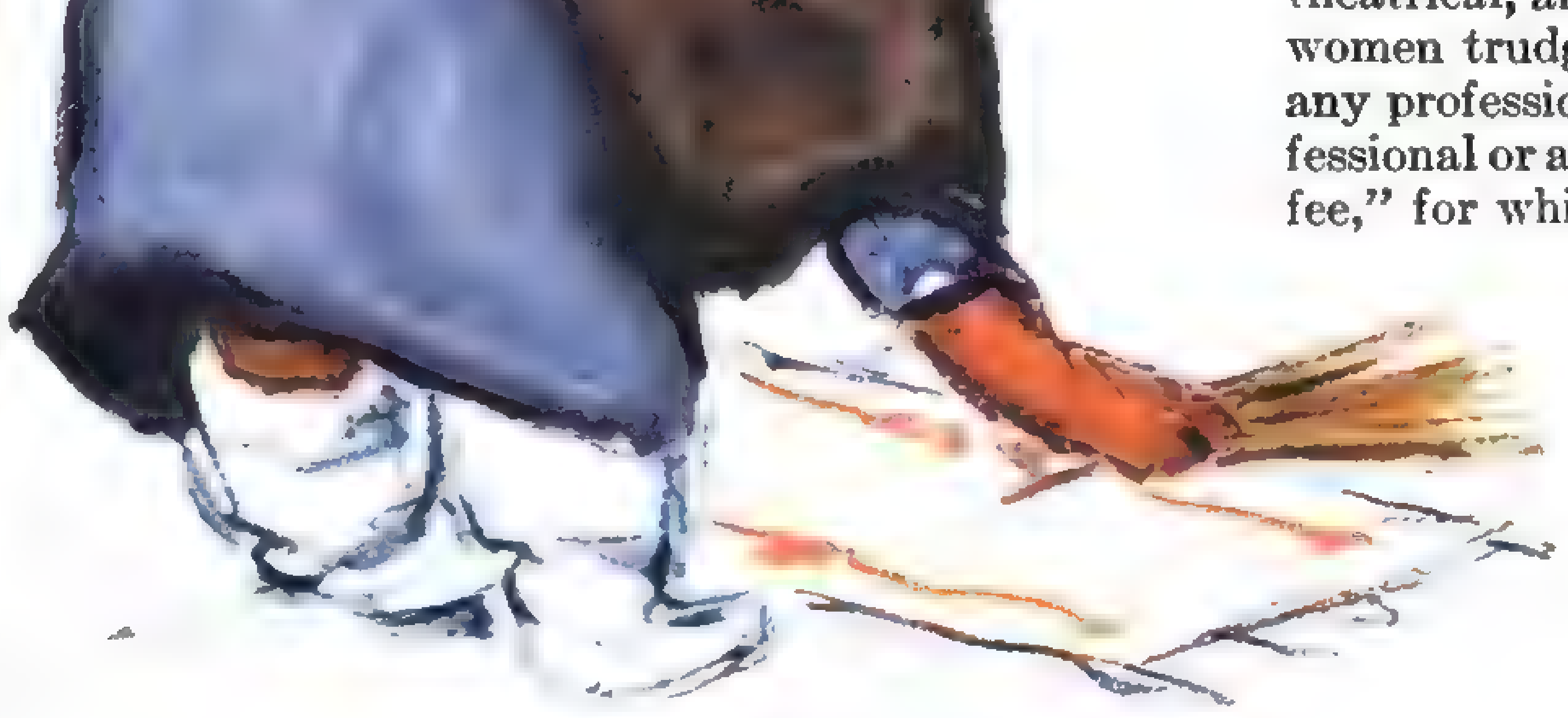


Curing fence posts in the sun



RESERVATION AT TAOS—

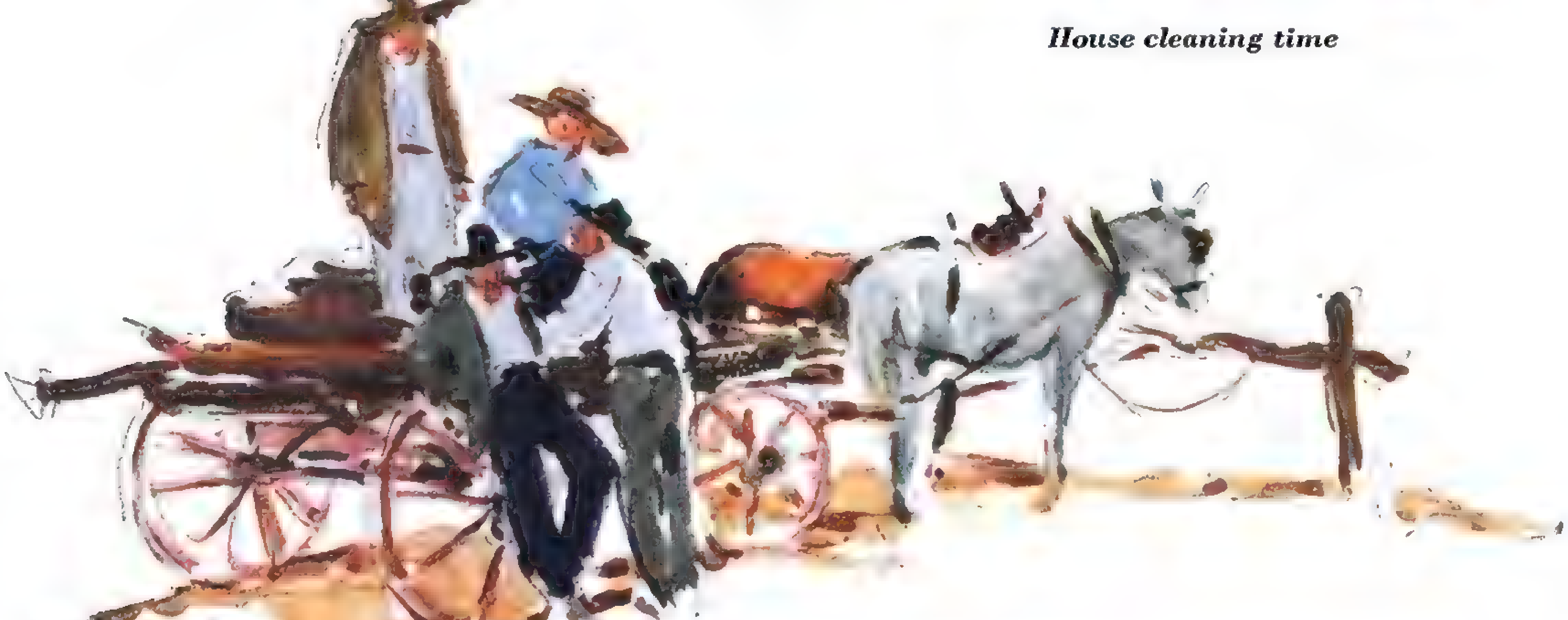
THE Indians in Taos, most beautiful spot in the west, are professionally picturesque. The reservation is a magnet for tourists, and the Indians are posedly and ostentatiously unaware of their constant audience of white visitors. There is something theatrical, and actor-like, in the way the men loaf about, and the women trudge away at their work. The Indians are as cagey as any professional models, whenever artists or photographers, professional or amateur, show up. They make you pay a "registration fee," for which you are permitted to photograph inanimate ob-



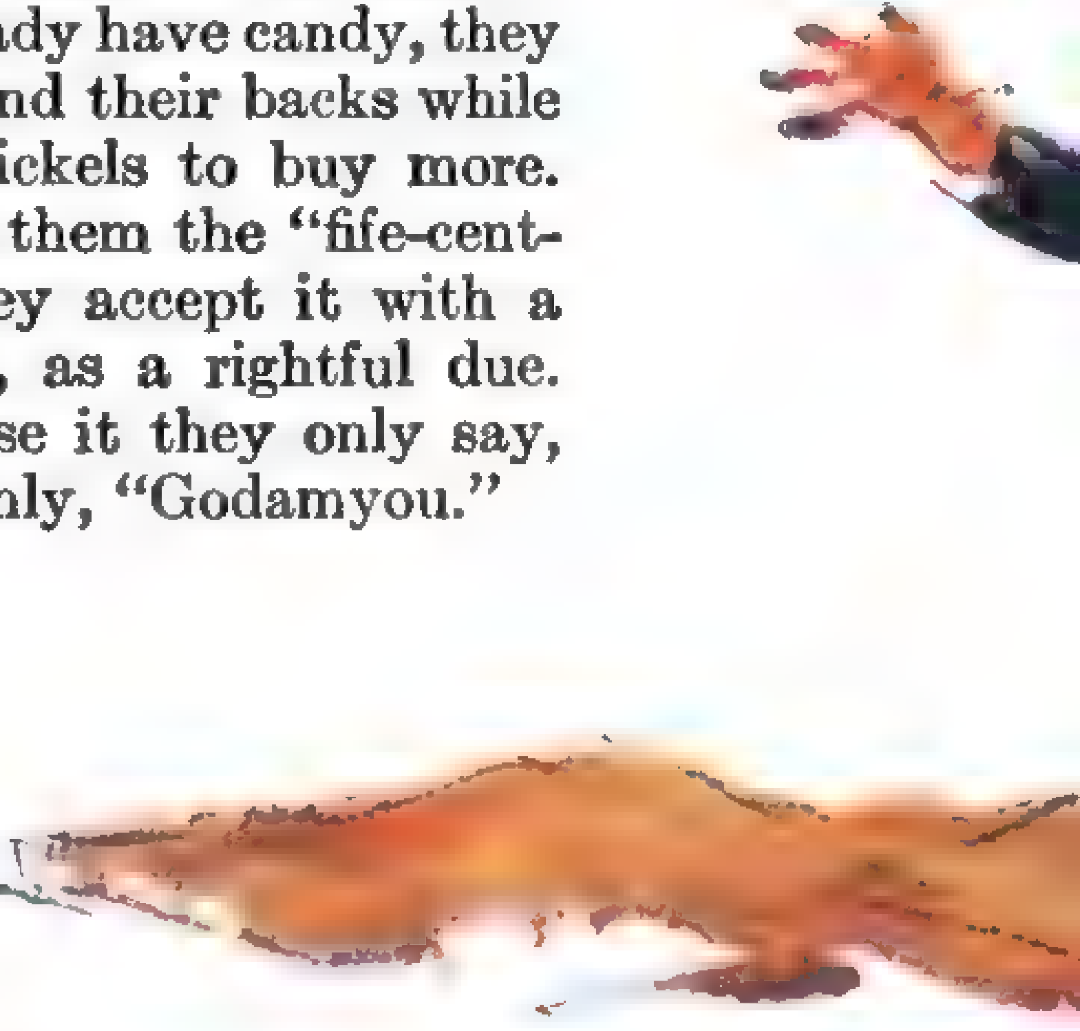
House cleaning time

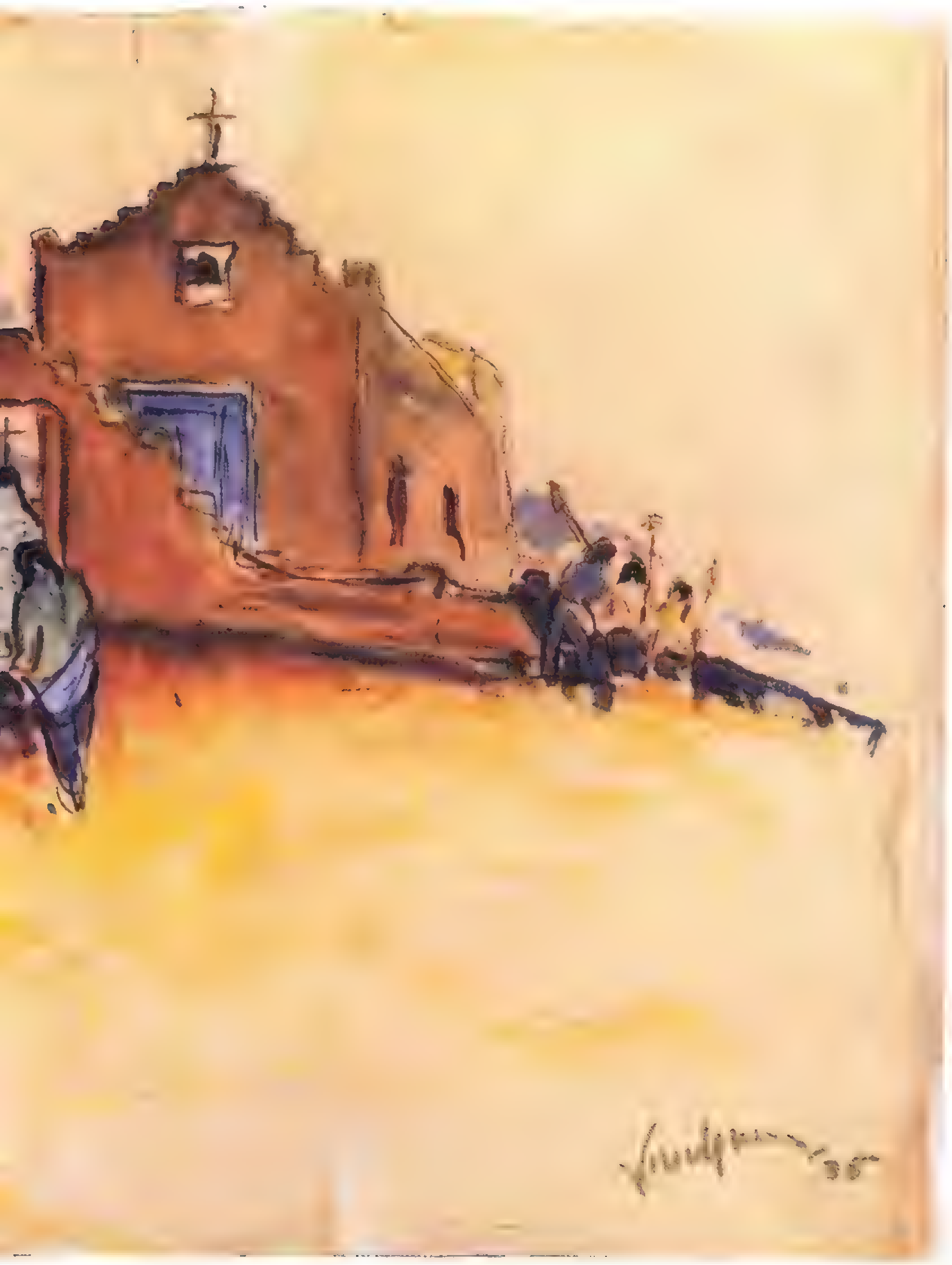
Fife-Cent-Penny

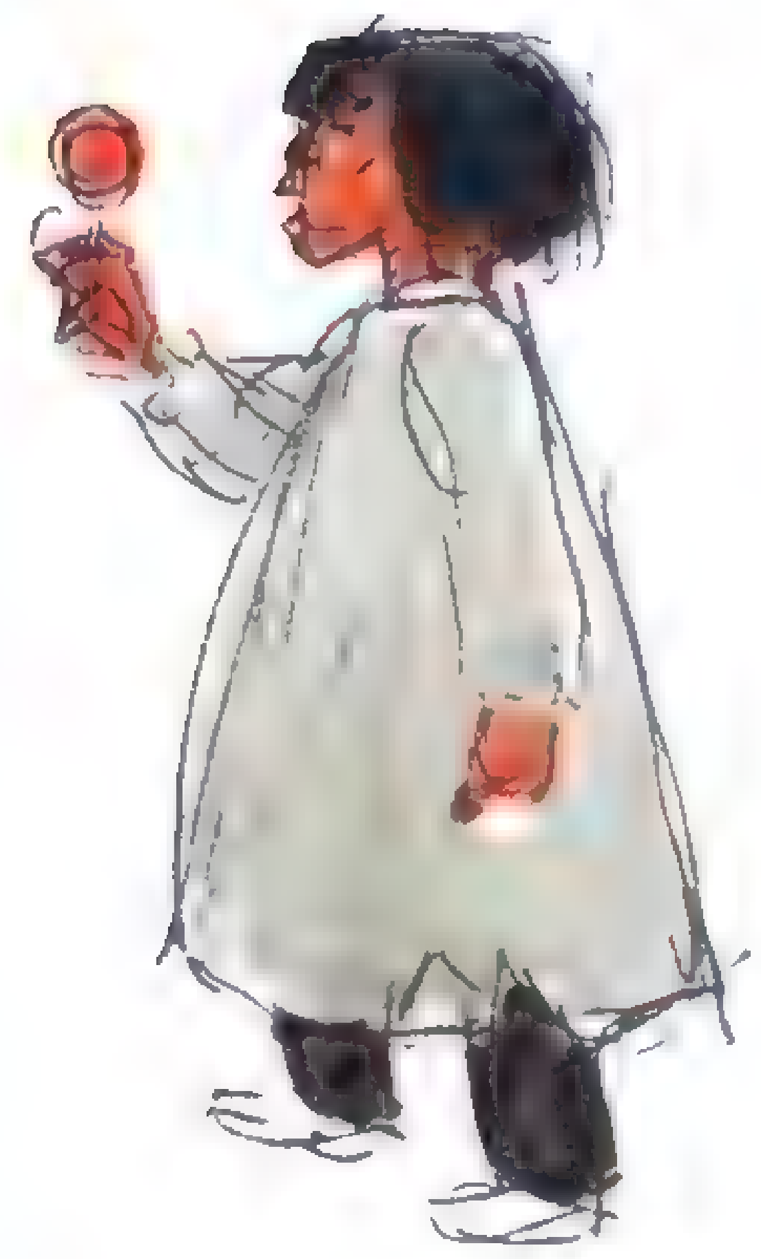
"Please, mister, fife-cent-penny"—thus the Indian kids beg for a nickel to buy candy. If they already have candy, they hide it behind their backs while they beg nickels to buy more. If you give them the "fife-cent-penny," they accept it with a stolid stare, as a rightful due. If you refuse it they only say, very woodenly, "Godamyou."



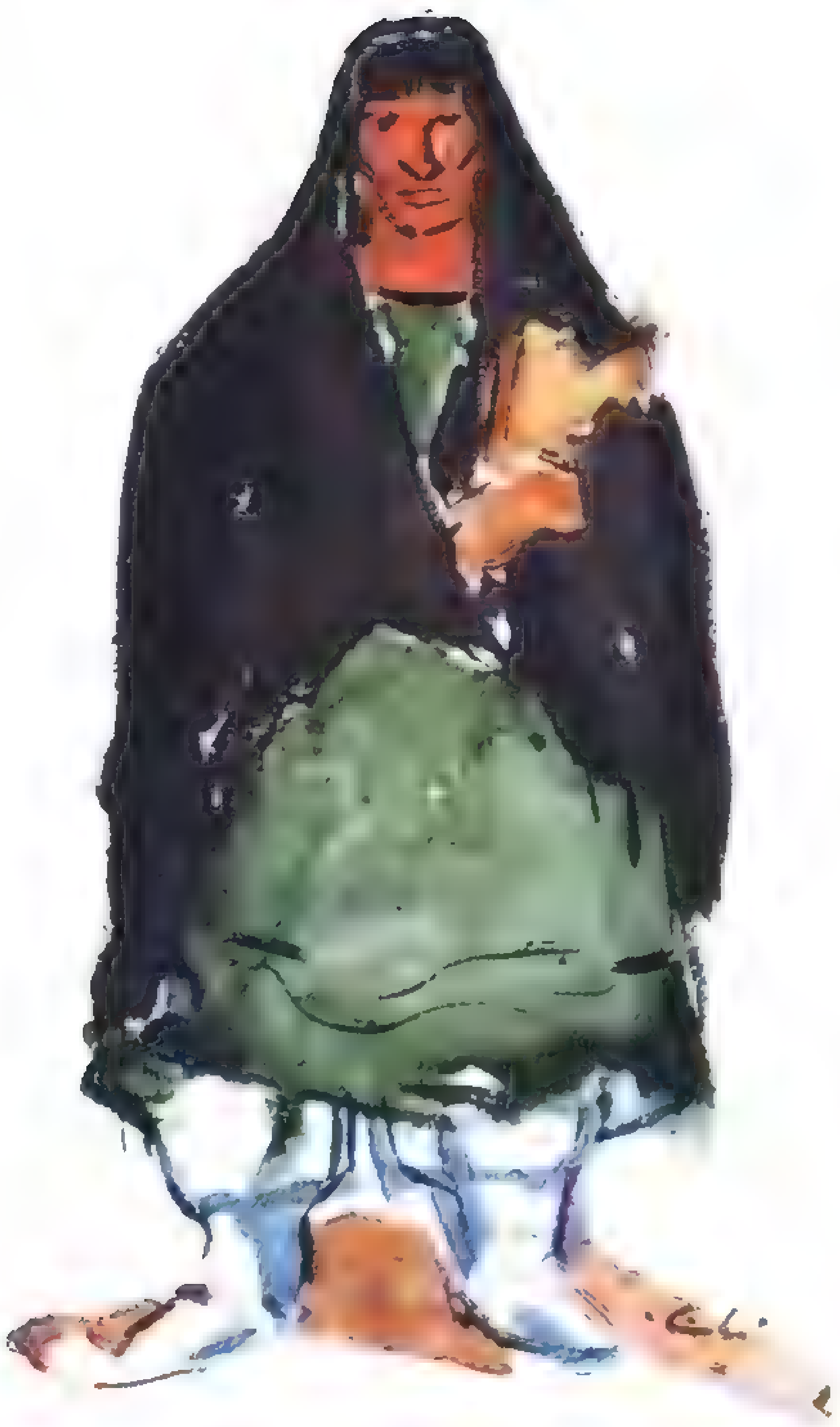
Conversation at the hitching post



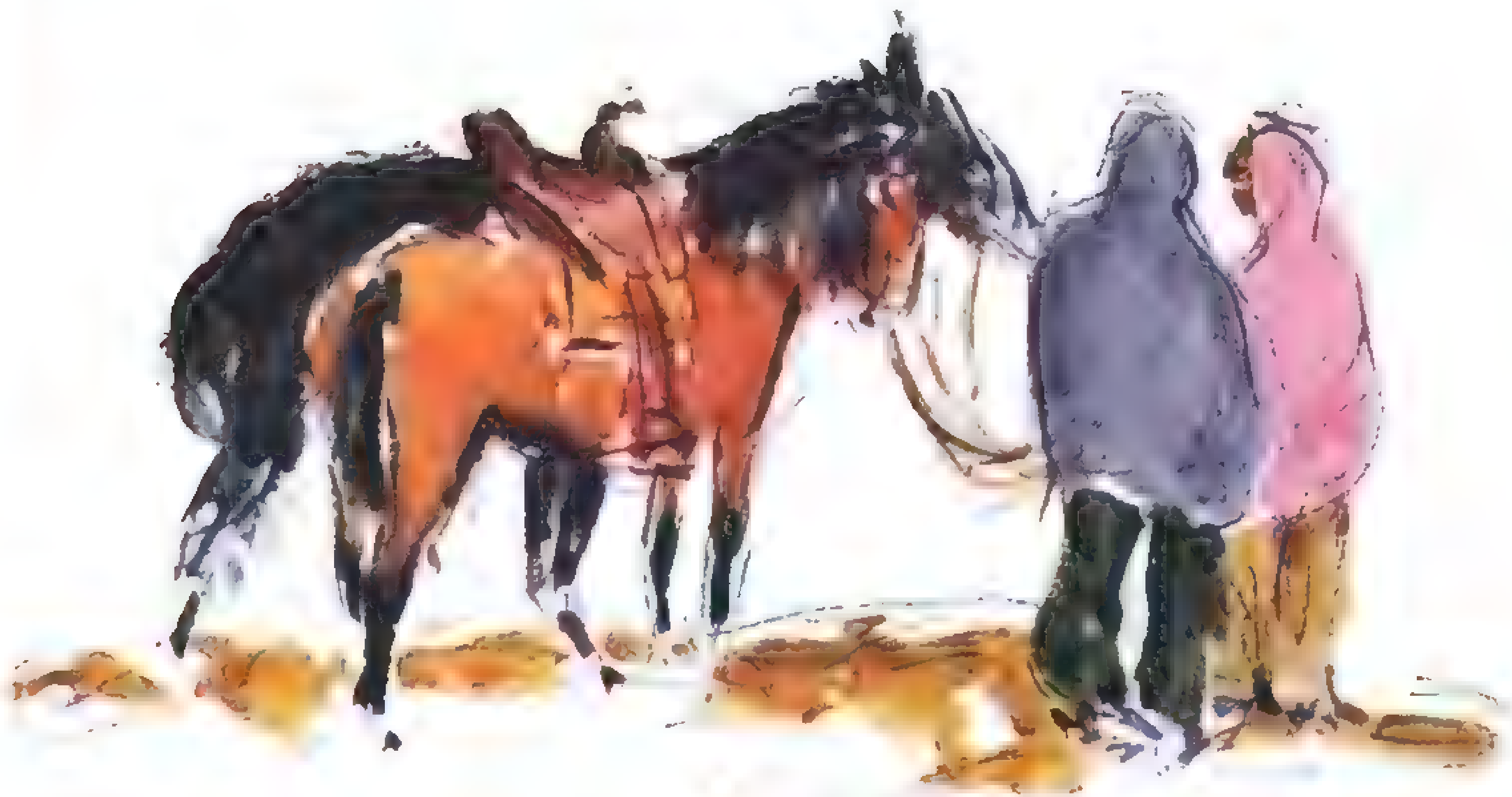




Dividend from a fife-cent-penny



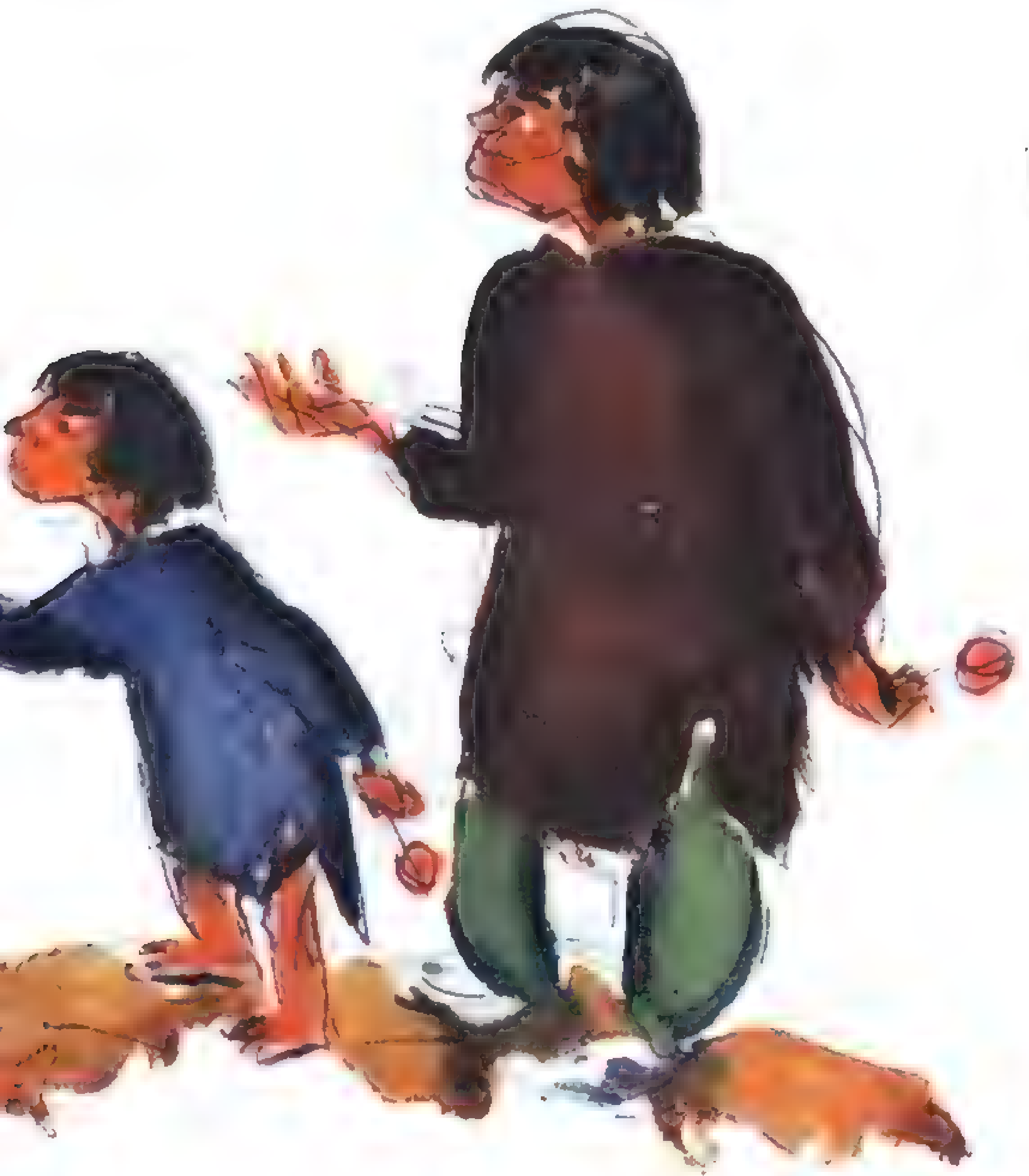
Homeward from the market

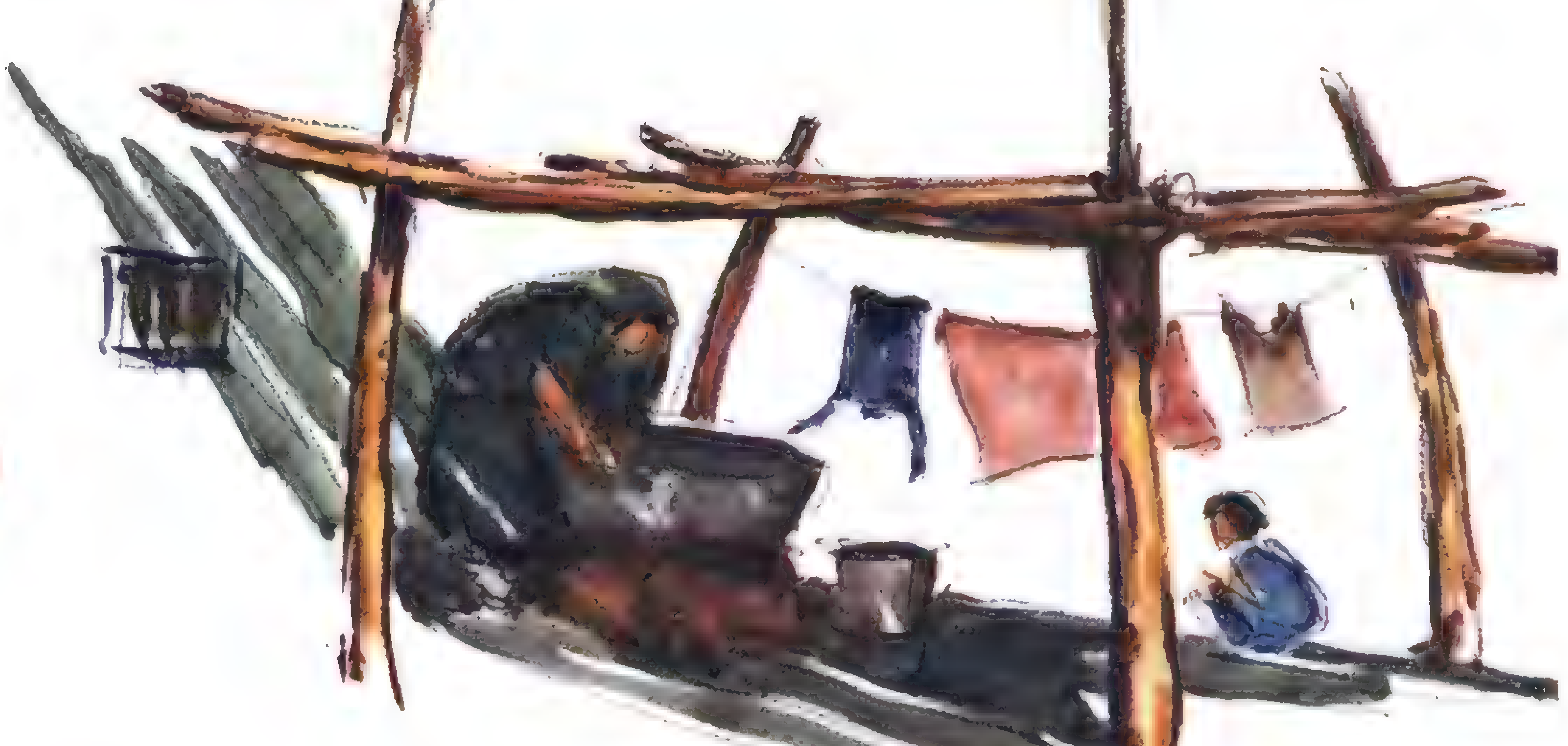


Everybody works but father

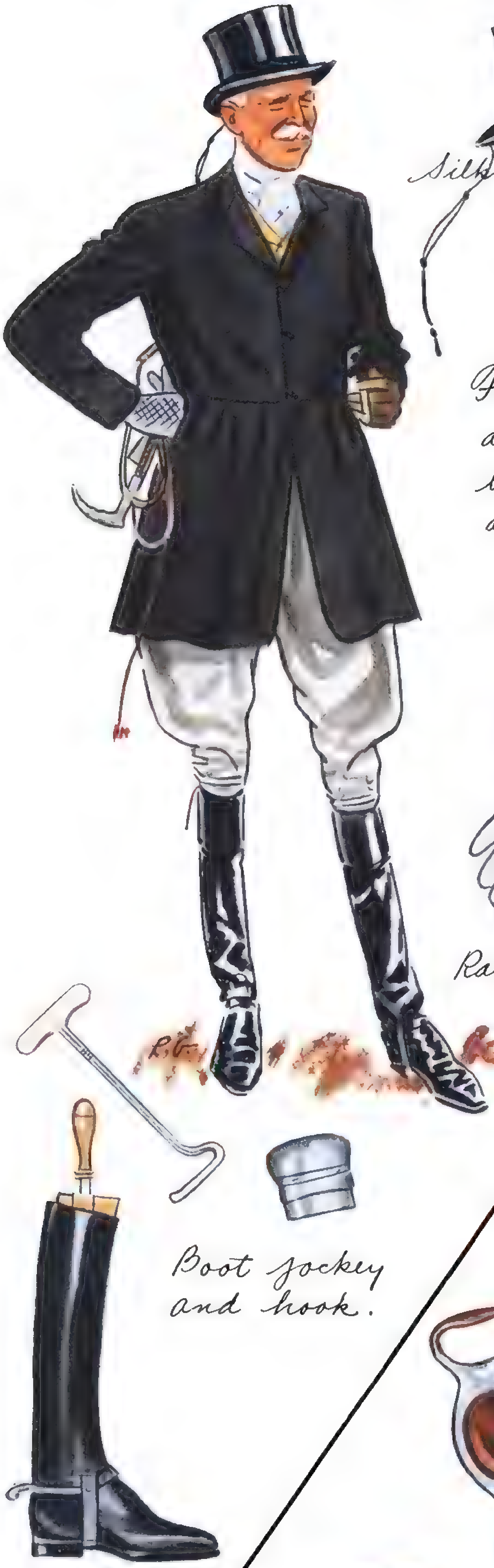
Indian Sketches *by* ERIC LUNDGREN

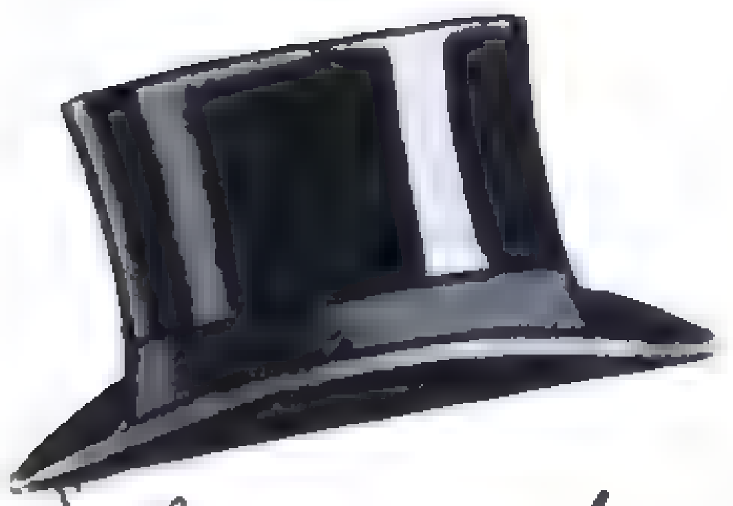
jects only. Then you must bargain individually with everyone you want to sketch or photograph. Even with those who "accidentally" insert themselves into the scene of a snapshot. You can't blame the Indians, though, for working the whites for as much as they can get out of them. Their life is as unnatural, in its lack of privacy, as that of animals in a zoo. In the center panel, a baby has died, and a pathetic procession winds up toward the church. All through the rite a bell tolls, plaintively. The grave diggers are waiting, their work half-done, for God's last word to be said.



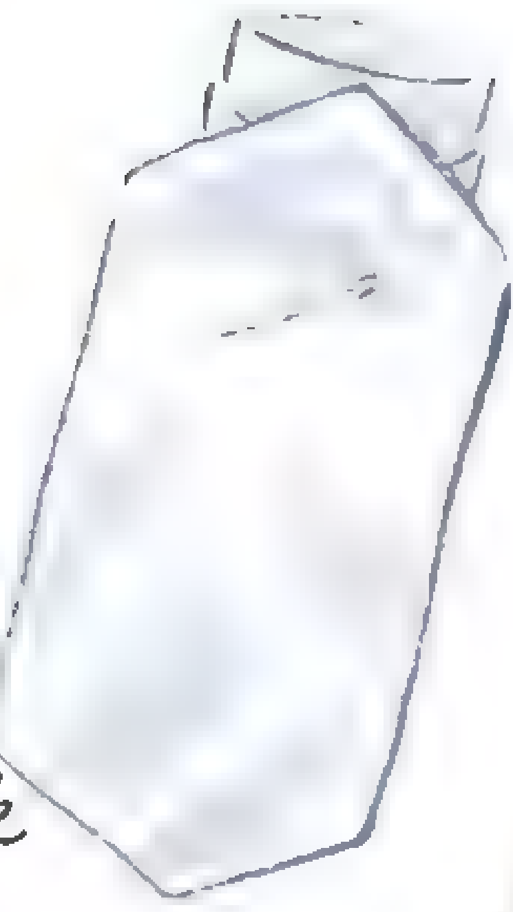


The family wash

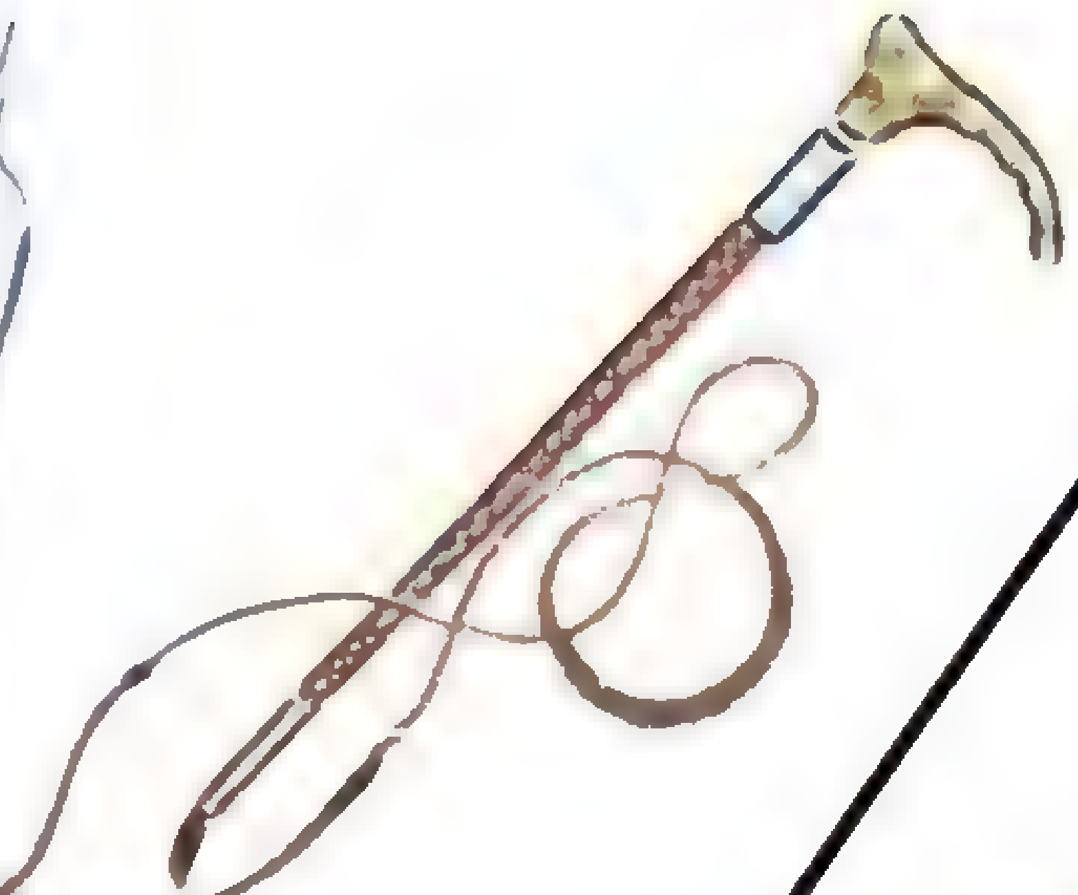




Silk hunting hat

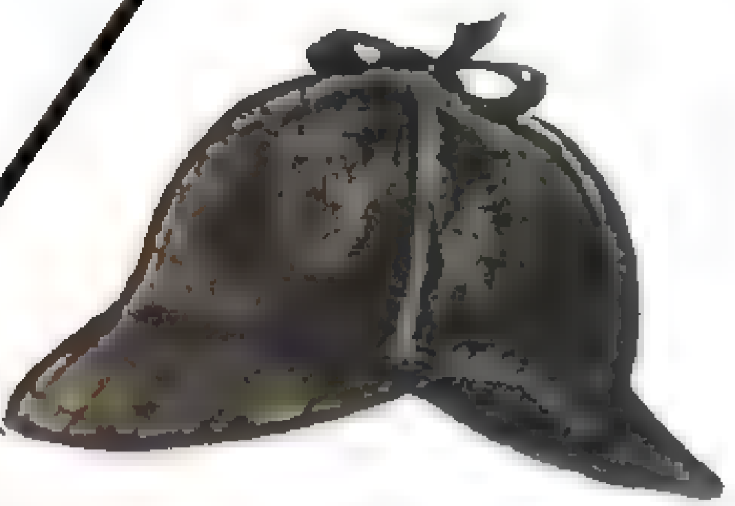


White stock

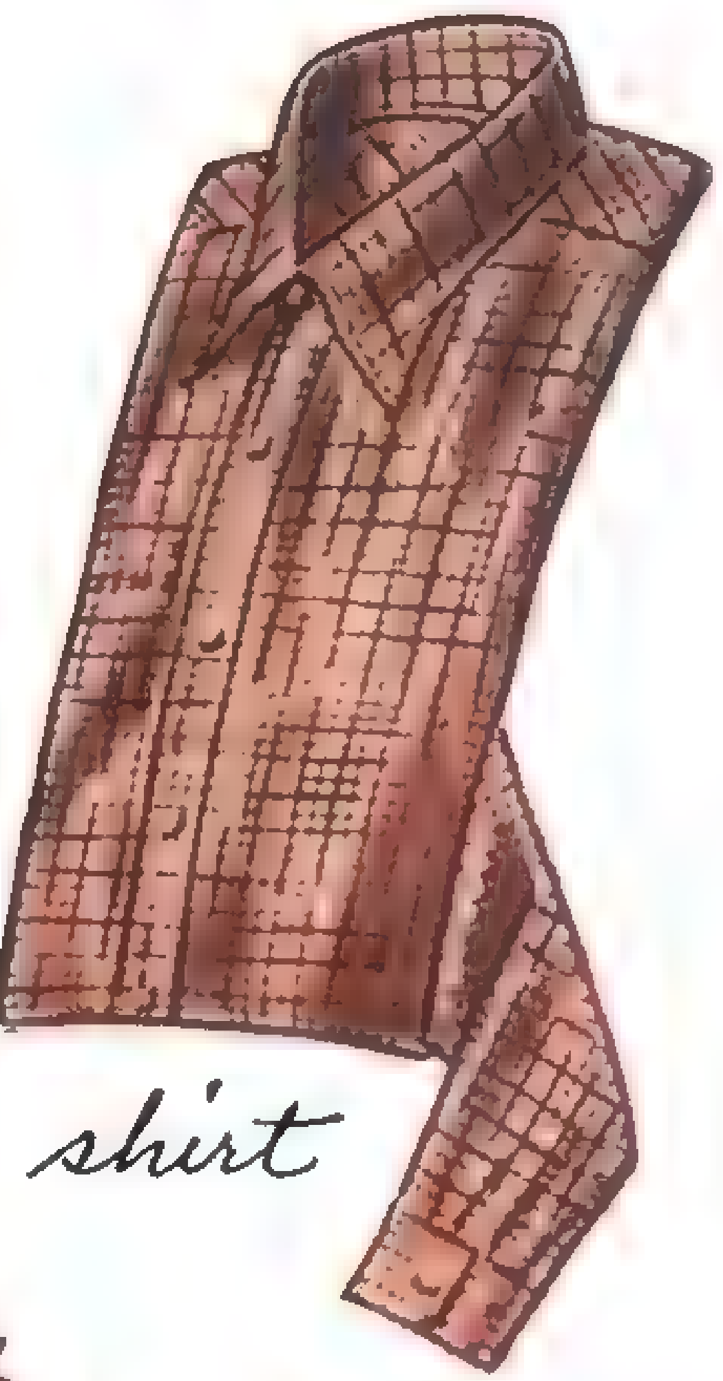


Bone handled crop

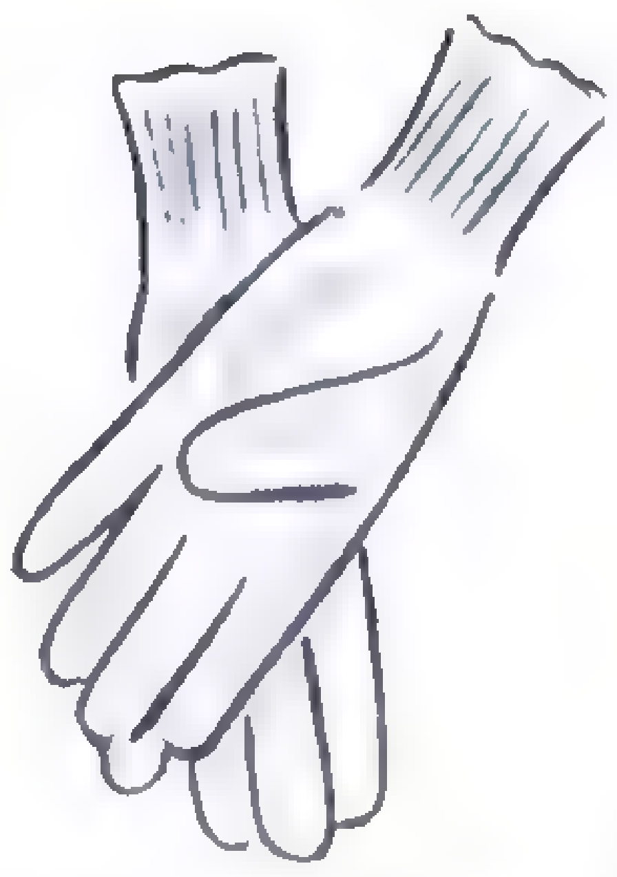
Followers of the Hunt should always pay respect to the M.F.H. by turning out in silk hat and top boots—



Deer stalker tweed hat



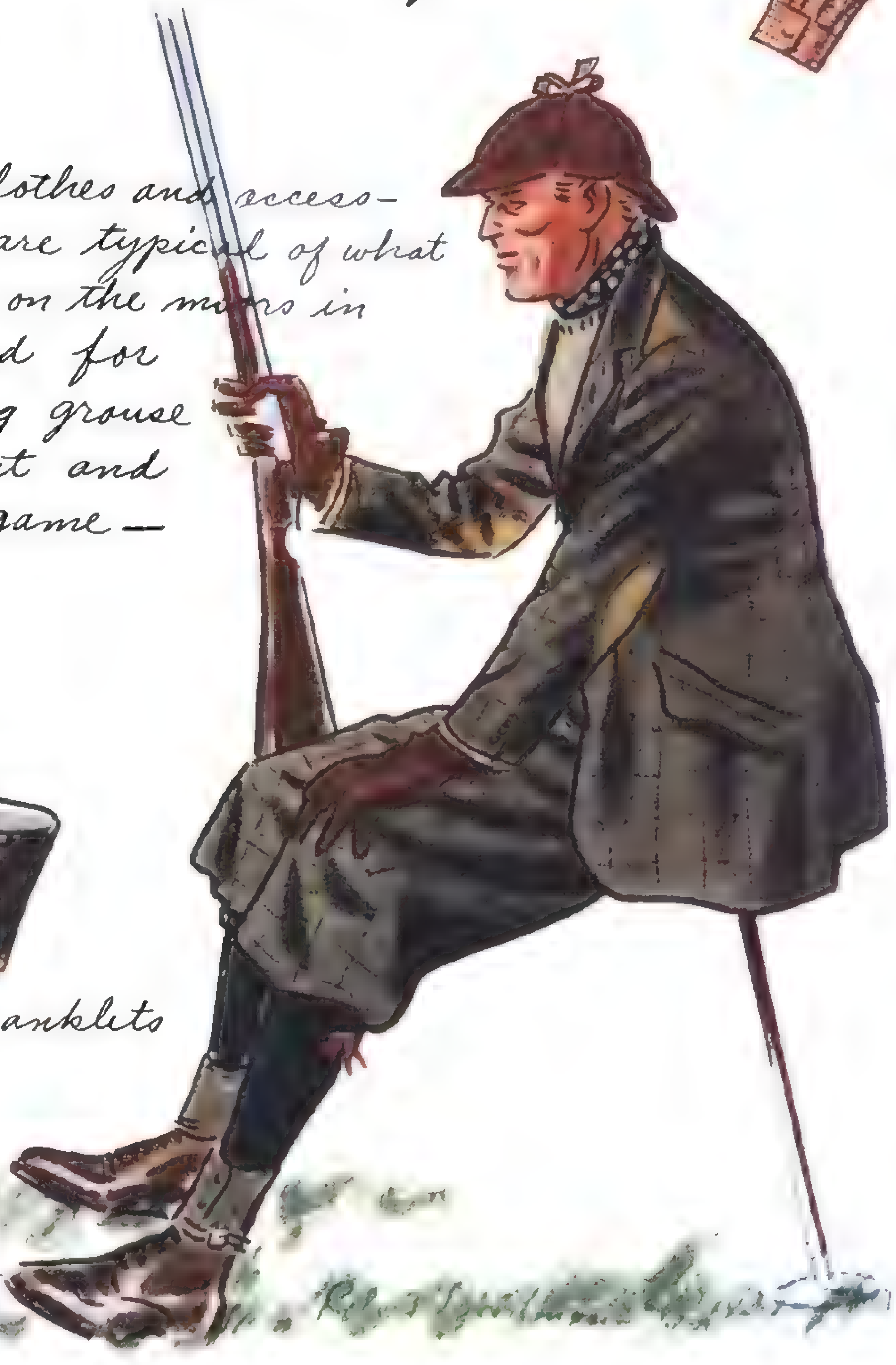
check flannel shirt

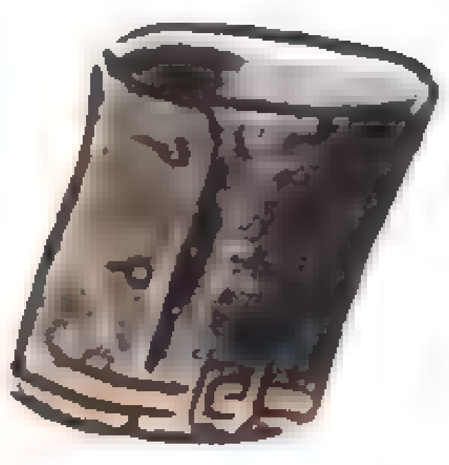


Rain gloves

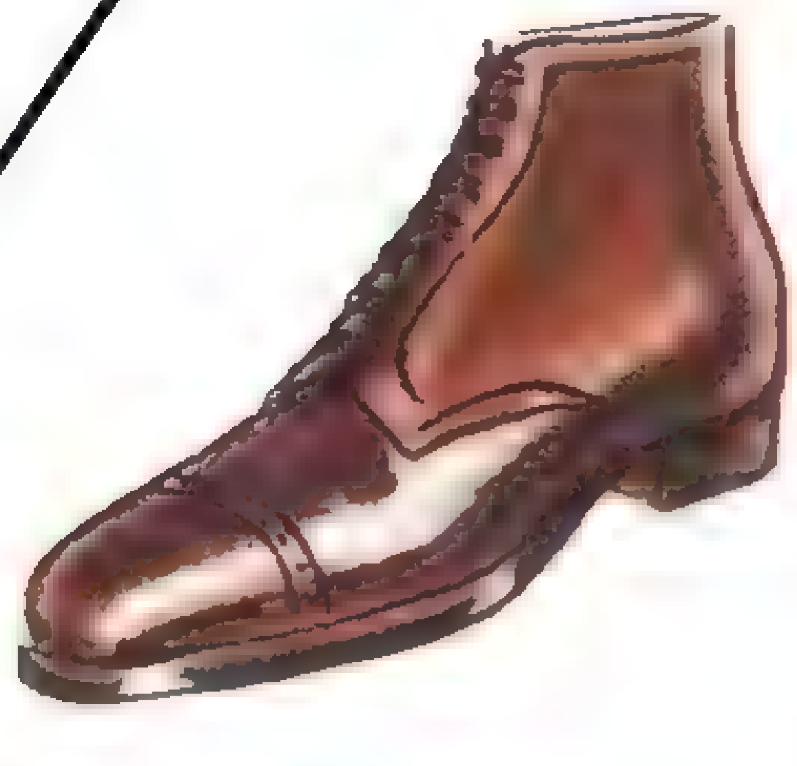
Boot jockey and hook.

The clothes and accessories are typical of what is worn on the moors in Scotland for shooting grouse pheasant and other game—

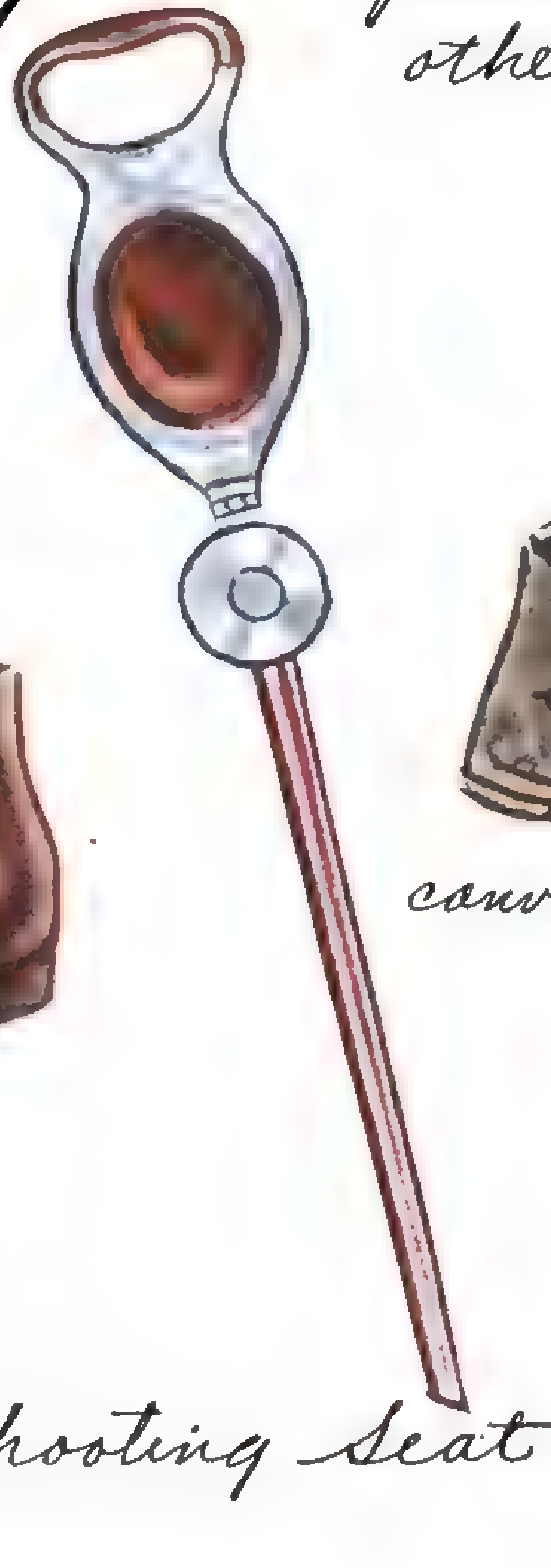




canvas anklets



Shooting brogues



Shooting Seat

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Wanted: an actress to emulate the man-lady of the freak shows and double in Romeo and Juliet

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

▪ THEATRE ▪

Glimpse List

A Slight Case of Murder. A bad case of jitters and a worse case of ennui. Really, Messrs. Lindsay and Runyon should know better.

Anything Goes. Goes on forever, and why not, what with those tunes by the justifiably stuck-up Cole Porter and the engaging antics of Victor Moore and Bill Gaxton? Attending it is a pleasant habit.

Awake and Sing. This, plus *Waiting for Lefty*, makes a full evening's exposure to beautifully-worded Radicalism, excellent acting, comedy and pathos.

Earl Carroll Sketch Book. What, is this one still here? Well—the gams are better than the gags, and it's all pretty gaga.

Kind Lady. Psychological hair-raiser, splendid acting especially that of Henry Daniell and Grace George, who crowns her career with this fine work.

Moon Over Mulberry Street. Give me the sun, mother!

Personal Appearance. Laid in a small town. Sexy and funny.

Smile at Me. And laugh at yourself.

The Children's Hour. The great serious play of the year. Very moving, very alarming, very depressing, very important.

The Great Waltz. Closing soon. You'll catch it on the road, if you're not careful.

The Old Maid. Pulitzer Prize Play. *Verb sap, sap.*

Three Men on a Horse. She romps home a winnah, boys! Horses and bets and Mother's day verses—get a load of laughs.

Tobacco Road. The epic of the hookworm. Georgia trash treated with sadness and comedy—third year almost upon us.

BEST FUTURE BETS

Night of January 16. A melodrama.

At Home Abroad. Revue with Bee Lillie, Ethel Waters.

Paths of Glory. From the great book.

Great news! The depression is positively in its last stage. Before many more months slide by, complete Recovery will be among us. It's all scientifically proved, charted and assured. How? Through Shakespeare!

Yes, you read aright. Shakespeare. The rise and fall in popularity of the Avon Swan's works is, according to a keen scholar, a perfect thermometer of the economic status of English-speaking nations. This scholar, Dr. Weir Mitchell, assisted by a brilliant economist, has worked out a theory, based upon conditions in England and here since the great William died, showing the intimate relation between the two forces. The theory looks practically hole-proof.

The economist explained it at a party where such famous thinkers as Dr. Hubble, the astronomer, and Dr. Millikan were being gracious to a lot of us plodders. Pasadena, by the way, seems to contain most of the grand brains of America; I wonder if people fully realize the cerebral content of the Huntington-Caltech assemblage.

Well, anyhow, we were informed that in all recurrent periods of crash since Queen Elizabeth, whenever matters have been at their lowest ebb, the British and we have equally turned to the mysterious consolation and heartening magic of Shakespeare. Not only the scholars and confirmed theater-goers—the great masses, crowding in to see and listen to the comedies, tragedies and especially the chronicles of departed kings. Each time, from that point forward, conditions have bettered. He traces this repeated phenomenon along, through the eighteenth century; shows that after the Napoleonic wars and their consequent poverty a great wave of the plays swept England; points out that after the panic of 1832 exactly the same pattern occurred; reminds us that shortly before the debacle of 1870 Booth was about to kill himself over lack of patronage but that the depression brought sudden floods of customers and raised him to the heights; that after the hard times of the '80's Irving came up; that during the next big crisis Beerbohm Tree grew; that corresponding activities and improvements took place in this country; and triumphantly demonstrates that the theory has only now justified itself completely in England.

For, in 1930-33, while the tight little isle was finding money extremely tight, Shakespeare had a tremendous boom. And about then the *Old Vic* became jammed night after night, month after month with the populace, who showed their love for the whole repertory, from *Hamlet* to all the *Henrys*. Then . . . all of a sudden, toward the end of 1933, business at the *Vic* began to fall off. The theater found itself obliged to abandon Shakespeare to a large extent, and present other classics. Apparently the public didn't need that solace any more. And lo! Presently it was obvious that England was no longer besmeared with red, but was well up the Recovery slope. Today, if there is one nation nearly out of the Slough of Despond, it is the British Empire. And. . . . Not much Shakespeare is being played there.

Don't mistake me. The gentleman does not say that Shakespeare is the nostrum for Anglo-Saxon economic ills (although there is no doubt great comfort in being shown that feudalism, bad as it was, did no irreparable damage, and the world progressed from it; while there is anodyne and lift in the beauty of the poet's words). He merely lays out the pattern: panic, depression, lowest ebb, Shakespearean popularity, recovery, the turn toward other plays, neglect of Shakespeare, normalcy.

Now see how the graph works in our own nation's case. There was the lowest ebb of our national morale—and then the trend toward an abundance of Shakespeare began. Last year Miss Cornell's *Romeo and Juliet* received startling response (it had done the same in '32 on the road) and Reinhardt's *Midsummer Night's Dream* so overflowed the Hollywood Bowl that the moguls promptly filmed it, are proceeding with a presentation of Norma Shearer as Juliet (a splendid choice—wait and see if I'm not right) and are seriously considering answering what they know to be public enthusiasm and readiness by doing also *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* (why not *Henry IV*, by the by?). Meanwhile, that same courageous Globe Theater group which did such excellent business at Chicago's Pageant of Progress, proffering forty-minute tabloids of all the plays, is cramming in spectators at San Diego; while the Pasadena Community Playhouse recently hung out the S. R. O. sign with a season of the Histories.

Naturally, I'd heard how Shakespeare-conscious the Coast had become, but I was curious to inspect the matter for myself. "Bard's Farce a Rowdy Wow," I read in a San Francisco paper, which also said that

Continued on page 170

The Candid Cameraman

Warning audiences to repudiate war propaganda being dished out under the guise of amusement

by MEYER LEVIN

▪ MOVIES ▪

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Anna Karenina: Fine, fine, and superfine, if the least bit archaic. Garbo reaffirms her position as a Great Actress; Frederic March confirms the growing impression that he is a surface player. The whole thing is dignified, and manages to be gripping. The producers have injected into the exploitation something of the awe that attended a revival by Sarah Bernhardt.

Top Hat: Tops everything that Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have done, and clicks as the gladdest, smoothest, truest-to-medium movie musical ever made. It stumbles all over the lot for laughs, even digs up dead numbers and puts them over with skill and glee. For sheer build-up of the old black-eye gag, Horton's scene is masterful. From this type of historic gag, it shifts to real wit, such as the pansy dress-designer's remark—"I am rich, I am *pretty*." Ginger Rogers, heretofore, never seemed quite equal to Astaire, but in *Top Hat* the team is perfect. Gilbert Seldes will probably write a whole article on the aesthetique of the RKO musical, showing its relation to Maj. Bowes' amateur hour. I liked it too much to bother.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Dark Angel: Merle Oberon puts her eyebrows back in place and proves she is just a sweet modern girl after all. While not usually a clothes-watcher, I was somewhat bothered by the monotonous effect of Merle's tweeds, and thought they gave her a bunchy, out-of-character appearance. This is the story about the man who was blinded in the war, and wouldn't go back to his sweetheart, and how she found him again. Herbert Marshall is again the patient and understanding other-lover, who fades quietly into the background, giving the girl back to the Man She Really Loves. Sidney Franklin's direction makes this a rather fine film, filled with subtle touches.

Gay Deception: Cinderella from the little town meets her fairy prince masquerading as a bell-boy in the big city hotel. Done with quite a bit of spontaneous feeling, presenting bubbling, happy, Francis Lederer.

She Married Her Boss: The surprise performance is by Melvyn Douglas, who turns out to be quite a funny drunk. Claudette Colbert is the department-store executive's secretary who decides to marry him and does. But that's only half the picture. Come to think of it, the surprise performance is by Edith Fellows, who out-brats Jane Withers in a corking and unrelenting portrait of a spoiled child.

Special Agent: Another type of G-man in the same type of picture. Bette Davis. Interesting because it presents the income-tax prosecution angle in serious light.

GO ALONG IF YOU HAVE TO

Here Comes the Band: An interesting idea was mauled in this one. The story concerns a lad who makes up songs based on the American folk songs he has heard in his wandering over the country. His best number, *Headin' Home*, is stolen by a Broadway pirate, but in a final, splashing court scene he proves his ownership of the song by bringing Indians, Negroes, and cowboys into court to sing the sources, which range from *Old Black Joe* to *Tipperary*. You'll wonder why he wasn't jailed for molesting the sources, especially the Indian call. But Larry Stockwell has a curious, stiff stance, and a straightforward look that would be refreshing if he would wipe off the suggestion of advertising-picture pose that it somehow evokes. There is a terrific war number, stuck in, showing with incredible bathos, how Ted Lewis's spick and span war band sprang out of nowhere and led a swooning, staggering division of soldiers back from the trenches, causing them to perk up, and practically dance down the shell-torn road. For some explanation of the presence of this sort of thing in an otherwise innocent picture see the main review.

WASTE

Big Broadcast of 1936: One of those strung together epics in which every star and ham in radio, films, or the varieties gets pasted into the footage. A sickroom scene by Charles Ruggles is a pip, but they even have elephants dancing.

PROPAGANDA

Annapolis Farewell: War propaganda. See the main review.

Red Salute: Based upon the lie that leaders of radical student organizations are "paid foreign agitators," this is as clever a piece of reactionary propaganda as has come out of Hollywood. Sophisticated and swift moving, most of the action is a copy of *It Happened One Night*, in which a man and a girl, supposed to hate each other, are forced by circumstances into sharing a series of adventures, fleeing police, sleeping in barns and trailers, etc. The daughter of a general falls in love with a campus radical, the parent kidnaps her and sends her to Mexico to forget her "foolishness," she escapes Mexico, picking up a soldier boy on the way (and a chaperon in the person of a nitwit veteran who is continually remembering the good time he had in the last war, wishing someone would start another war). The fleeing pair are caught. The general approves of the "enlisted man" and deliberately sends him to the campus meeting on May Day, with the suggestion that he start a riot. Which he does. The "radical" is then arrested for "inciting to riot," and deported, and the girl kisses the soldier boy. Full of flag waving, pats on the back for the army, and red-baiting, this picture adds to the propagandist trend described in the main review.

POISON IN SACCHARINE

One way to brush it off would be to treat the matter with superiority, sarcasm, the light touch, poof! and bye-bye.

Or to say nothing. Beneath contempt.

Why make myself unpopular? Why court the animosity of a powerful studio like Paramount? and who knows, maybe the G-men are thumbing through the magazines and putting little red dots in front of the names of the little lily-livered Levins who write scurrilous reviews about patriotic pictures.

Why not write about the great, important movies that are appearing this fall, instead of about a silly little programmer like *Annapolis Farewell*, which merely represents the efforts of the producers to milk a few bucks out of the patriots?

The great pictures will be reviewed in due time; the silly little programmer may have a deeper effect on our flesh and brains than all the beauties of Shakespeare and all the platitudes of Tolstoi. For ninety minutes as I sat watching that picture, wave upon wave of nausea went through me; the reaction was actually physical. Now, a screening room is a fairly emotionless place; motion picture distributors, a few critics, a few advertising men sit glumly watching the film. Reactions are rare.

PHOOEY
NOW SHOWING
ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL

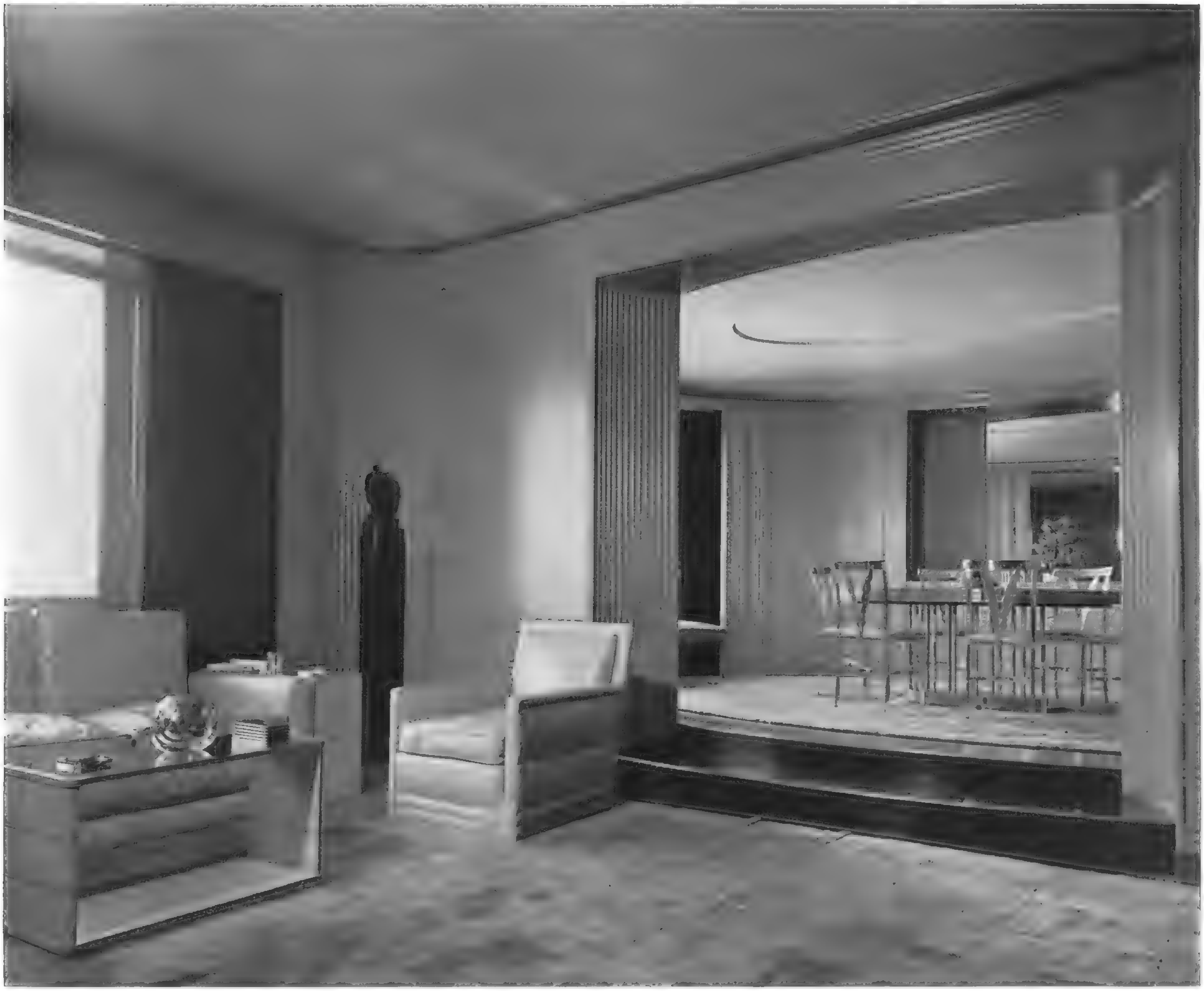
Occasionally someone takes pleasure in spotting and naming a bit player. At the close of the picture, a few remarks will be exchanged as to the sales possibilities of the item. But before *Annapolis Farewell* had been running half an hour, the exhibitor at my left squirmed, and grunted, "Spreading it on pretty thick, huh?" And before the picture was completely run, one could feel an uneasiness in the room; something like the embarrassment that pervades a party where

Continued in center of page 149

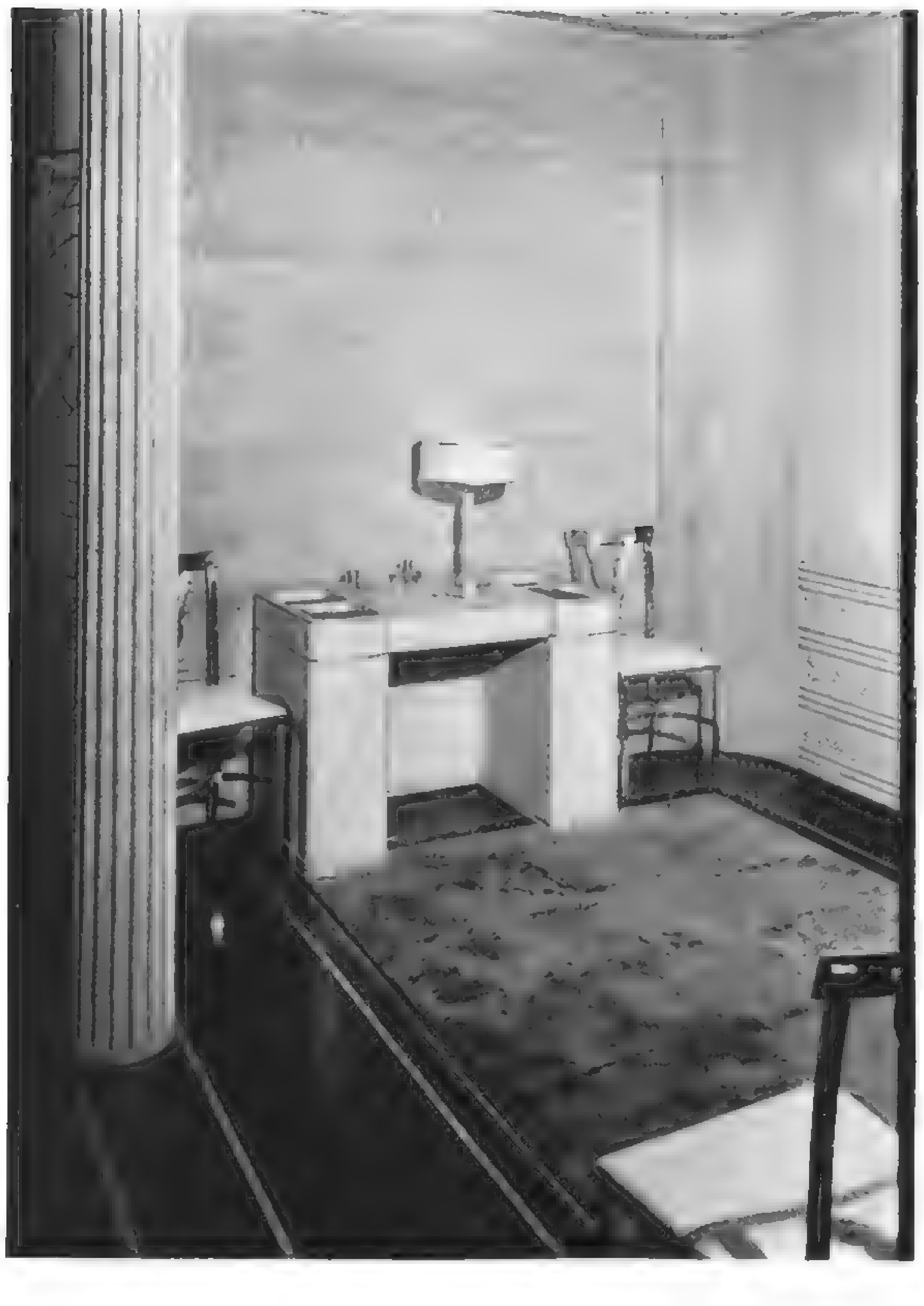
PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT SEEHAUSEN

MASTER OF MODERN DESIGN: G. McSTAY JACKSON

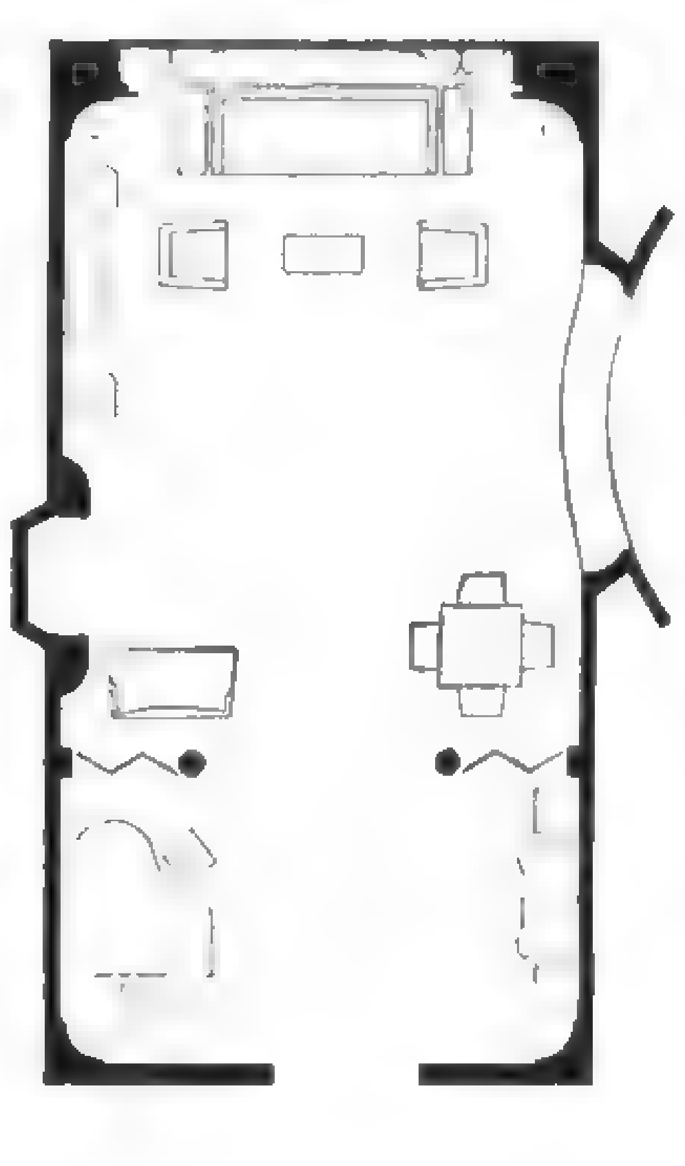
A CANADIAN, with a background of styling and designing accomplishments in England and America, G. McStay Jackson is one of the four or five leading exponents of the present modern school of design, the new American trend that is devoted to the principle of equal rights for beauty and utility in all interior architecture and decoration. In the early days of ESQUIRE, his designs for a bachelor apartment, a sportsman's lodge, etc., were an immensely popular feature —too popular, in fact, from the magazine's viewpoint, since the influx of designing and styling commissions so taxed the production capacity of Mr. Jackson and his staff that it was impossible to find time to continue the series of original designs for ESQUIRE. The persistence, throughout eighteen months, of requests for the resumption of this feature have effected a compromise settlement: Mr. Jackson will show in these pages, instead of abstract exercises, specific examples of the application of his principles of design to definite problems of interior decoration. This feature begins with the article that appears on the following page.

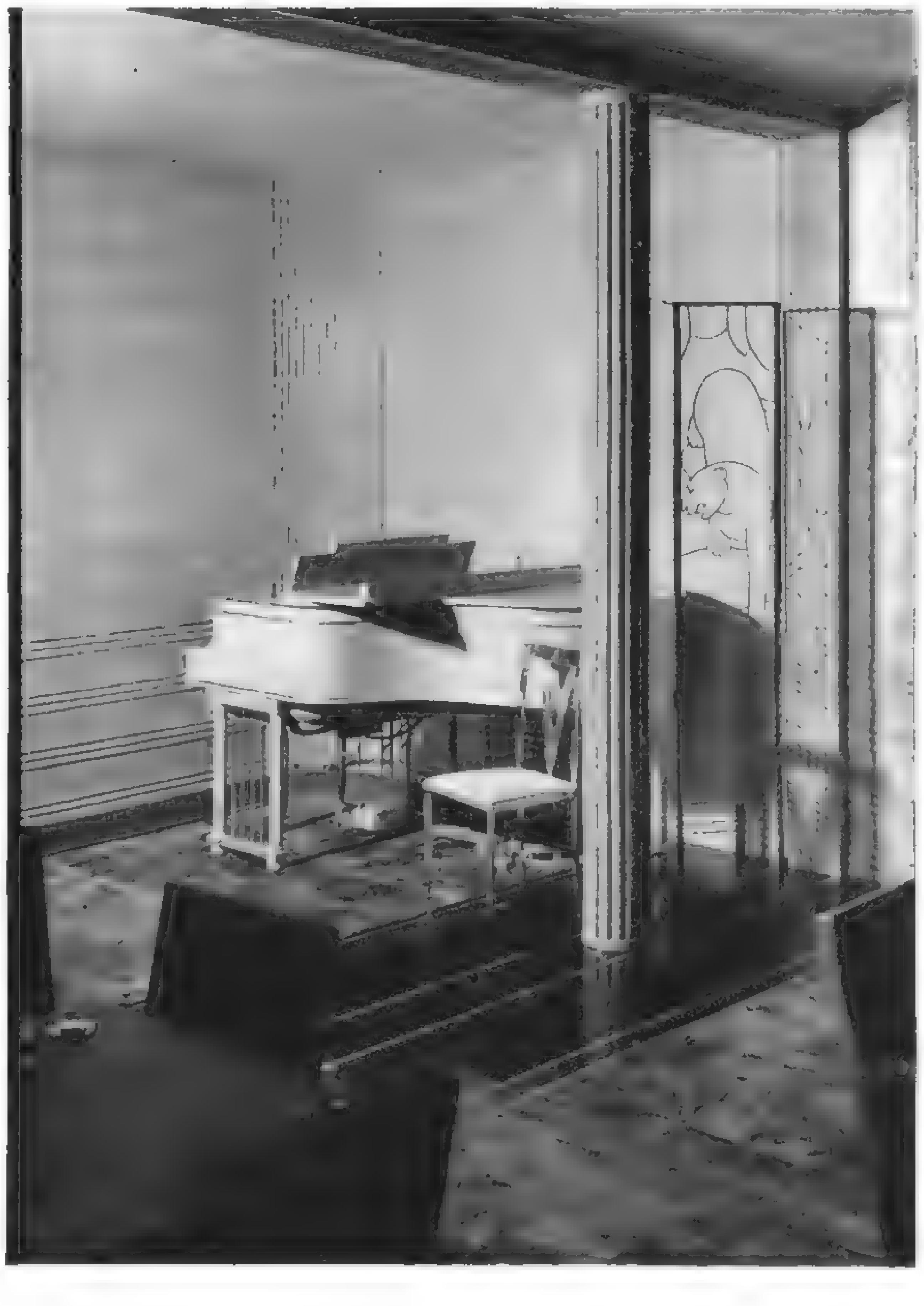


THE NEW AMERICAN STANDARD OF LIVING



The apartment of a Chicago bachelor, designed by G. McStay Jackson. The color scheme is confined to cream, in the light woods and the leather, and green, in the rugs, curtains and gaming chairs. The only other accents are black and silver. The ebony heads are by Peg Sidle. The screens are of cut plate glass, with designs by Eric Lundgren laid in with silver leaf. For complete description see article on opposite page.





The Bachelor at Home

Demonstrating modern standards of comfort and convenience in an apartment designed and described

by G. McSTAY JACKSON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE passing of the vogue for cluttering up the home with antiques of the most unlivable type, so long an ardent passion with most women, and always a posterior pain to most men, has shown up a chink in the armor of the average interior decorator. So many interior decorators were merely middlemen, not to say procurers, on the fringe of the great antique racket, that, during the "comfort last" period of the antique craze, they didn't need much ability other than that of talking charmingly and dressing well, to do very handsomely in their profession. But it was not in the cards that the ridiculous paradox of attempting to perpetuate the discomforts of the remote past, eschewing the comforts made available by the industrialized present, should continue indefinitely. Functional design threw off the yoke of the traditional in the skyscraper, in the airplane, in the automobile, in the streamlined train and now, at long last, it is taking possession of that ultimate stronghold of conservatism, the home.

The best decorators, confronted with this new demand for the intelligent utilization, as opposed to the mere ornamentation, of the living facilities of the modern interior, have welcomed their new job and have begun to combine some of the functions of the architect with those that are left for the decorator. In other words, they have met the new insistence upon comfort and convenience by becoming interior-designers as well as interior-decorators. As for those decorators who brought to their jobs no more than a soft voice and a stiff profit percentage, they have for the most part thrown up their well-kept hands and faded out of the picture, their passing applauded by all good men and true. And since more and more architects are beginning to merge the decorative aspects of design into the functional, the passing of these phonies leaves no noticeable gap. The whole point is that interior decoration, once nine parts ornamental to one part architectural, has reversed itself to become nine parts architectural to one part ornamental.

There could be a worse definition of modern decoration than this: A maximum of useful space with a minimum of useless ornament. The illustrations of the bachelor quarters on this and the opposite page furnish a case in point.

THE ENTRANCE HALL

At first glance, the dining room, with its oval shape, might seem to contradict the decorative theory just formulated. As a matter of fact, however, it bears it out. The four corners of this room, in its original rectangular shape, were waste space from a decorative standpoint. The old idea would have been to fill them up with pieces of furniture of varying degrees of usefulness, say a couple of serving tables and china cabinets. The newer attitude toward the problem is to build into the room itself such functional value as those pieces of furniture might have possessed, and thus to avoid breaking up the clean eye-pleasing sweep of the wall space with projecting angles and curves of furniture jutting out from the wall. This was accomplished, in this instance, by making the room itself oval, and using the resultant four waste spaces at the corners as follows:

In the corner on the left hand, as you look at the upper picture on the opposite page, nearest to the living room, is concealed a complete music closet, containing a radio and a phonograph and storage compartments for records and rolls for the reproducing piano. In the left-hand corner on the far side of the room is a complete china closet. You will notice that no door is visible, the panel between the vertical metal strips simply springing open at the pressure of a light touch on the right-hand side. In the near right-hand corner is a closet for the storage of firewood for the living room fireplace. All three of these closets look the same from the outside and all open in the same way. You are unaware of the presence of any of them until they are open. In the far right-hand corner, exactly matching the three closets, is the door leading into the butler's pantry.

Note, also, that the floor of the dining room has been raised, two steps leading from the dining room into the living room. This raising of the floor, together with a slight doming of the ceiling, makes the dining room a much more intimate room and at the same time gives it an effect of being more of an alcove off the living room than of being a room by itself.

The space beneath the mirror, on the far wall of the dining room, is a built-in sideboard. The dining chairs, while light and graceful, are nevertheless masculine, because they are of polished aluminum. If they were wood, in this same design, they would look light and sissy.

As for the living room itself, the most noteworthy feature is the way it has been broken up into two distinct divisions, separated by pilasters and glass screens, without destroying its essential unity. If it had not been divided in this manner it would have seemed, especially for a bachelor apartment, too large and lonely-feeling, its size making the solitary owner feel dwarfed by its immensity. As it is, with the creation of nooks for the desk and the piano, and the breaking up of the room's larger portion into two distinct groupings around the gaming table and the sofa at the window, a feeling of coziness and intimacy has been attained. You will notice that while the architectural treatment gives the effect of three separate rooms, the use of the same combination of colors and materials preserves the essential unity of the three divisions, making them seem to be simply different parts of one large room. The walls are paneled with Ayous wood, left in its natural color which is about halfway between the colors of rich cream and peanut butter.

The floors are black rubber with inlaid

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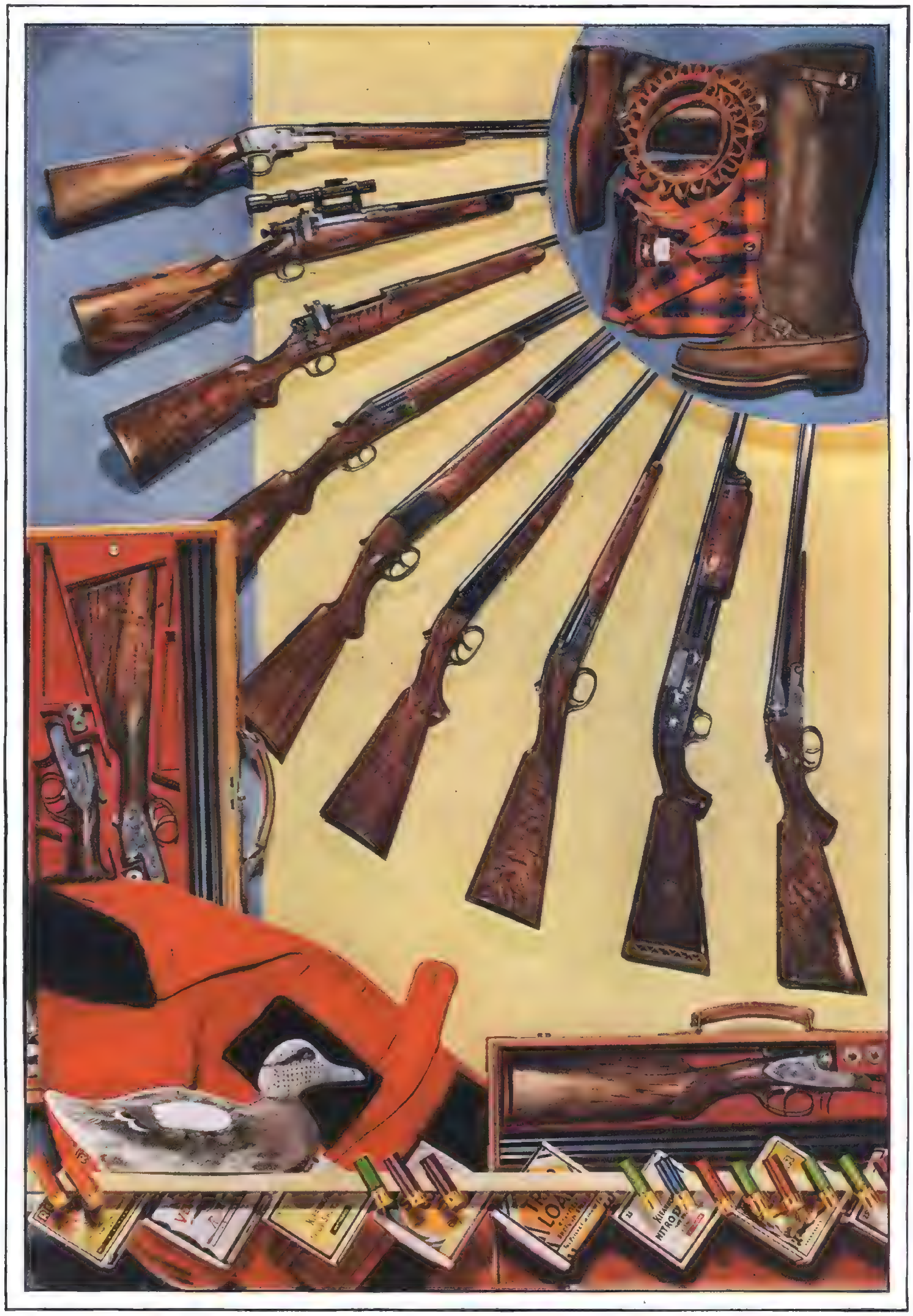


PHOTO BY EUGENE HUTCHINSON

ANSWERING THE CALL OF THE WILD IN MAN

You needn't be a munitions magnate to feel man's instinctive love of firearms. And while we concur with Mr. O'Connor's thesis that tailoring is very nice if you can get it, in guns as in clothes, here is a "ready-to-shoulder" group showing that it is not, at any rate, essential. Top to bottom, a .22 pump action rifle, a 30.06 rifle with telescope sight, a 30.06 rifle, an over-and-under rifle-shotgun, a 12-gauge over-and-under shotgun, a 16-gauge double barrel shotgun, a double barrel skeet gun with large hand grip, a 12-gauge three-shot pump gun with ventilated rib, a 12-gauge double barrel shotgun and, in the large case, a pair of hand made 12-gauge double barrel shotguns for grouse. In the single case is a 12-gauge hand made double barrel field gun. In the upper corner are a lumberjack shirt, a shell belt and the boot sauvage. The decoy duck is carved of solid cedar.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y., for sources of articles photographed.)

Tailor-Made Rifles

The action comes from one place and the barrel from another and the stock is hand-carved to fit

by JACK O'CONNOR

• SPORTS •

UNTIL after the World War an American sportsman who wanted to buy a rifle was in about the same situation as a recruit joining the Japanese army, where all uniforms are the same size and shape. It wasn't a case of the rifle fitting him but of his fitting the rifle. Tall or short, fat or thin, strong or weak, he had to take what the big arms factories gave him and like it.

If he was a long-armed guy with a giraffe-like neck he got beautifully smacked on the beezer about every time he shot. If he was a little punk, he was forced to peer at sights too far away from his eyes and grab inconveniently at this and that. Not knowing what a well-stocked rifle felt like, most sportsmen took the situation as a matter of course—one of the many hardships which went with shooting deer and moose and being he-men with hair on their chests.

On the other hand, if a man rebelled from factory specifications that didn't fit him, he had to go to the long and expensive process of having his weapon made up in England or Germany with its contingent delay and often unreasonable costs.

The day of the backwoods gunsmith who built the fine old muzzle-loading Kentucky rifles was, with the advent of the factory repeating rifles, a thing of the past. The production of rifles was, in those care-free pre-War days, just as standardized a business as the making of Model T Fords. And like the great Henry, who said his customers could have any color as long as it was black, the great arms factories said theirs could have any dimensions as long as they were standard. If you craved a little engraving—O.K.; but if you wanted special dimensions so you wouldn't get curvature of the spine when you shot, it was nuts to you—if you weren't actually thrown in the can on suspicion of being screwey.

Except for the poor clowns who eked out coffee and cakes in tank-towns, scraping rust from actions and taking dents out of barrels, the whole United States supported only a couple of first-rate gunsmiths—old Louis Wundhammer of Los Angeles and Fred Adolph of Genoa, New York, both of whom, by the way, had learned their trade in Germany.

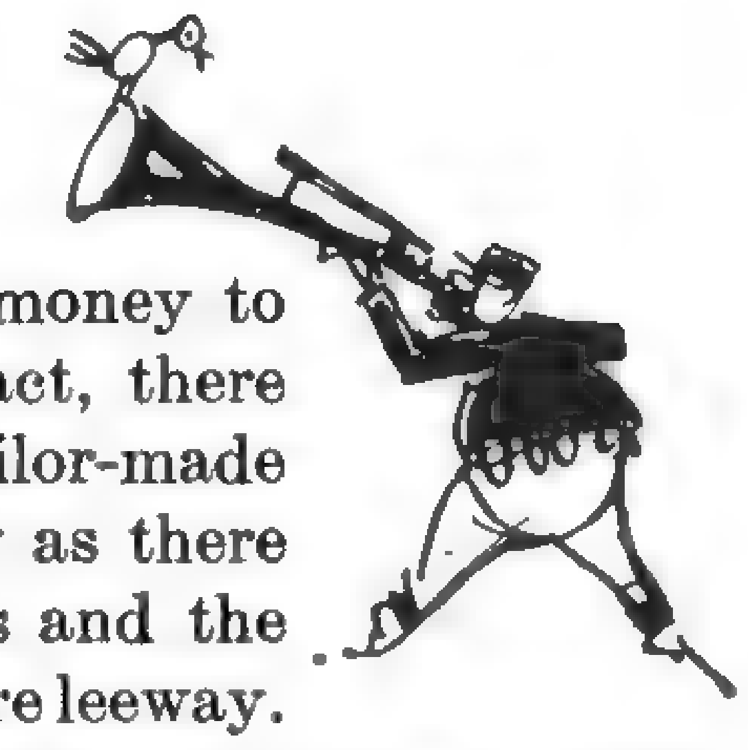
It was in the shop of the former that the rebellion against over-standardization took root. When the model 1903 Government Springfield rifle was fitted to the 1906 cartridge, a small group of West-Coast riflemen began to lust for a Christian stock on that fine rifle rather than the unwieldy monstrosity Uncle Sam had seen fit to inflict on his helpless doughboys who were signed up for a term of years anyway and couldn't quit. In the hands of Theodore Roosevelt, who took a Springfield to Africa with him, the cartridge had proved itself to be one of the finest all-around game killers in the world. Stewart Edward White was bitten by the African bee and a yen for a tailor-made Springfield about the same time. So was Captain E. C. Crossman, well-known hunter, rifleman, and prolific contributor to the sporting prints. So they talked the situation over, took a couple of army Springfields to Wundhammer, and told him to do his stuff. He did, and that was the beginning of the tailor-made rifle craze which has made American sportsmen know what it is to shoot a rifle comfortably and has put stock and rifle-makers into practically every state of the union.

No real rifleman and hunter could heft one of those special jobs without being filled with an almost uncontrollable craving to possess one like it—even if the kids had to go hungry and the wife had to wear the spring hat through the summer. For the first time in the history of modern American firearms, rifles were in existence which did not necessitate their owners tying themselves into Gordian knots every time they shot them. To see one was to tumble.

In addition, Stewart Edward White, instead of hanging his Springfield above the mantel and gloating over it, took it to Africa, shot a score of lions and several hundred antelope, then came home and wrote a book. Crossman sang the praises of special jobs and Springfield ballistics in dozens of magazine articles. Increasing numbers of sportsmen bought Springfields from Uncle Sam and had them restocked and altered by gunsmiths.

The World War slowed down the process a little as it sent most sportsmen gunning for Fritz, the most dangerous of all big game, with standard government jobs, but when peace was declared the revolution progressed apace. Now demand has created supply, and the United States has literally dozens of fine artists in wood and steel, and the sportsman who wants a special rifle can write his own ticket and it will be followed.

He can get a gun with all the attachments, including hot and cold running water, if he so wishes and has the money to pay for them. In fact, there are about as many tailor-made rifles in this country as there are tailor-made suits and the rifleman has even more leeway.



Some of the riflemakers are large firms with hired hands and blonde stenographers and advertising managers—all the impediments of fairly big business. Others are one-man outfits with the same traditions as medieval craftsmen. Both classes can be depended upon to give the sportsman what he wants in the way of a rifle—in dimensions, in fine woods, in engraving, sights and what not. Every rifle they make is an individual problem and not just a number on a production line.

Of the large firms, Griffin and Howe of New York City is a good example. They have been making fine guns since shortly after the war and have filled the hearts of thousands of sportsmen with delight. A. F. Sedgley of Philadelphia is also a big maker with a reputation.

Some of the most interesting, though, are the little stockers and barrelmakers, to whose door the world comes as it did to that of the fabled maker of mousetraps. Alvin Linden, one of the most famous makers of rifle stocks in America, is a patient, taciturn Swede who was once a cabinet maker but who now stocks rifles for those fortunate enough to get on his waiting list. He lives in the tall timber near the village of Bryant, Wisconsin, yet he is as famous among rifle-nuts as is John Dos Passos among writers. Adolph G. Miner, who vegetates in the little town of Fountain, Colorado, and runs a farm on the side, is another man of the Linden type of craftsman. I have a couple of rifles stocked by him and I wouldn't trade them for the output of the most famous British makers.

Eccentric old Harry Pope, who lives in a rat's nest of a Brooklyn loft, is the maker of the finest match-barrels in the world, and Bill Sukalle of Tucson, Arizona, has a rapidly-growing reputation as a barrel maker second only to Pope.

Not only should each rifle be made to fit the build and the personal shooting idiosyncrasies of the owner, but the use to which it will be put should be taken into consideration. If the sportsman plans to use his lethal weapon on horseback and carry it in a boot under his leg, it should be made short and streamlined so it can be yanked into action quickly. On the other hand, if he plans to use it on fast-vanishing Eastern whitetail deer, it should above all be light

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If You Stop at Monte Carlo

Continued from page 71

make ten bets, the 11th carrying him beyond the maximum.

Runs of ten come with great frequency and the "Galloping Martingale" gallops the foolish adherent to this system right over the edge of the cliff. It would take a lot of playing to win back $2,046 one dollar at a time barring the risk of another run of ten.

The "Little Martingale" is used in any number of "short" systems, however. The player works from a stake of 7 chips, betting 1 chip as the first stake, 2 as the second and 4 as the third, taking his loss of 7 chips and starting all over again when three losses pile up against him.

The "Split Martingale," also known as the "Under and Over" and the "Up and Down," is the one most frequently used and it has many forms. The commonest is known as the "Neapolitan Martingale," because in the old days at Monte Carlo every Italian from the southern end of the boot came in with instructions for using this system pinned to his undershirt. It has been in use since François Blanc opened up at Monte Carlo in 1863.

It is a foolishly simple little system, winning $15 at the completion of each cycle. At the start five numbers are set down:

1
2
3
4
5

One dollar is bet on one of the even chances, red or black, odd or even, high or low. If the bet is won it is merely added to the stack. This pleasant practice continues until there is a loss.

Then the 1 lost is added to the bottom of the column and the next bet is 2 chips, the 1 at the top plus the 1 at the bottom. If there is a winning on the next bet the 1 at the top of the column and the 1 at the bottom are stricken out leaving the column

2
3
4
5

and the next bet is seven. If that is won the 2 and 5 are stricken out leaving 4 and 3 to be added for the next bet. If that is lost the 7 is added to the bottom of the column and the next bet is 10. The "under and over" numbers, those at the top and the bottom of the column, are always added to give the number for the next bet.

It's a pretty little will-o'-the-wisp and leads the player right out into the center of the bog. It may win hour after hour, netting the player $15 every time all the numbers are canceled, but there will come a time eventually when all the small numbers are stricken out and those added keep growing larger and larger until the bankroll is exhausted or the limit is reached. When "Madame Roulette sulks" and the zeros keep popping up the martingale grows until the player finds himself facing a group of figures like these:

187
296
324
752

and so on until no bankroll outside a millionaire's wallet could stand the strain.

Several years ago a Chinese student showed up in Greenwich Village with this system, claiming credit for its invention, although it had been used for decades before his birth. He demonstrated it with a pinochle deck, playing red and black and with coins, betting heads and tails and a wild gambling fever developed among the Village folk. Speakeasy proprietors, poets, writers, painters, sculptors, curio-shop keepers and uptown hangers-on around Washington got all hopped up and formed a syndicate, chipping in from a quarter to ten dollars apiece, and got together a bankroll that was regarded as amply sufficient to back the system. An agent was selected to go to Monte Carlo and crack the poor old bank wide open.

Within twenty-four hours after landing in Monte Carlo he was cabling for money. The system turned and bit him.

A variant of this sytem in which the figures

10
20
20
10

were used, won a fortune for a system player more than twenty years ago. The method of play was the same as in the "Neapolitan Martingale" but the cycle won $60 when the last bet had been canceled. The player had a method of "cooling back" whenever his losses began to creep up into the high numbers that kept him away from the limit and held his play level until the winning numbers started his way again. He played on all the three even chances each spin of the wheel winning $180 when all of the cycles had been completed. He won $2,000 to $10,000 a day and left with a wad that would have clogged a railroad tunnel.

In this form of "Split Martingale" one winning bet cancels two losing bets, as in all the "splits." The four stakes the player sets out to win are counted as losses to be recovered and ten actual losing bets plus the four stakes the player includes, or fourteen in all, can be recouped with seven winning bets. The player has to win half as many bets as he loses, plus two. Thirty losing bets can be canceled by seventeen winning bets, dragging down the four stakes set out to be won. This looks fair enough but after the first few sums are out of the way the losses keep jumping higher and higher and therein lies disaster. The limit is always there to block the player when his bets grow too large. After all it's a martingale.

Progressions differ from martingales and are not nearly so dangerous and they enter into nearly all the popular systems used at Monte Carlo. A progression does not double the stake as does the straight martingale and it does not increase in an amount equal to two previous losses as do the "splits." A flat stake is bet for a certain number of spins, gradually increasing in size until a series of winning bets sets all even and starts the progression from the original stake.

The most fascinating progression I have ever seen played was the favorite of my friend Don Eduardo.

It was a play on the numbers, *en plein*, and he bet on from three to ten numbers at a time, keeping an accurate record of each number. The secret of his success lay in the selection of "sleepers" on which to bet. A "sleeper" is a number that hasn't won for a certain number of plays. He always went back over the record for the last 72 plays, all records at the tables being kept in columns of 36 by experienced players, and the numbers that hadn't appeared in two pages of his record, or 72 spins of the wheel, were used as starters. Frequently he would find one or more numbers that hadn't appeared in 108 spins and these were used also.

A single chip was played on each number until the 36th spin. A win on the first whirl of the wheel added 35 chips to his stack. A win on the 35th spin netted only one chip. When a number hadn't won in 35 spins the bet was increased to 2 chips and the progression was a mathematical parade from that time on. The nearest quotient of 37, all the numbers on the wheel, divided by two is eighteen and he played 2 chips eighteen times, increasing to 3 chips on the 54th spin. The quotient of 37 divided by three is twelve-plus, so he played 3 chips for twelve plays carrying on this progression, if his number failed to show, until the 147th spin when he would be playing the maximum, 36 chips. If that won he took down 1,260 chips set in by the bank and his stake of 36 chips or 1,296 chips in all, a net winning of 48 chips.

Starting with a "sleeper" that had been "hanging up" for 108 spins he could trail along with his plays with the assurance that his number would be almost certain to appear long before his 147th play. A number rarely "hangs up" for 255 spins, 108 plus 147. With "sleepers" that hadn't shown for 72 plays, a run to another 147 spins would mean the number was "hanging up" for 219 spins. These long spans between appearances are so rare that even if he did occasionally run into the limit he won *masse égale.*

The winnings of course were irregular. A win on the 11th bet was good for $25; one on the 49th bet only $9 and one on the 108th bet, $30. It's a patience-testing system but the best illustration of the working of a progression I have ever known.

There is another progression system that has about it all the emotion-stirring qualities of an Agricultural Department report on corn acreages, and is adapted only to mathematical grinds.

Years ago I knew a stolid Englishman at Monte who had been playing this system for three months. It had won for him all his expenses and had enabled him to send home a fat sum to be banked each week.

The system requires heavy financial backing and a great deal more patience than the average nervous roulette player can command. It had long been known as "The Snail Parade" by hardened system players.

It is simple enough at the start. A dollar chip is bet and so long as there are winnings they are added to the stack and the bet remains 1 chip. After the first loss the bet is 3 chips. If that bet wins the player has won 3 chips, 1 offsetting the first loss of 1 chip and a 2 chip profit, 1 chip for each spin of the wheel. He then goes back to a 1 chip bet and if that loses bets 3 chips. Losing that bet he stakes another 3 chips, con-

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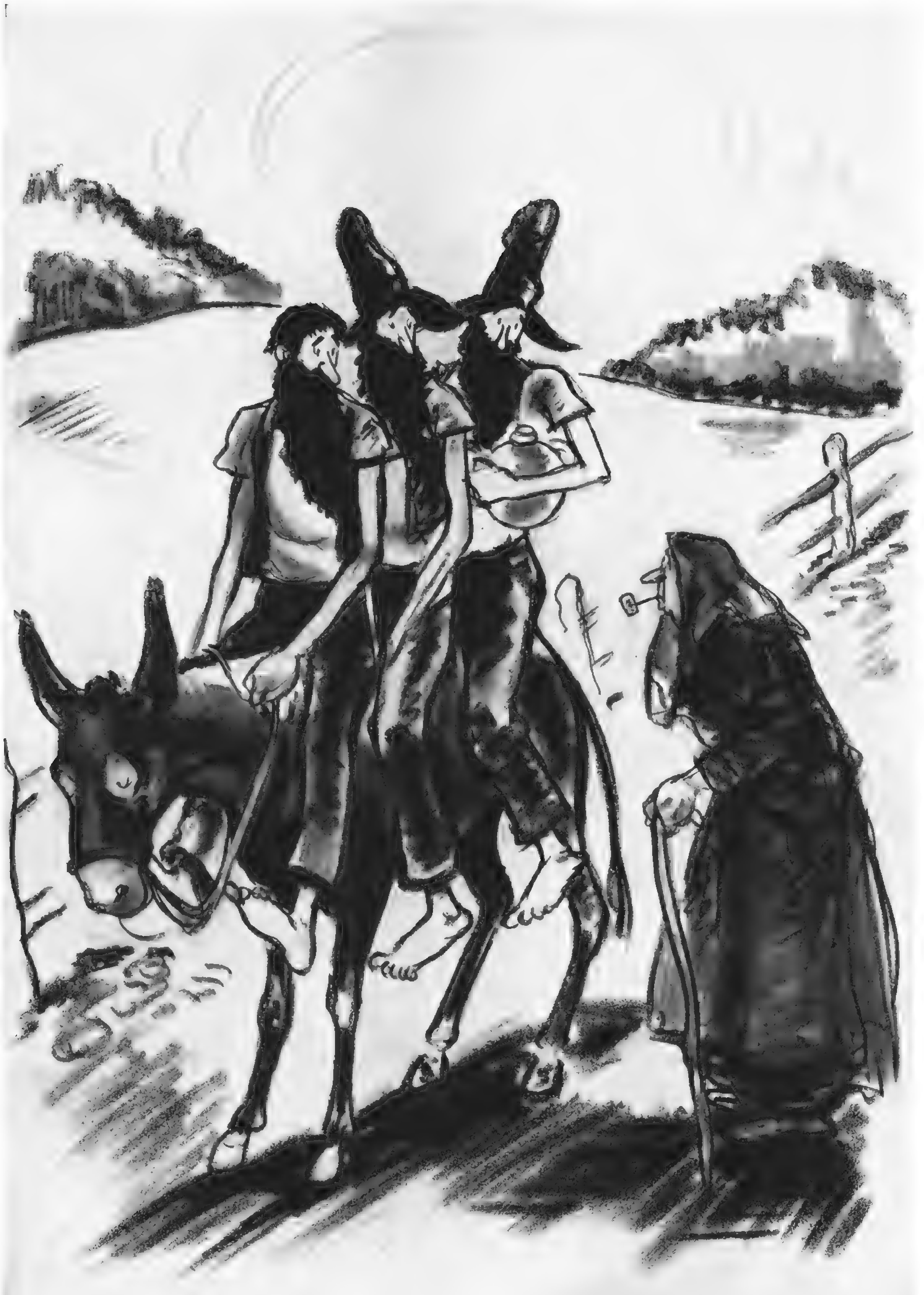
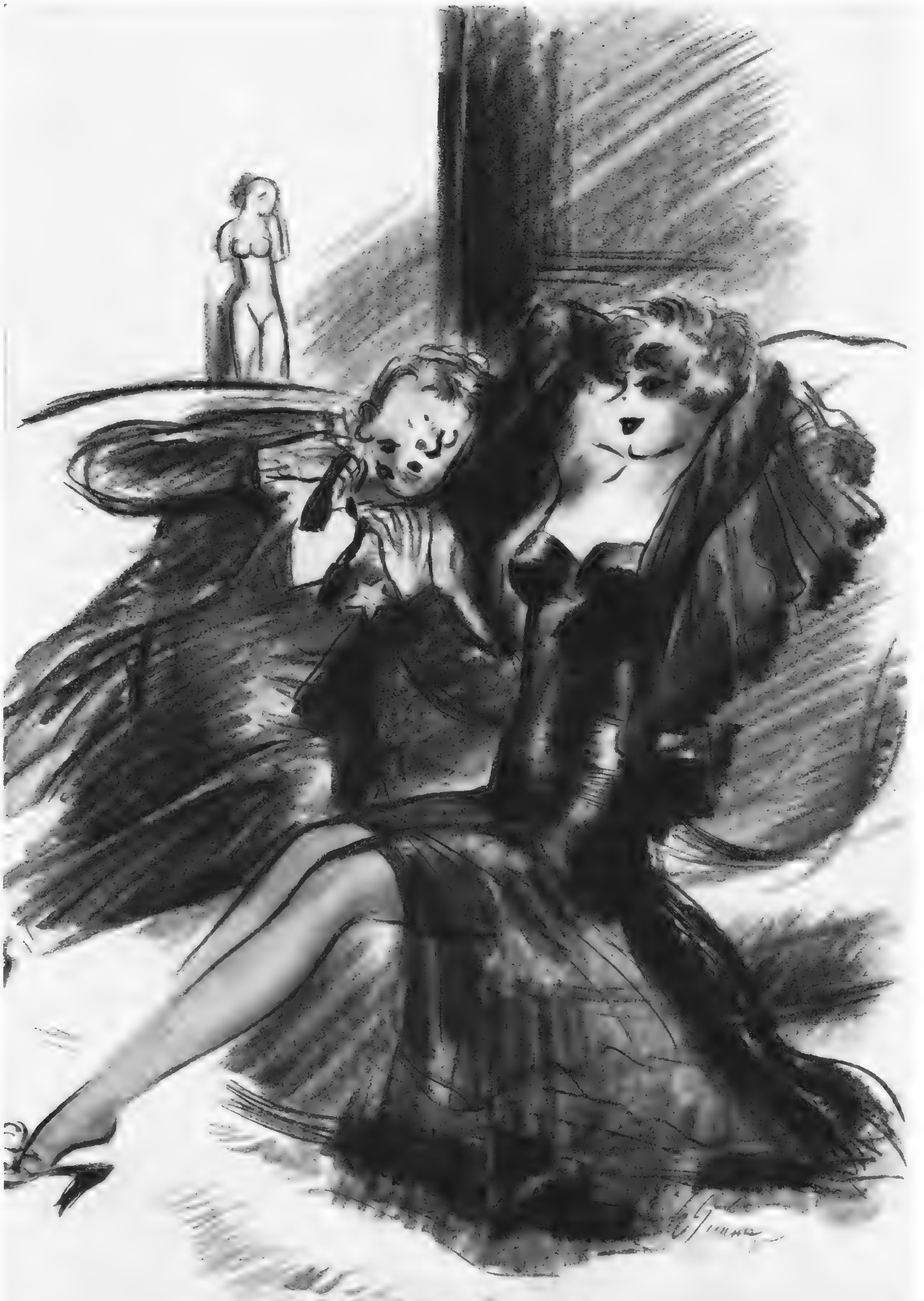


"Gawdamighty, Gran'ma — we kaint take yew along — we're afetchin' a stove back fer Maw"



"I can't quite figure out why your husband hired me to watch you"

If You Stop at Monte Carlo

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tinuing until a win when he strikes out the 1 at the top of the column of the record he is keeping and the 3 at the bottom, betting 5 chips the next spin and betting 5 chips until he wins. He then strikes out a 3 at the top of the column and a 5 at the bottom and keeps on making 5 chip bets until all the 3's have been canceled, when he bets 7 chips at each spin of the wheel to cancel the 5's.

When the last pair of bets has been canceled he starts out with a 1 chip bet again. He has won, however, 1 chip for every spin of the wheel, zero included. If he is in the hole at the end of the day or at the end of the period he plays he starts in the next time just where he left off. With a heavy run of losing numbers against him he is likely to get into the high ground and find himself betting heavy money each play but as the progression is only two chips at a time there is virtually no danger of ever reaching the limit. Unlike the "split" martingales, in which one winning cancels two losses, "The Snail" must win as many bets as are lost. It is a case of asking only an even chance and in roulette on the European wheel the player gets an even chance.

The Englishman who "milked the cow" with this progression played all three of the even chances each spin. In the busy hours at Monte the croupier will spin the wheel forty-five times an hour and when play is slack will average fifty-five spins as there is little time wasted in raking in bets or paying bets. Averaging the morning, afternoon and evening spins at fifty an hour the steady player, betting on each of the three even chances counts on winning 150 units an hour.

This progression gives Lady Luck the gate and reduces play to a mathematical formula. Playing both red and black the player wins on red every time black loses and wins on black every time red loses and betting becomes merely a routine arithmetical process.

A long run of losses on one side or the other, however, raises the bets into heavy money. Ten losses of $51 and twelve of $53 following, call for a bankroll well above a thousand dollars and there is no guarantee the losses will not run on up into the seventies and nineties before the breaks come.

Flat-stake methods are used by the gambling bigots of Monte. In the post-mortems held in the evenings at Monte Carlo, after the Casino has emptied, the flat-stake players and the progression players argue for hours about the merits of their respective systems.

The most popular flat-stake play is that in which four bets are made on each spin of the wheel. The bets are placed, 1 chip on the first column, 1 chip on the first eighteen, 1 chip on the last dozen and 1 chip on the carré, 20, 21, 23, 24. In this way every number on the layout, except the zero, is covered and the bank is expected to make a "Dutch book." Cautious players usually have a 1 chip bet on the zero as a lifebelt.

Where only four chips are played and the zero ignored, if 1, 4, 7, 10, 13 or 16 appear the player wins 3 chips and loses 2. He wins 2 for 1 on any of these numbers as they are in the first column and he wins 1 for 1 on the first eighteen. His net win is 1 chip. If 25, 28, 31, or 34 appear he wins 4 chips, 2 for 1 on the first column and 2 for 1 on the last dozen, and loses 2 chips, a net win of 2 chips. If 20, 21, 23, or 24 appear he wins eight chips on the carré and loses 3 chips on the other bets, a net win of 5 chips. If a number appears in the first eighteen, not in the first column, he wins 1 chip and loses 3. If a number appears in the last dozen, but not in the first column, he loses 3 chips and wins 2.

Not so very hot as a system. The flat-stake players cling to it, however. It will not exhaust a heavy bankroll for the stack of chips dribbles away slowly under losing pressure.

Paroli play is classed as a system only when combined with some form of progression that cleans up all losses as the game goes. A paroli is merely a doubled, trebled or quadrupled winning. A bet won is left standing on the table. If 1 chip has been bet the player has 2 chips for the next bet as paroli play is used on the even chances. The 2 chips are bet and a winning brings 4. The next spin, winning, carries the total of the stake to 8, a net profit of 7 chips. If shooting for a paroli of four the player leaves the 8 chips on the table and if he wins on the next spin has 16 chips, a net winning of 15.

Paroli play is hazardous. There are times when the player gets the benefit of repeated runs on the chances he selects and then paroli play shows worth-while results. Nearly all paroli players use a progression, playing 2 units after the first loss, 3 units after two losses, 4 after three losses, carrying out the progression table 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 20 and so on until the losses are recovered or the wallet is empty.

The only paroli play that ever showed results worth recording was invented by an ingenious inn-keeper of Marseilles who cooked up a system of his own, tried it out at home, and then fell upon Monte Carlo, practice-perfect, about twenty-five years ago. His campaign justified all his rosy hopes and sent him back to Marseilles with enough cash to buy himself a hotel and settle down to comfort and security.

He used a paroli play that apparently was as dangerous as deep-water navigation in a canoe. He shot for a paroli of four.

He started with a bet of 3 chips on one of the even chances. If he won he had 6 chips on the table and to these he added 3 chips from his stack for a bet of 9. If his second bet won he had 18 chips and he let these ride for a third spin. If the third won he had 36 chips on the table and from these he picked up 6 chips, leaving 30 chips for the fourth spin. In this way he retrieved his original bet of 6 chips and was betting 30 chips of the bank's money. If he won the fourth he had 60 chips, pure velvet, which he took down, starting again with a bet of 3.

By this system a run of three saved him his stake. A run of four won him sixty chips and the runs of four come more frequently than one would imagine and runs of three, the *coup à trois*, are common.

What is sometimes called a "Reverse Paroli" is the life-belt of scores of the little folk who hang on to the fringe of Monte Carlo month after month. It resembles the methods of "case players" at faro. The bettor waits patiently for a run of four and then makes his bet. Four red numbers have appeared and he bets black. The favorite method is to use a base stake of seven units and the "Little Martingale." One unit is bet and if that is lost the next bet is 2 and if that is lost the next bet is 4, or 7 units in all. The little system player never goes beyond 7 units in his losses at one time. He marks off 7 chips lost and waits for another run of four in order to bet that the fifth spin will show a change. There are few runs of more than seven so that these little folk in "the kitchen" do much better than one would think.

"If one expects to win at roulette he must use a system of some sort," explained my Cuban friend, Don Eduardo, as we sat one night on the terrace of our hotel at Monte, the soft strains of a far-off orchestra lending its enchantment to the evening. The *marques* had pouched a hatful of winnings that evening and was loquacious.

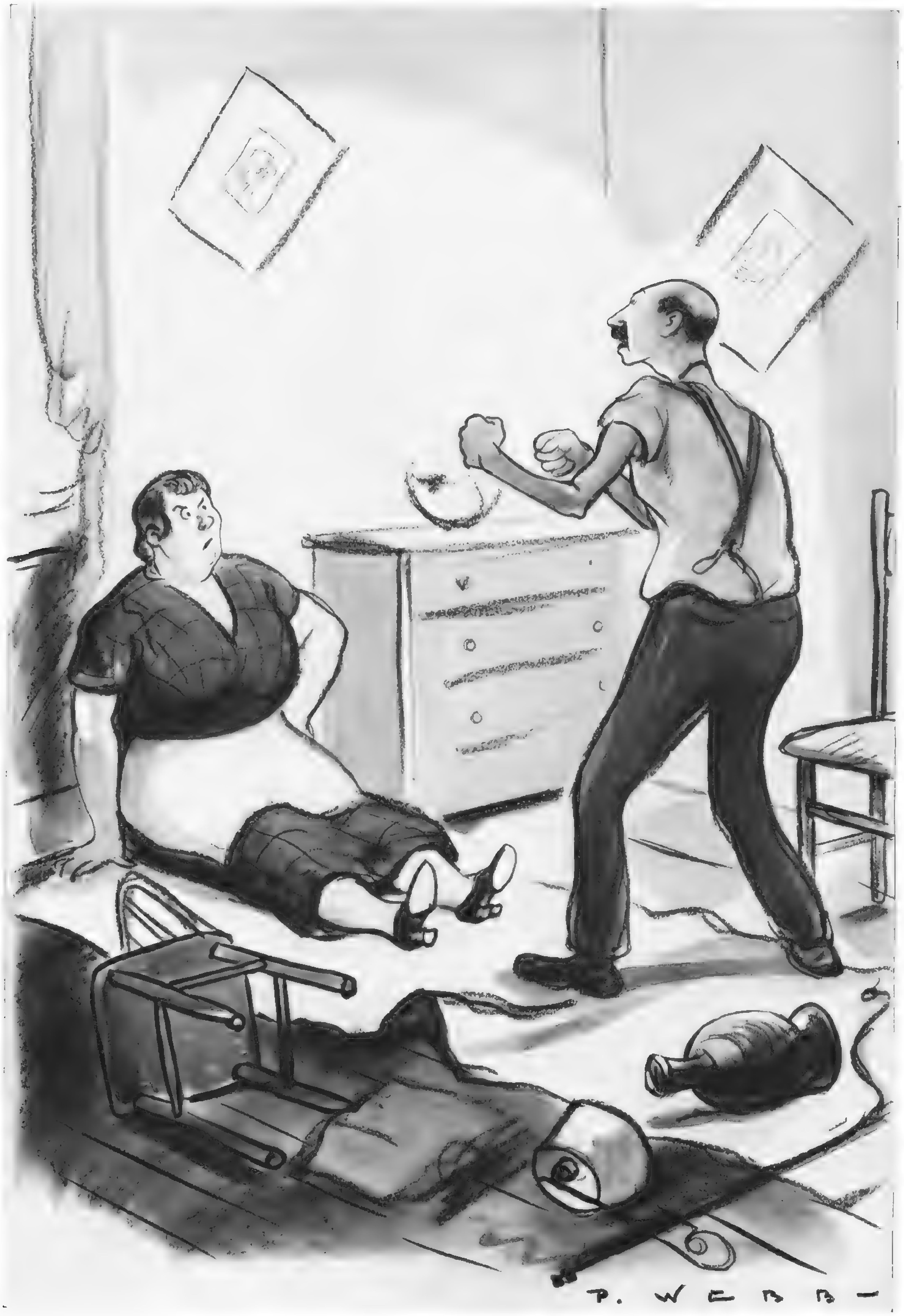
"The percentage in favor of the bank is a just charge, not only for the tables at which we play, the attention of the many various agents, the services of the croupiers, but for a much more important advantage.

"The player pays for the right to make the bank bet as he wishes. If the player selects red, the bank must play black, no matter how often black may have appeared. Numbers in the second and third dozen may have appeared ten, twelve, fifteen times but the bank must bet that numbers in those two dozens will continue to appear if the player has his stake down on the first dozen. It is true that the percentage makes the player put up $101.35 to win $100 on the even chances and $102.70 on the columns, dozens, transversals, carrés and numbers *en plein*. Trusting to Lady Luck alone, those odds would wreck any player in the long run. He cannot trust to luck alone. Luck may help occasionally. In the United States they say any man can beat a race, but no man can beat the races. That is true of roulette, playing on luck alone. The player must aid fortune by the manner in which he manipulates his bets. That is why all the great winnings at Monte Carlo have gone to system players. Without a system a player is helpless."

But even system play is not for the uninitiate. Good gaming needs study, practice and gaming intelligence.

If you stop at Monte Carlo and feel you must have a whirl at roulette, set aside the exact amount you intend to spend for that form of amusement. Take it into the Casino and when you have lost it, take your foot in your hand and mizzle. Get right away from there. You can say you've played at Monte Carlo and you can stick your losses into your entertainment account and let it go at that. If you win, Heaven help you.

It takes at least a year of constant study to learn anything at all about roulette and you can have more fun playing bridge and it won't cost you nearly so much. This study of systems is informative, not educative and is merely intended to clear up the mystery of what goes on among the folk who are drawn to Monte Carlo year after year, when they have money enough, and who have made of roulette a cult you can't afford. ##



"Oh yeah? . . . it was a lucky punch an' you know it!"

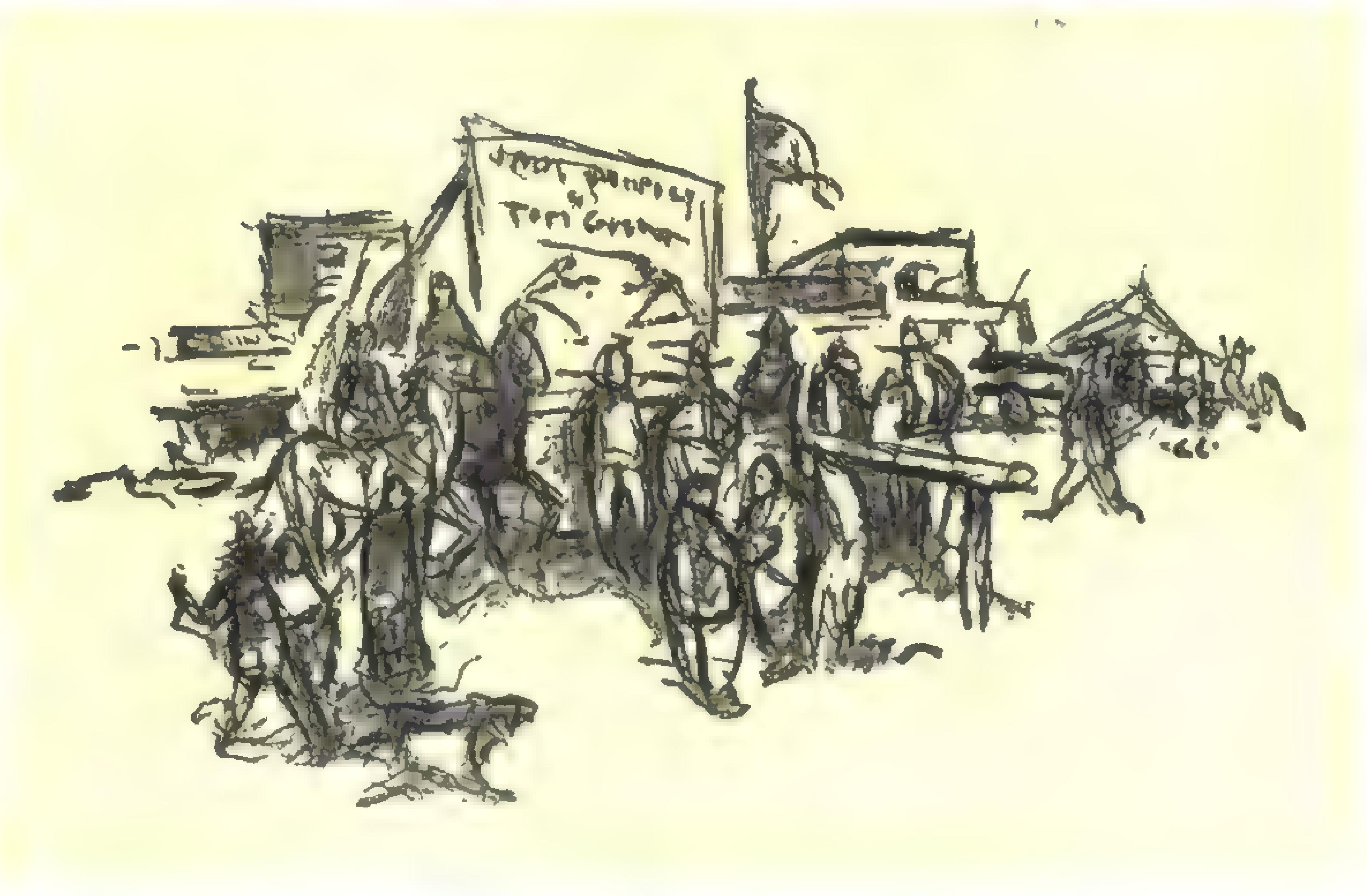
Sunset in Montana

Keen memories, with no regrets, of the greatest fiasco in the annals of prize-fight promotion

by JOHN K. HUTCHENS

▪ SPORTS ▪

You must have seen by the papers that the business of legal mayhem has had an agreeable spring and summer. In succession, the Messrs. Canzoneri and Ambers, McLarnin and Ross, Baer and Braddock have met and clubbed each other for profit and a title, with the Messrs. Baer and Louis engaged in some pigsticking of lively interest if not for a championship. Each of these matters was a well-ordered combat, from which the promoters and even the challenger should have emerged in solvent condition. With or without a new champion, the nation went about its affairs the next day. No banks failed. The boys who were covering the fights didn't have time to send a tent-show girl to Broadway.



The point is that to one small school whose acquaintance with the championship business began on July 4, 1923, this cool efficiency of management has seemed very odd and, I fear, a bit suspicious—schemes hatched by city slickers. This school is known as the Shelby, Mont. school. It consists of persons not yet entirely free of splinters from a vast yellow pine arena in which they sat under an incredible sun and knew that nothing around them was even remotely real.

Down there in the ring that day, as the papers later attested, Jack Dempsey was battering dully at a young man named Tom Gibbons who was kind to his family and sparring partners, had pinkish skin and read inspirational essays. The Shelby school, though it saw this with its own eyes, knows that such a thing didn't really happen. Championship bouts are not held in remote oil towns on Montana prairies before crowds of 11,000. Jack Kearns, the wiliest of them all, could never have let himself and the game's greatest meal-ticket in for a layout like that.

No, there were only the sun and the blue sky that day, and beneath them a crowd which included, among others, a former Mrs. Vanderbilt and a hundred Blackfeet Indians.

But no one with any sense is going to believe that, either. And another thing: the people who went to see the Messrs. Baer and Braddock, for instance, rightly expected the fight itself to be the climax of the occasion. They paid their money, saw the fight, got excited, and finally went home on the subway. But to a person trained and splintered in the Shelby school of heavyweight championship prizefighting, the main event isn't very important. He would, in fact, just as soon avoid it altogether.

You can see that someone here is crazy.

Very well, then. The delegation from The Missoula (Mont.) *Missoulian* and *Sentinel*, three men and a boy, got off a Great Northern train at noon, July 2. The epic of the prairies was forty-eight hours away. The epic was going to occur in that yellow bowl over there which overshadowed the little town lying in a mile-wide valley between two low ranges of hills. That was the first and last thing about Shelby. Even if you tried, you couldn't forget the bowl that was yellow in the sun, silver in the moon, and bigger than the town. It was insane, it was ridiculous, it never belonged there.

But we were getting off the train.

"Well," my father said—he was head of the delegation. "We'd better move along to wherever we're staying."

We turned up Main Street. And Main Street, as I know now, was the first thing that wasn't real. Indians rode along it, back and forth, in dirty blankets and bright feathers. Cowboys stomped by, tan-faced, spurs rasping on the sidewalk. They were professionals from the rodeos, but what of it? This had been a cow town before it was an oil town. If you heard a man talking through his nose, that was an Easterner, but there weren't many of them.

The street stank with oil spread on it to lay the dust. With rain the dust would be gray mud, but now the sun shone, thick and hot. We moved along slowly through the crowd and its undertone of fight talk—a quizzical, sometimes angry hum. Past the Red Onion Café we went, past Milady's Hat and Gift Shop and the Green Light Pavilion, the King Tut dance hall—one-story buildings, mostly, and beyond them shacks and tents at the town's edge; and after that, the prairie and the sky.

"Hello, Martin," a man said from the crowd. He was a friend of my father's and a member of the Shelby Chamber of Commerce; he was red-faced and a little drunk and he wore a badge on his lapel: "Help Build Shelby," the badge asked.

My father said hello.

"Ain't going to be any fight," the man said. He was quite cheerful about it. "Ain't enough money left in the state for that Shylock Jack Kearns."

"They've got till tomorrow to raise the third hundred thousand," my father reminded him. "The contract gives them till then."

"The mortgages'll choke 'em before they get it," the man said. "Besides, nobody's comin' to the fight if they ain't sure of seein' one."

He was right about that and I was listening to him and also to a man calling sad attention to Mary Ellen, the eight-horned horse. We moved along again and I stopped in front of a big cowboy and stared, curiously, for there weren't many cowboys in our part of the state. This one wore a five-gallon hat and a purple bandana, and I knew that here was the Old West. On closer inspection, he was Heywood Broun.

And then, just before we reached the hotel, we passed the First State Bank of Shelby. In the doorway stood a gray-haired man, smiling fixedly. That, my father said, was Mayor Jim Johnson—Smiling Jim—who was going to lose $150,000 of his own on this fight. And all because a few oil men, sitting around one winter night five months before, had had a bright, funny idea for publicizing their town. No phoney promotion, you understand. They weren't selling oil stock, though if anyone insisted on buying an oil lease. . . . No, they just wanted some publicity for the town, Chamber of Commerce fashion. Come out and grow up with the country. There were little models of oil rigs in windows along the street. No one was looking at them.

It took all of ten minutes to discover what Shelby had its eye on. Shelby loved Tom Gibbons. Dempsey, in training at Great Falls, 130 miles away, was an Easterner and an enemy. But Gibbons, hailing from St. Paul only 1500 miles down the track, was practically a home town boy. He was modest

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Sunset in Montana

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and decent and a family man, the sort of fighter who takes his wife and children to his camp because he likes to have them around.

So we stood with Shelby in the glare of his training quarters that afternoon to watch him work. You could feel people pulling for the challenger, trying to believe that he was a hitherto unrevealed giant-killer as well as a fine boxer. And it was no use. He had done little work in the sun, his skin was white, and he seemed frailer than he actually was. Watching him, you kept thinking of Dempsey. Once in a while he smiled seriously at the crowd, but it was a wistful kind of smile, and never once did he look at the great yellow arena 400 yards away. And suddenly I was sorry for him, the way I had been once for a fellow in the county jail who could see the gallows he was going to die on.

Gibbons finished work, and his manager Eddie Kane made some foolish, glib remarks. Tom would not only keep off the floor but would knock Dempsey out, Kane said. An eastern sports writer laughed out loud when I gravely wrote that down. Then we went back to Main Street.

We were always going back to Main Street. There was no other place to go. It was a comic, sad place. The two dance halls were chaste vacuums in which orchestras blared noisily while no one danced. Both places were fixed up like old-time honky-tonks, but the sham was obvious, though the plans called at first for a wide open town. Hopefully, a stockade had been added to the concrete jail. While the arena was being built, there were liquor, gambling and gals for the workmen, but then the Attorney General swooped down and drove out sin. For entertainment there were now only the concessionaires, who lived off each other; two rodeos; and Patricia Salmon, the Irish comedienne and yodeling star of the Hyland-Welty stock company. Patricia was small, had big brown eyes, and also danced. The newspaper boys had been telling her she'd be on Broadway in two years. She told them to stop kidding.

Shelby was dull on the surface, and so the crowd drifted in the moonlight that night, nervous, bored, waiting for news from Great Falls. Reporters were chasing Jack Kearns through smoke-filled hotel rooms down there, asking him what he intended to do. Here in Shelby, the owner of Mary Ellen, the eight-horned horse, was barking for dimes, but nobody seemed to have a dime. A few minutes after 1 A.M. our red-faced committeeman found us. He was a bit drunk as he had been in the morning, and he still wore the badge that said "Help Build Shelby."

"It's off for good now," he announced. "Kearns said if they'd give him the last half of the third hundred thousand he'd gamble at the gate for the rest. But they couldn't give him half."

He stood there in the moonlight, laughing foolishly, the hysteria of fatigue in his voice.

"That God-damned Shylock Kearns," he said. "We oughta lynch him."

But two hours later the fight was on again. Kearns had taken over the books and was now the promoter. He was going to gamble for all of that last installment.

The Fourth dawned clear, with a slight breeze coming in from the baked mud flats. It was a thick, warm wind. At five o'clock, when I got up, it was very quiet in the town. I walked down the hotel corridor that was lined with cots and out into the street where the dried oil was swirling in little brown clouds. The day before, the town had started to fill up. There was almost hope. Some special trains had arrived, and a lot of shoddy automobiles, and a small army of the beggars who follow the fights. God only knows how they got to Shelby, but nobody asked questions now. The town awoke suddenly, the street was full, and we stood in line for breakfast at the Red Onion Café.

Rumors started, died, in the thick air. The fight was off again? It was not. There was a brief resolution to destroy a gentleman from St. Paul who had imported 150 cases of near beer, removed the labels and proposed to sell it as ale for $1.50 a bottle. Instead, the crowd went to the station to meet Dempsey's special car at 11 o'clock. It came in, with curtains drawn, and went onto a sidetrack near the arena. I went back to Main Street, where the ticket speculators were trying desperately to unload. Fifty-five dollar seats were available at $10 and looking for buyers. Mary Ellen's owner was still barking for dimes. The arena loomed larger and yellower in the sun, while the contractor who had built it drove past in a car with a placard.

"I built the damned thing," the placard said. Anything for a laugh.

In the arena, at noon, no wind stirred. Yellow acres of empty seats stretched away to a horizon of their own. From above, it was quiet as sleep, as an unbroken dream. The first preliminary boys came on, and the cheap-seat holders stampeded into the $30 section, knocking over ushers.

But suddenly, outside, the roar was deeper and louder. I walked to the top of the arena, and looked down through field-glasses. Inside a barbed wire fence were Promoter Kearns and his deputies. They were taking money through the wire from scratched hands and cramming it into satchels. Kearns, sharp faced and sweating but still oddly dapper, was watching the satchels. A squad of internal revenue agents were watching Kearns. They were supposed to collect a ten per cent tax. The Kearns deputies were working fast but not fast enough; the wire broke, and a mob surged through. The revenue agents fired over their heads and the shots were a thin crackle in the uproar. Kearns stood closer to the satchels.

I went back to my seat as the semi-final worked to a finish, and now the heat was dull and tense with waiting. It was about 3:30. A long murmur breaking into unexpected applause was for Dempsey as he came down from the top of the arena, his bodyguard around him. In the ring he laughed and talked with friends in the press rows. The West watched and hated him, the enemy from the East. The sudden roar was for Gibbons, who made a quick, nervous entrance. The Indians yelled and wahooed for him — they had made him Chief Thunder Cloud a few days before, and given him a fancy headdress—and three bands played against each other. In the ring the two men stripped and posed for the cameras, and someone tossed a pop bottle and hit a *Chicago Tribune* photographer on the ankle: Shelby's final salute to eastern journalism. Then the gong.

Well, as I have said, the fight was no good. With everything that had gone before, the fight was an anti-climax. Some wiser person can say whether Dempsey carried Gibbons because the crowd was dangerous, as it was; or if he really tried to knock him out but failed because his timing was bad and because Gibbons was smart and took care of himself in the clinches. Anyhow, it was a dull fight and no amount of "moral victory" business could make it seem otherwise. . . . In the dooryard of Gibbons' house, when they rushed him home in blankets, his two sons were setting off firecrackers in patriotic unconcern. The family man had come back alive.

There was no line that night in front of the Red Onion Café. The shoddy cars sputtered off into the prairie and the special trains cleared for action. The town wasn't empty yet, but it was desolate and tired—and broke. Mayor Johnson stood in a doorway, still smiling, and asked if anyone could let him have the price of a shave. That was supposed to be a joke. It wasn't. Mr. Kearns had all the money. He stood guard over it all night in the Mayor's busted bank while the revenue agents weighed schemes to get some additional tax out of him. But Mr. Kearns was too smart. He was always too smart for the boys. And in the morning Main Street heard how he had hired an engine and a caboose and lit out for Great Falls while the revenue agents stood there in the station and waved an attachment at him.

It was raining when we had finished writing the mopping-up stories. To kill some time before our train left, I walked out in the rain, and passing Gibbons' house I saw him on the porch. He was throwing some stuff into a trunk. For no good reason I went up to the porch. He wasn't marked, except for a swollen right eye. I asked some dumb questions, and he knew they were dumb; but also he could see that I was all of seventeen years old and trying to be a reporter, and he answered pleasantly because he was a pleasant guy.

He hadn't been hurt, he said, except when Dempsey rabbit-punched him. That was pretty often. He talked about his family and the vaudeville tour he was going to make, but nothing was so important as the way he never looked toward the arena. The Blackfeet braves had come over and taken back their tribal headdress, he said, and smiled.

Our train pulled away. After the town had sunk out of sight across the prairie you could still see the arena, enormous but sodden and not so yellow in the rain, and beyond it a big civic auto camp where there hadn't been any autos. Why had it ever happened? Then someone remembered that Shelby had hoped to sell some oil leases, and someone else laughed and said there had been a bona fide sale. Mrs. Raymond T. Baker (the former Mrs. Vanderbilt) had bought a quarter section for fifty dollars, paid a two dollar tax, reserved the oil rights to herself, and given the rest to the Negro porter on her special car.

* * *

A bank in Great Falls closed on July 9, Mayor Johnson's closed the next day, and the second Shelby bank closed in August. The examiners wouldn't say that the banks had put money into the fight, but the depositors seemed to think so. Still Shelby had one more flash, and it was very far from Main Street. Florenz Ziegfeld, then operating a Follies on Broadway, was stirred to curiosity about Patricia Salmon, the sweet yodeler of the tents. He brought her east with a cagey blare of Alice-in-Wonderland stuff. Fifteen Follies girls met her at Grand Central, called her "dearie," and Billie Burke took her on a $2,500 shopping tour. She went into the show and, surprisingly enough, wasn't so bad.

But the next time I saw her was on a June night in 1928. She was in that dance marathon at Madison Square Garden. She had been dancing seven days, and for the last few hours her partner had been holding her up because she was in a semi-cataleptic state. I almost failed to recognize her, and yet something about her was very familiar. Then I knew: she looked like Shelby on the morning of July 5, 1923. She finally passed out altogether. ##

"Camels don't get your Wind"

FAMOUS ATHLETES AGREE

George M. Lott Jr

Cyril Harrison

Mark the words of George Lott, the tennis champion, and the 7-goal polo star, Cyril Harrison: "Camels," says Mr. Harrison, "are so mild they don't upset the nerves or affect the wind. And when I'm tired I get a 'lift' with a Camel." Lott adds: "Naturally the cigarette blended from more expensive tobaccos is going to be easy and gentle on the throat. And Camels never get my wind. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

Some of the famous athletes who approve of Camel's mildness

BASEBALL
Dizzy Dean Lou Gehrig
Melvin Ott Jimmy Collins
Harold Schumacher
Carl Hubbell

TENNIS
Ellsworth Vines, Jr.; George M. Lott, Jr.; William T. Tilden, 2nd
Bruce Barnes

GOLF
Gene Sarazen Craig Wood
Tommy Armour Denny Shute
Willie Macfarlane
Helen Hicks

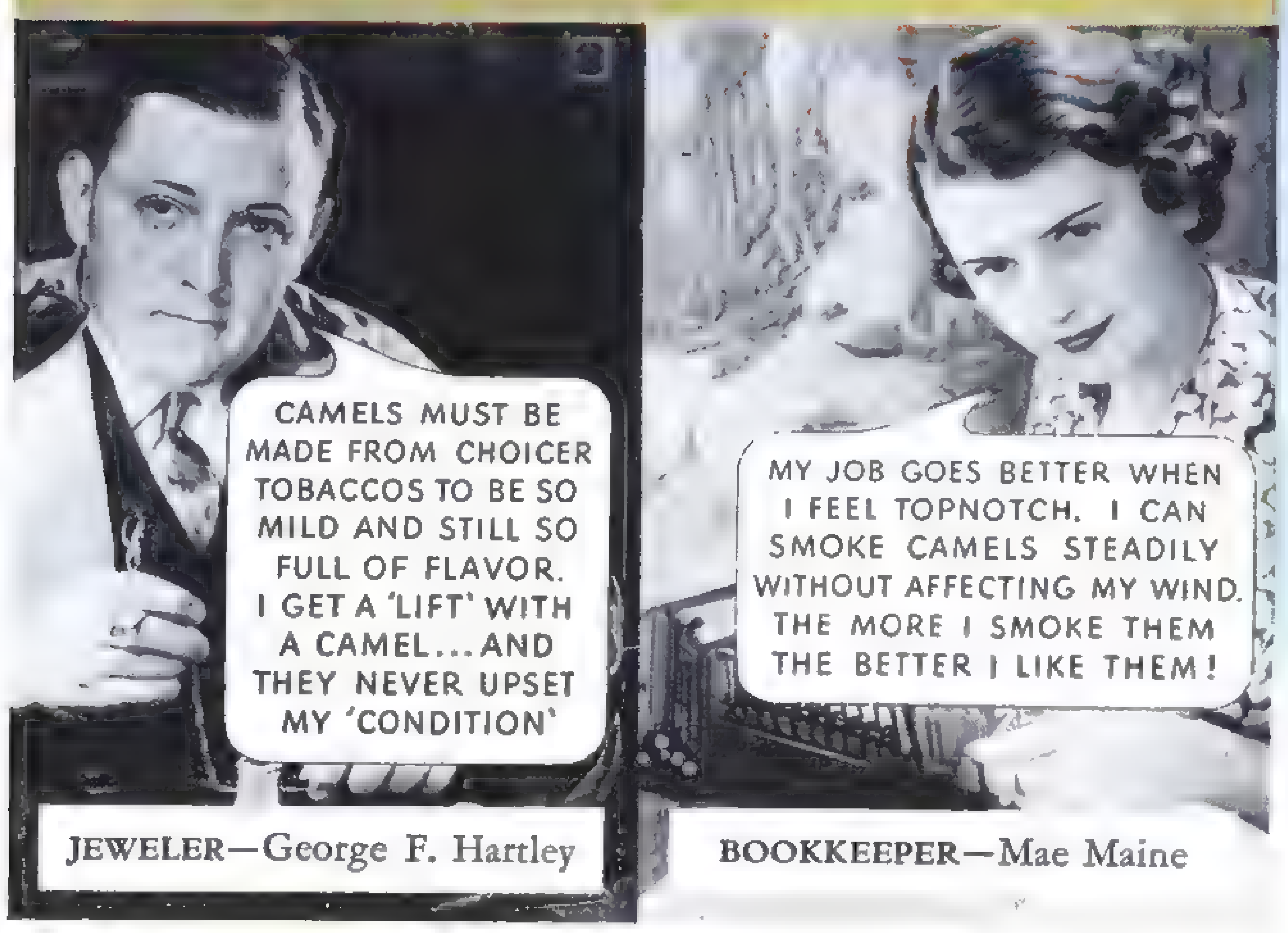
TRACK AND FIELD
Jim Bausch Leo Sexton

SWIMMING
Helene Madison Susan Vilas
Josephine McKim
Stubby Kruger

DIVING
Harold ("Dutch") Smith
Pete Desjardins Sam Howard
Georgia Coleman

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

So Mild! YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT


CAMELS MUST BE MADE FROM CHOICER TOBACCOS TO BE SO MILD AND STILL SO FULL OF FLAVOR. I GET A 'LIFT' WITH A CAMEL... AND THEY NEVER UPSET MY 'CONDITION'
MY JOB GOES BETTER WHEN I FEEL TOPNOTCH. I CAN SMOKE CAMELS STEADILY WITHOUT AFFECTING MY WIND. THE MORE I SMOKE THEM THE BETTER I LIKE THEM!

JEWELER—George F. Hartley BOOKKEEPER—Mae Maine

Costlier Tobaccos!

- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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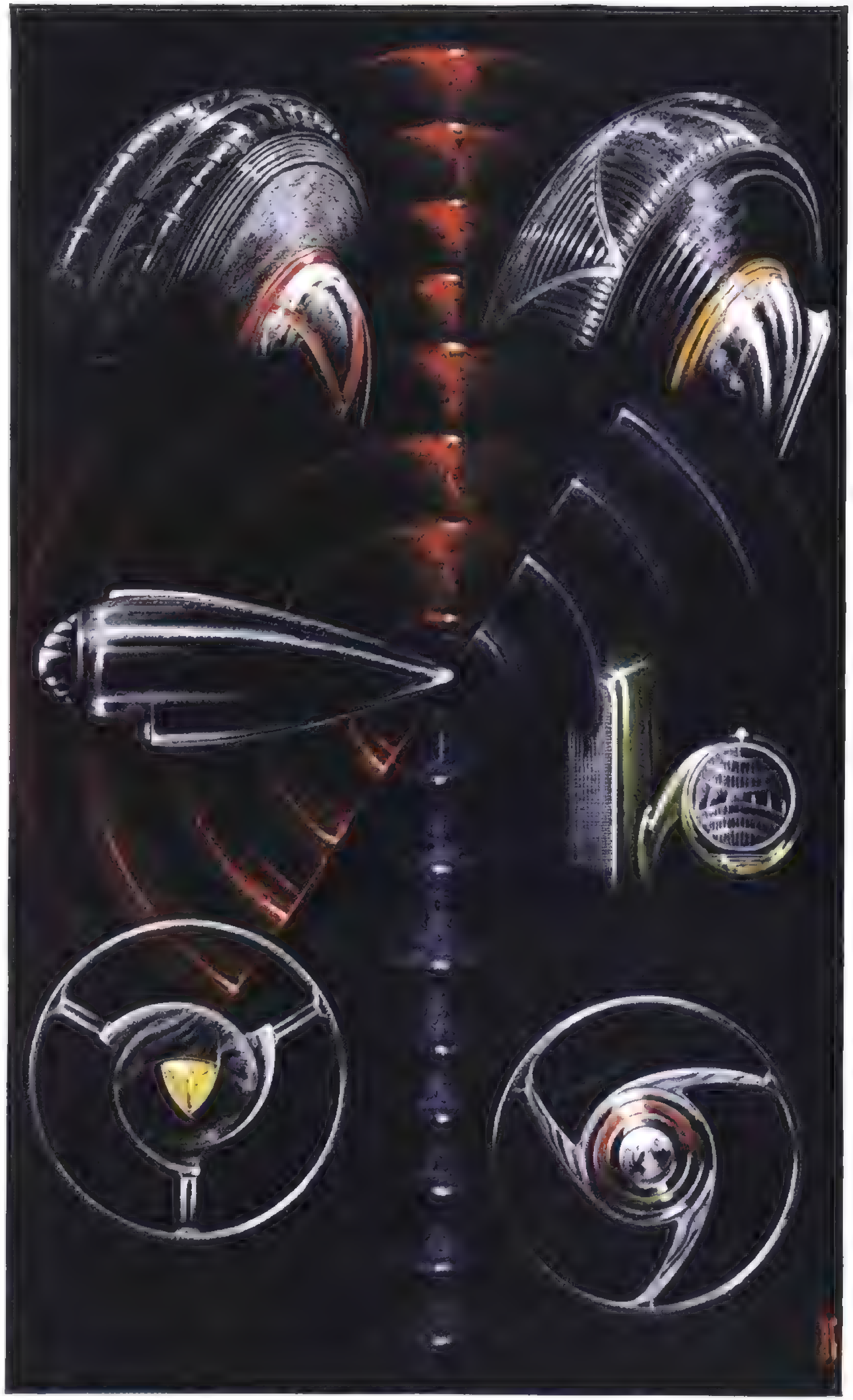
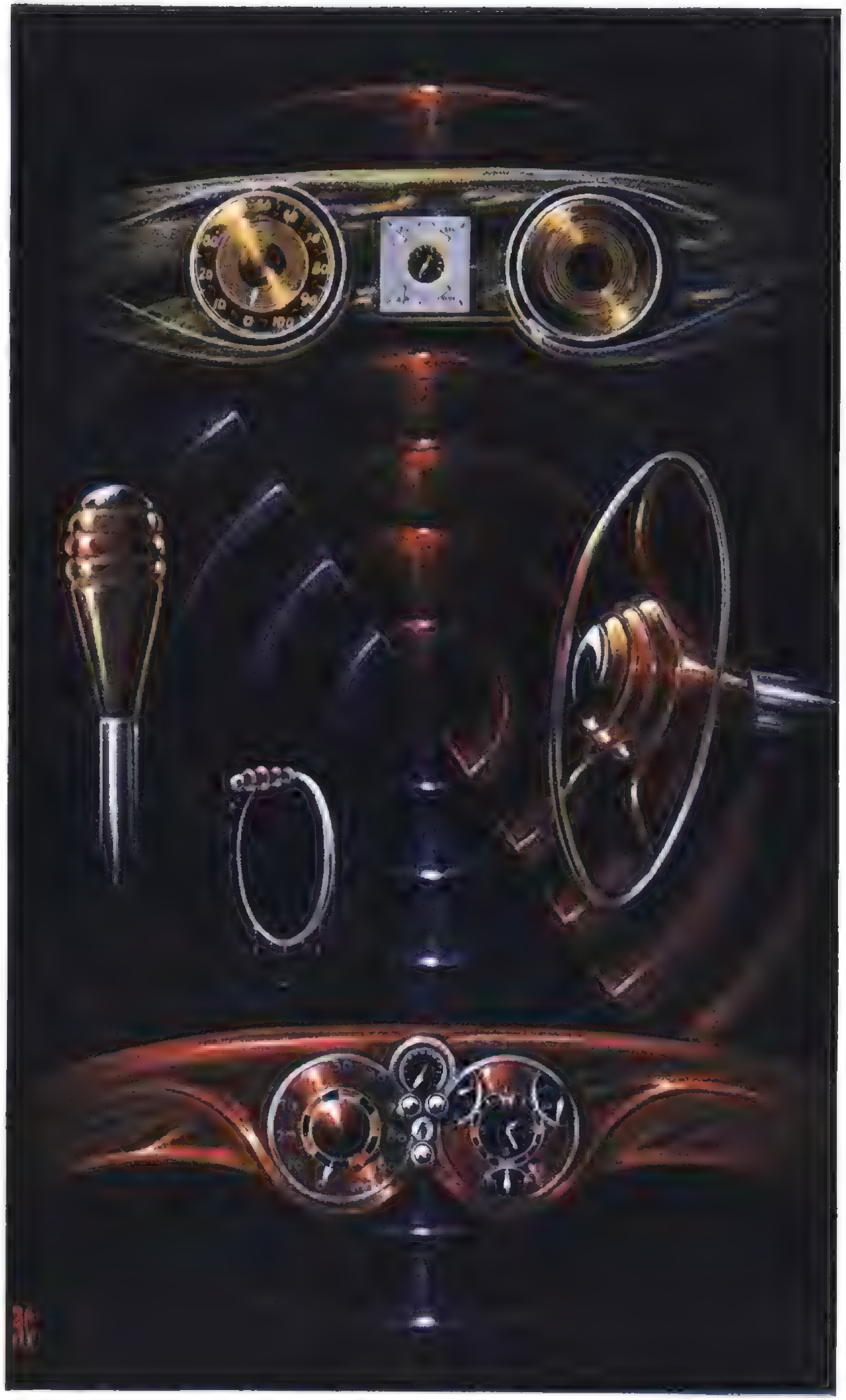


AUTOMOTIVE FASHION NOTES

by

SAKHNOFFSKY

At the upper left are two new ornamental treads, shown on wheels without side discs which, eliminating separate hub caps, give the entire side of the wheel the appearance of one big hub cap. Extreme left, a combination headlamp and horn, the horn being placed in a bulge at the bottom, taking advantage of the fact that the inside of the modern streamlined headlamp is virtually empty, the reflector occupying only about a third of the space. Left center, a head-on view of the same lamp showing the novel bracket and the horn opening below the lens. Lower left, new ideas in spring spoke steering wheels featuring extra large hubs, a new fashion that was started by LaSalle. Upper right, a dashboard of unusual coloring and grouping, featuring an oversize speedometer which is matched by the round door of the glove compartment. Note the yellow gold finish. Extreme right, a new steering wheel with extra size hub, slender spokes and ivory horn button. Right center, a new type of window regulator, a flat disc upholstered to match the trim, with narrow chrome ring and corrugated handle which matches the steering wheel and the gear shift knob. Near right, a pear shaped gear shift knob. Lower right, a conservative dashboard grouping, given distinction by the coloring.



Memory of Fourteen

Continued from page 66

into the sleeve. All at once she made a little sound and sat down on the bed. She turned back the edge of her skirt, dipping her finger in the basin and rubbing the water on a run that made a straight, white line in her stocking from the garter to her knee.

She said you can't ruin many of these on a teacher's salary and I looked at the firm, round column that was above her stocking. The stocking fitted closely around it, not loose, nor yet straining with fullness. There was a long curve from the knee, gleaming black, and then, where the stocking ended in a clinging circle, the strong young flesh that was not like alabaster or rose petals or any of those other things that people write of to explain what a young girl's skin is like to those who have never seen it.

If I say that I felt the blood beating in my head and the warmth of it in my body it will sound foolish, as though I were trying to write a romance, and I am not, for I was only fourteen and I had never thought of a woman before. But I knew that if I touched her flesh it would be firm and yet soft, not as a pillow is soft, but soft at first and then with pressure becoming firm. And I touched her and felt the pain in my hand at the touch, as when one cuts himself with a razor so sharp that he does not feel the wound, but only the pain of the knowledge of the wound.

She stopped rubbing water on the run in her stocking, holding her finger where she had stopped, very still, as though she were conscious of nothing, but with her whole body knew my hand was on her flesh.

Very gently, then, she turned down the corner of her skirt and stood up, not looking at me. She began to talk quickly. I have no memory of what she said, I never knew, her words were nothing more than a sound filling the silence. I heard her pick up the tray to go, and then she must have looked at me, at the agony and shame in my face, but at me, too, whose flesh had been warm against hers. Suddenly she bent over me and crushed her mouth against mine, and then she was gone.

I must have lain there a long time, quite motionless, for fear I should lose the memory of her, and the scent of her clean girl's flesh.

That is the picture which comes to me when I catch that fragrance I have spoken of in some crowded place. And when I walk on, knowing that I shall not find her in the crowd, my mind follows to the picture that belongs to that first picture as the story on one side of a page belongs to that on the other.

I was young at fourteen, and I had been brought up in a house where only my father lived. He was a stern man, small and stiff in his dark clothes, with tight, cold lips, and he believed that the body was an evil thing, so that it was never mentioned in our house. And so I could not think that her body was a beautiful thing without, at the same time, thinking that I was evil and vicious.

I lay on my cot in the gloom and I heard the bell that called the school to dinner and the shouting and noise of the boys going into the dining hall and the silence when Martin, the prefect, closed the door. And I thought how she would be sitting at the table raised on a dais beside Old Toady and how the older boys and some of the masters would look at her legs under the table, waiting for her skirt to creep up a little so they could see her knees. And I thought how her flesh had felt with the little soft hills between my fingers and then I thought how evil I was and shut my eyes tight, turning and twisting on the bed.

They brought me my dinner after a while and I ate it without knowing what it was. They rang for study hour and then for rest and bed-time and lights out and I lay on my cot in the blackness with only the lights of cars passing occasionally on the road showing on the ceiling and the agony never left me, or the ecstasy either.

At last I knew what I had to do, and I got up painfully, because of my side, and went down the stairs quietly to Mr. Fellows' room. He was in his dressing gown with his hair tousled when he opened the door. He looked at me but he said nothing, only come in.

He went before me across the room to shut the door opening into his bedroom and returned to stand beside his desk. I had memorized the words I was to say, lying in the dark, repeating the scene over and over again in my mind, until I had learned my part by rote.

"Sir, I wanted to tell you that I am going to leave the school. It's my duty, Sir." I must have sing-songed as though I were reciting in class.

He said he was sorry, was it bad news from home, and turned on the study lamp on his table. It cast queer, inverted shadows on his face.

"I love the wife of another, Sir."

And I was fourteen. Let it be said to the undying glory of Mr. Fellows that not a muscle in his face so much as twitched. He looked at me.

"Maria?"

I nodded.

He walked to the window and stood with his back to me.

"Go on."

He heard me without a movement during the whole faltering, anguished recital. I spared nothing. When I had finished he stood there for a long time.

To this day I do not know whether my tale had any bearing on what happened after that; whether it was a beginning, or a signal that the time was come, or nothing at all. I only know that, standing there, staring at the blackness of the window, he said very low, to himself, something about a sin against God.

Make something of it if you can, for the next day he was gone, and Maria Burroughs too. #

Our Aunt Content

Continued from page 93

"I was amused, too," she murmured, "and I laughed lightly but kindly at the old man. 'This way?' I asked playfully, and I raised the ring to my chin. To my horror the Arab immediately faded away before my eyes."

My aunt's regular, even breathing was the only sound in the room. Every eye was glazed by blank astonishment. I was unable to believe that I had heard this, even from Aunt Content.

"Disappeared?" I croaked.

"Completely!" was my aunt's calm reply. Then she continued. "Considerably unstrung, I returned to our hotel as quickly as the camel would carry me. When I got there, I ran to my room and threw the ring into my trunk."

Our local banker, a practical fellow, had a solution. "Then did you wake up to find it was all a dream?" he asked. We all breathed again and looked fondly at the banker. *Dear* Mr. Simms!

"Oh, no!" my aunt's thin, high voice went firmly on. "Although, as a matter of fact, the whole occurrence seemed so unreal to me that I forgot about it until one morning, weeks later, when we had returned home, I unpacked my trunk and found the ring wedged in a corner.

"I picked it up and put it on my finger. I reasoned that perhaps some strange tropical disease had caused me to suffer from an hallucination."

We all lavished a hopeless sort of pleading gaze on my aunt's untroubled countenance. Here was another possible egress from this hideous mental maelstrom into which we had been plunged!

"My parents asked me where I got the pretty ring, but I was forced to lie to them. 'I bought it in a Persian bazaar,' I replied, for I dared not tell them the truth. They were satisfied, but my own curiosity was consuming me. I once touched the ring gingerly to my chin before getting into bed at night, but, as I was already alone, any uncanny result was impossible."

"Did—did anything *ever* happen?" I don't know who asked this question, but many heads nodded, indicating that the owners of them were also wondering, yet had not dared ask.

"Yes," replied Aunt Content, and she might as well have dropped a hand-grenade in our midst. "One morning a salesman for kitchen utensils came to our door and forced his way into the parlor. I was alone in the house, and the man seemed determined to sell me a patent egg-beater. Nothing I could think of by way of refusal discouraged him in the least. Finally, becoming desperate, I glanced hastily around to make sure that none of my family had wandered in, closed my eyes, and pressed the amethyst against my chin. The drone of the sales talk ceased. I was afraid to open my eyes. When I did—"

Here my aunt fumbled in the folds of her skirt for her handkerchief.

"When you did—" prompted the widow who is our next-door neighbour, balancing on the extreme edge of her chair.

"When I finally gained the courage to open my eyes, I saw that I was indeed alone. I remember rushing to the window to see if the salesman were in sight and finding the street empty. Then I fainted and my family, returning, found me there on the floor in front of the bay-window."

The widow from next door fell back into her chair. She was pale, and her eyes seemed to have turned back into her head. Like everyone else, I was unable to move, or speak a word, and the widow was left to revive at her leisure and without outside aid.

Aunt Content had started talking again. Like those of snakes swaying before the wails of a Hindu instrument, our eyes followed the ring on her wrinkled hand as she aided her story with small gestures.

"I was confined to my room by illness for nearly a week following that day," mused Aunt Content, "and most of my time was spent in staring at the ring which I had never removed from my finger, hideous though it had become to me.

"After that incident I seemed to be held in the power of the weird ornament. Afraid of what I might be unable to prevent myself from doing, I begged my parents to let me spend a year in New York, ostensibly to study the flute, on which instrument I had become quite proficient. Although such a request was an unusual one for a girl in her twenties to make in those days, my parents, as indulgent as they were wealthy, permitted me to go.

"When in New York, I found myself yielding mentally to an irresistible desire to press the ring against my chin. The action had been completed so often in my

Continued at top of page 122

Our Aunt Content

Continued from pages 93-121

thoughts that at last I actually committed it."

The banker struggled out of the spell my aunt had cast over us to whisper, "And its effect?"

Aunt Content touched her handkerchief gently to her eye with what to me seemed devilish slowness. "Unfortunately," she said, "its effect was as the Arab had said. While attending a rehearsal for a concert a small orchestra to which I belonged was to present within the next month, I suddenly took my flute from my lips and stared at the dull, expressionless faces around me. Before I was aware of what I was doing I had raised the back of my hand to my chin. At once the members of the orchestra disappeared, and their instruments crashed to the floor. I arose and staggered out onto the crowded sidewalks of the city."

"Wh—what happened?" someone gasped.

"The concert was called off," my aunt replied, passing her handkerchief over her mouth. "After that I was afraid to attend any public gathering, lest I should inadvertently cause the annihilation of hundreds of people. I stayed in my hotel room, not daring to go out or to let anyone enter except the servant who brought my food. Every time he came in I would sit on my hand.

"Then one day," and again the hand with its fascinating jewel applied handkerchief to eyes, "I received a call from the manager of the hotel, a splendid young man with fair hair and deep blue eyes. He invited me to lunch with him downstairs, and, drawn to him by some pleasant force, I could not refuse.

"Our meal together was most enjoyable, as was our game of cribbage in the lobby that night. And, as I returned to my room later in the evening, the long-absent lightness of my heart convinced me that I was in love with Philip, for that was his name—Philip Ransdale."

Aunt Content smiled, but her smile met no similar response among us.

"Within the week Philip had told me of his love. I confessed that I felt both love and gratitude for him. 'Gratitude?' he asked.

" 'Yes,' I answered, 'for you are making me forget things that are not pleasant to remember.' He laughed at me in his hearty way and suggested that we go to the opera that night. Though still afraid, I was unable to give him a reason for refusing, so we went. To my delight I found that I had no desire at all to touch my ring to my chin. As the romantic months of our courtship progressed, Philip unconsciously freed me more and more thoroughly from the ring's power. The day approached when we were to go to my home together to be married. Then—"

Aunt Content now bent her head and rested her face in her palms. Her listeners, pale and taut, were beyond delicacy of feeling.

Their "What thens?" filled the room with sudden, rude sound.

Aunt Content raised her head tragically. "The night before our departure we were in my room, swearing that our love for each other was timeless. 'Are you sure you will never, never tire of me?' Philip asked.

"Flippantly, I pretended to inspect him. In an unconscious attitude of study, I rested my chin on the palm of my hand. After a while I said seriously, 'No, Philip, I can never tire of gazing at your dear features.' Then—then as I moved my hand from my face so that he could take me in his arms some ghastly mischance caused me to touch my chin with the cool amethyst on my finger. So completely had my thoughts of the past left me, I did not realize what I had done, for I had lowered my eyes modestly. Suddenly the icy silence froze my heart. I looked up quickly, and—Philip was gone."

My aunt sighed and smiled a sweet, sad smile. "And that is why I never married," she told us, her limp victims. "Now you know the sad, sad story of my ring."

We still stared, paralyzed by a horrible enchantment, at the ring. Aunt Content looked down at it, spread her tiny hand out before her own eyes, her arm stiff. Then, slowly, very slowly, she brought her hand towards her face. We leaned forward as the ring moved closer, closer to her chin.

Then the widow screamed and, gathering up her skirts, sprinted from the room, through the French doors, to her home. The rest of us jumped and stood up, trembling. Within thirty seconds the room was cleared except for Alice and me and Aunt Content.

Slowly the echoes of our guests' hurriedly stammered farewells died away.

"My!" exclaimed Aunt Content as the automobiles plunged into the night. Then she cleared her throat. "It's past my bedtime," she said, and started up the stairs. On the landing she turned and looked down on us fondly.

"It was a lovely party, my dears," she said. #

The Stoker's Paw

Continued from page 83

room came a rhythmic throbbing; a dull, ceaseless, monotonous pounding of engines.

The sun haze sifted down into the murky stokehold. The ship rolled continuously as it advanced through the sun-washed sea.

The stoker glanced at the gauge whose moving pointer told him that the steam was falling. He snatched the shovel and pushed one of the furnace doors open. Then he bent down and dug the shovel into the coals that were pouring out from the bunker opening. Suddenly he wheeled round and faced the boy. He spat out the coal-dust and ashes from his mouth. He scowled. "You'll go tonight again!" he snapped fiercely. "You've got to go! But —Jesus, be careful!"

"I'll go. I'll be careful," the boy mumbled and passed the sweat rag over his ashen face.

"I must be careful," he repeated to himself as he now crept over the deck in the night while the battered freighter labored onward under the indifferent moon. Not the ghost of a wind stirred the heat-swollen air; not a ripple crinkled the endless expanse of silvery sea. The boy wormed his way along until he reached the winches. Presently he gave a start. He caught a sound from midship. He leaped into the shadow of the machinery and watched from his hiding place how the steward closed the galley door and came strolling leisurely aft. The man halted and leaned against the bulwark and stood looking out over the moonlit sea.

The coalpasser hardly dared breathe for fear of being discovered. Huddled close to the winches he saw the steward turn from the bulwark and walk on to the companionway which he descended. Again the boy resumed his crawl.

Slowly he crept on. He was half-way now, and merciful God! he must not allow them to catch him! He must succeed tonight—and every night hereafter until the ship reached port and he could escape, get away from this infernal torture!

This damned ship!—the boy thought of the awful hours before the furnaces during the afternoon, and how the stoker had put his head under the salt water jet and allowed the frothing water to pour over him. The man had been completely fagged out after cleaning the fires. Nowhere to cool off. Stokehold, forecastle and bunkers—everywhere the air was suffocating and sultry, stifling, oppressive.

That terrible afternoon! The panting stoker was sitting slumped on the bucket and looking on apathetically while the boy raked the ashes out of the fire grate. The boy leaned on the shovel. His head swam. His knees sagged. Sweat flowed off his body. Dry ashes gritted his throat. Good God, there was no escape! No getting away! Would he be able to stand this torture until the end of the watch? And the next watch. And the next, and the next, toiling away in the black stuffy bunkers, digging among the coal, the same wearisome task, watch after watch, six hours on, six hours off, eternally. With nothing to drink but this mucky water, not fit for human beings; this evil-smelling water, red and filthy with rust from the dirty tanks that had not been cleaned since the ship left drydock after repairs—stinking water that ravaged the whole crew, swelling their bellies, cutting deep lines in their haggard faces, carving sallow circles round their weary eyes.

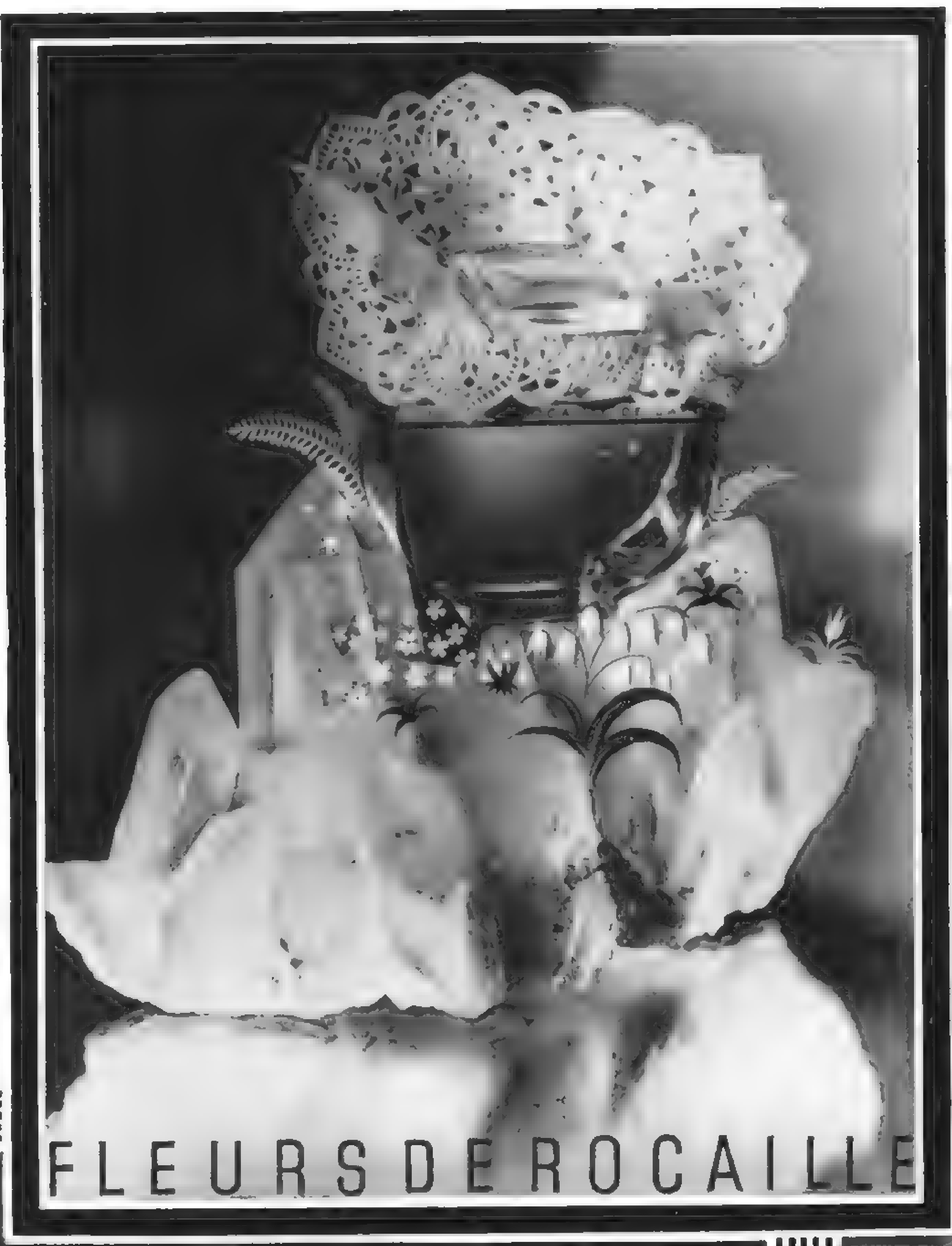
That hellish afternoon! The six furnaces hummed and purred. The boy hated the smug sound. He hated the boilers which were to him like two fat monsters sucking the life-blood out of the stoker and himself, the groveling slaves that toiled to feed the fires with coal, coal, coal, an everlasting stream of coal!—Merciful God!

Those damned boilers! "You swine!" the boy spat at them. He started to shovel the ashes into a heap. He set his teeth. Be damned, but he would endure! For all through the wearisome day, while the hours dragged on like centuries, with broiling sunshine from above and blazing furnace-heat from below—throughout these terrible hours he clung to the thought of the relief that awaited him when night came—the relief the four previous nights had brought, and which also the following nights would offer him—if only he were careful, if he were not discovered! For then—then he would. . . . He must be careful, careful! No one must catch him! . . .

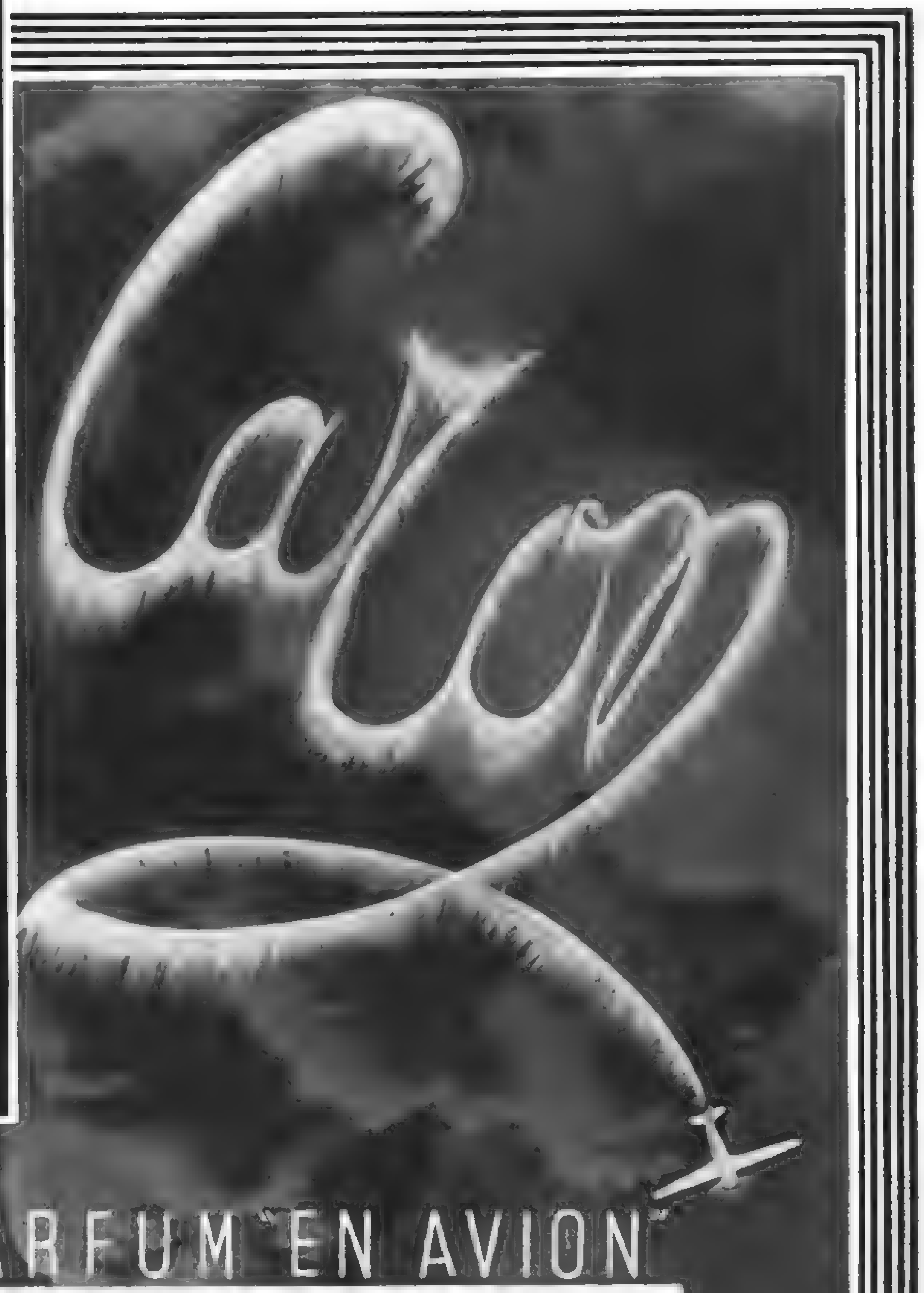
The white moonlight poured down upon the sea, upon the plodding ship. The boy crept over the deck. Now he halted and crouched by the after-hatch. He fixed his eyes on the fresh-water tank a short way ahead. For in that tank was clear and cold unsullied water—the captain's water. How could it ever stay that cold? the boy wondered, even though the tank was insulated and covered with a white-washed tarpaulin?

He remembered the thrill when on that first night he plunged his pail through the opening in the tank-top and felt the cool water lapping about his hand and forearm. And how he drank as he sat under cover of the tarpaulin! He gulped down the water in long draughts. He drank and felt his hot throat being cooled. How his spirits revived! How his courage returned! And when he was not able to drink any more he began to pour the cold water over his face, letting it wash down his chest, voluptuously feeling it flow over his body. At last he pushed the cover back over the opening and glided back to the forecastle,

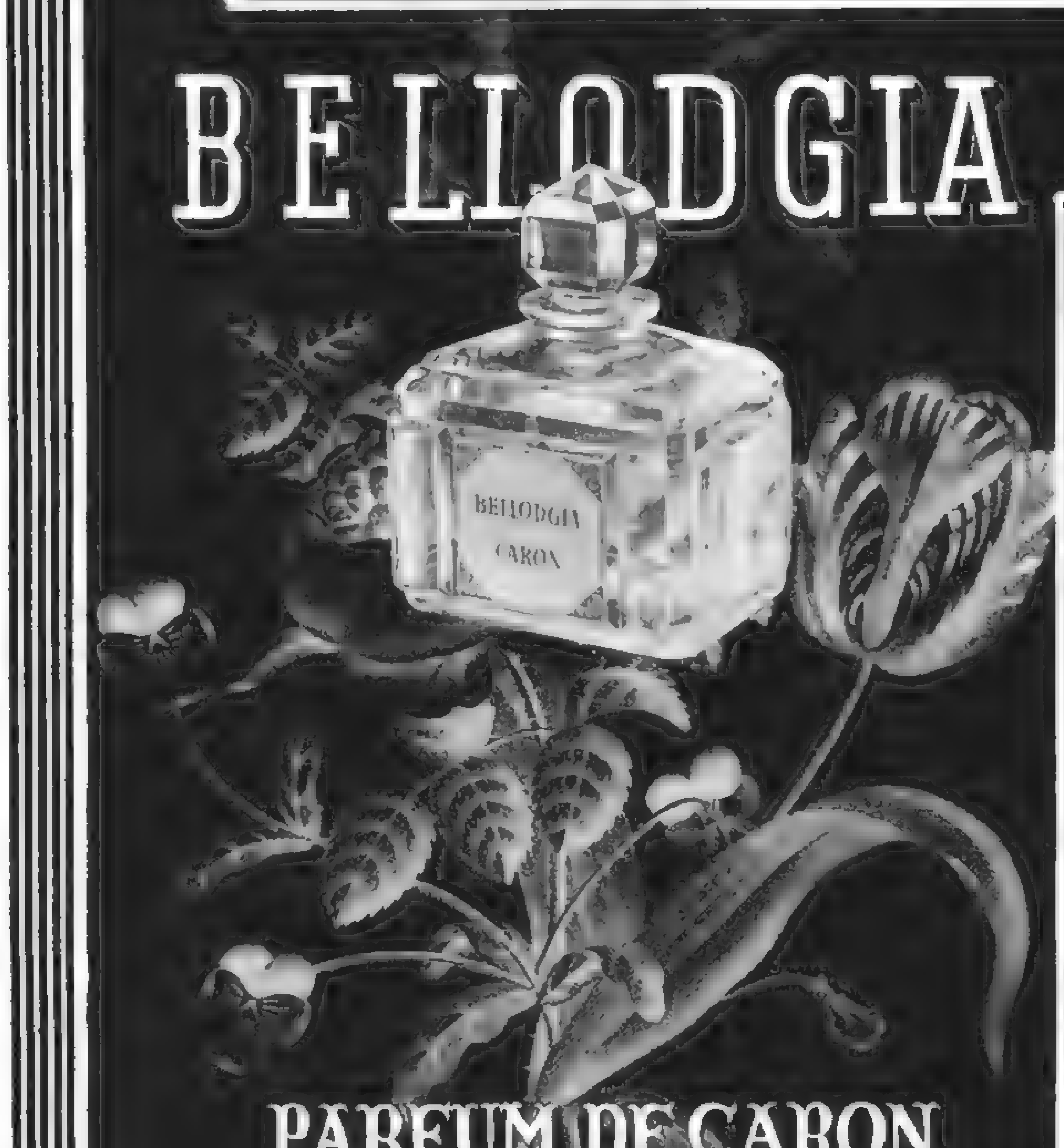
Continued at top of page 124

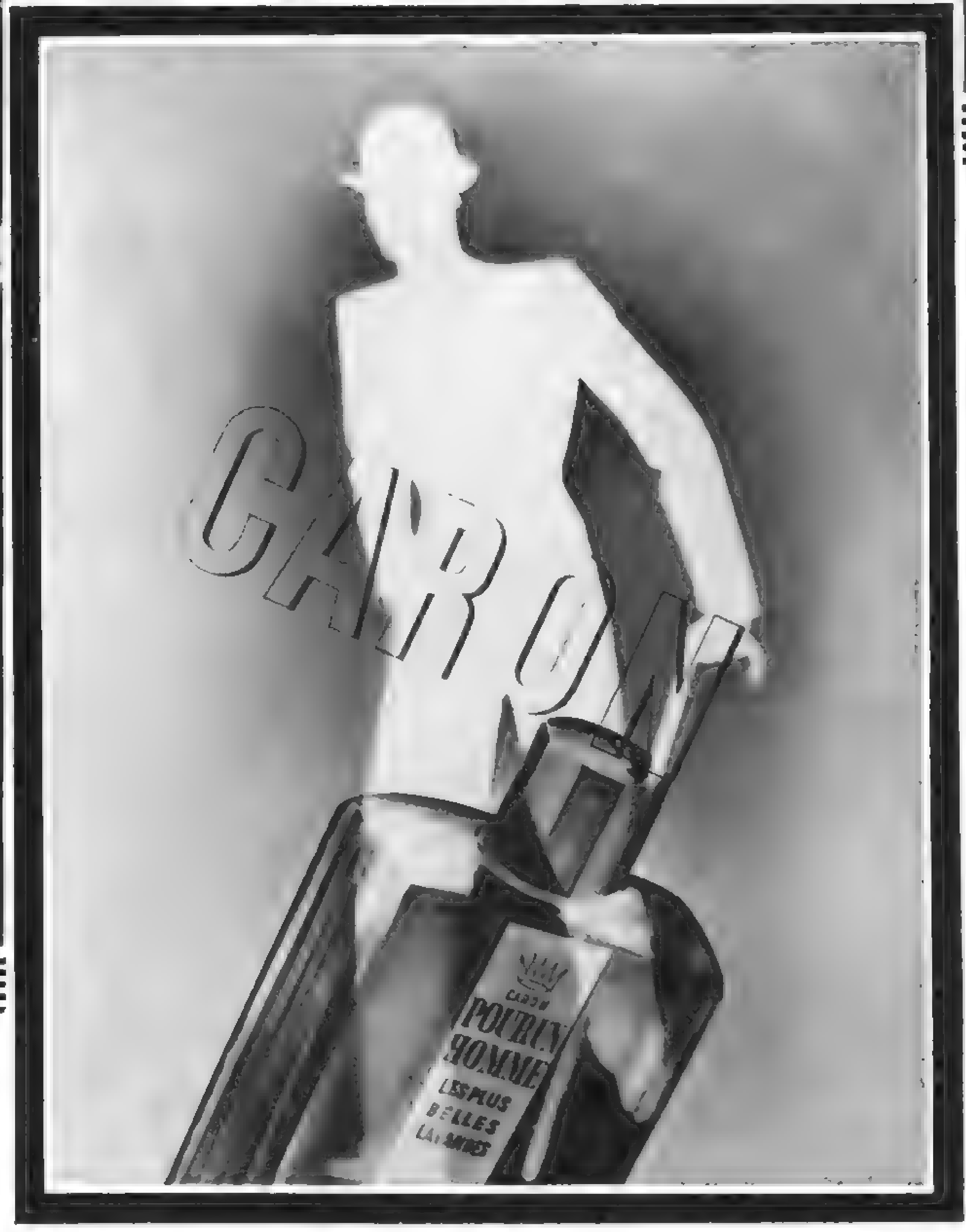

FLEURS DE ROCAILLE

For the smart woman, the smallest flowers in the world yield a fragrance of aristocratic daintiness — "Fleurs de Rocaille."


Caron
PARFUM EN AVION

To add to feminine charm and allure, the subtle modern perfume "En Avion."


BELLODGIA
BELLODGIA
CARON
PARFUM DE CARON


CARON
CARON
POUR UN HOMME
LES PLUS BELLES LARMES

Bellodgia, tantalizing and haunting, is the perfume of fascination and romance.

Created for the gentleman "Pour un Homme" inspires the personality that radiates energy and activity—he will use it day and evening for distinction and refinement.

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The Stoker's Paw

Continued from pages 83-122

taking with him a pail-full of the life-giving water for the stoker to drink.... They must not catch him! The boy trembling with anxiety, crawled to the very end of the hatch. He halted. He was now only a few feet from the tank, but this short stretch was the most difficult part of the way, for it lay white and bare in the moonlight, exposed to full view from the commando bridge. And up there was the danger. On the commando bridge. The boy glanced anxiously behind him and up. The second mate was on duty, and at times he stepped to the bridge rail and stood looking out over the sea. The boy felt his pulse beating madly as he watched for a chance to slip across the moonlit patch. It must be done when the mate turned his back and walked to the opposite side of the bridge. Just now he was leaning against the bridge rail and speaking to the helmsman. The man replied with a short laugh. The mate chuckled.

Down by the hatch the boy felt perspiration breaking hotly over his body. God Almighty, had the mate spied him? But then—why didn't he do something about it? Why didn't he call to him? Stop him? The boy felt as if a thousand eyes were upon him, as though he were exposed to the full glare of both sun and moon. Jesus! If he were only back in the stokehold again!

But presently the mate drew himself up and strolled leisurely away from the rail. The boy caught a quick breath. Thank God he had not been seen, after all! He glided swiftly across the moonlit section and slipped into the shadow of the mizzen mast with its gear. Here he cowered, his pulse beating frantically.

He was now close to the tank which the sailors had lashed to the mizzen—so close that by reaching out his hand he was able to touch the tarpaulin. He had done it again! He moved a little closer and let his hand travel caressingly over the tank-side. He would drink!

But first he would wait a moment and enjoy his maddening thirst. For *now* he enjoyed being thirsty, now that the cool water was at hand. The great moment was NOW, just before drinking, now while his mouth was still slimy, his lips parched and dry.

Water, he thought, what a wonderful thing it is! What is better than a brook purling among small pebbles, on a summer day, under the cool of low-hanging boughs? Or water dripping from a moss-covered bucket wound up from a cool well? A glassful of sparkling water held up in the sun, the glass cloudy with moisture? Water! The cool water in this tank! And the boy remembered with wonder how once on a hot summer day he refused a bottle of cold lemonade which a friend offered him. He was not thirsty; he had just been drinking . . .

He lifted his hand to remove the cast-iron disc that covered the round opening in the tank-top.

But it stuck. The cover stuck.

A startled look came to the boy's face. He tried again. With his fingers he gripped the edge of the cover. He tugged and he pulled, but the disc would not budge. The cover was screwed down tightly with iron bolts.

The boy stared dazedly out between the tarpaulin flaps; he stared up at the bridge, his raised hand still gripping the cover. Up there on the bridge the mate was again leaning against the rail, looking down upon the moonlit deck. He grinned. Then he turned and said something to the helmsman, and they both laughed.

The Jitters Cure

Continued from page 75

A girl in evening clothes, a cape over her shoulders, stepped out, under her own steam. She brushed aside the arm of a nurse. The two advanced down the hallway. The girl was singing in a sweet contralto:

> I know that I'm a hobo but who says that I'm a bum?
> Every time they operate they first cut out my rum.
> I cuss the judge, take thirty days, and thirty days to come.

That wasn't what astonished Ranson. A woman patient wasn't a rarity in this san. But, as the two turned to enter a room next door to his, he saw that the singer wore a black cambric mask that disguised her identity effectively. He caught a flash of blue eyes, the twisted smile of red lips, the contrast of creamy skin against the black of the mask.

Plucky creature, to know she needed the jitters cure, yet with enough sense of shame to enter wearing a mask. For five days she would doubtless remain in her own room. The last two days of the week's treatment patients were allowed to kill time on the glassed-in roof. He wondered if he would ever see her again? Probably not.

He picked up the glass. The hypnotic smelled like decayed fish.

"Here's to you, gal. A good sport—coming here to take it."

Swallowing, with a shudder, he crawled into bed, pressed the wall button. Ta, ta, insomnia. In five minutes he was sleeping like a log.

Next door the nurse was undressing Miss Smith. She handed her silk pajamas and dressing gown from the cabinet, explained that they'd just been freshly dry cleaned. Then she brought in her bye-bye dose. There were no keys to the rooms of men visitors but women could lock themselves in. When the nurse left the girl did so, nervously. Having her clothes taken away made her feel like a prisoner. The drink gagged her but she managed to keep it down. Then, shortly, sleep—with or without her permission.

II

Nothing ever exactly stopped at Ward's. At three-thirty Mr. Kenneth Buckley was seized with a bright idea. He found a loose grille work, managed to get it open far enough to allow him to slip out to the fire escape. He got over a fence, leading to an alley, and reached the side street. Then he sprinted westward. Arrived at the back door of a saloon that hadn't closed ten years before repeal, or since, he darted into the back room, drew the folds of his dressing gown about him as he sank into a seat.

"Mike! Mike!" he yelled, in a whiskey bass, "bring me a bottle and a glass—or the bottle alone will do. I have chills, fever, a thirst like the Sahara. You know I'll pay for it later."

"You can have anything behind the mahogany," said Mike, beaming. "No dead beats ever come or go from Ward's. You'll be going back by morning, sir."

"Oh, yes, feet first. If they don't come for me throw me into a taxi. I'd like to see the pusses of the nurses when they find I've escaped."

The head night nurse was provoked when it was discovered Mr. Buckley had taken French leave. A rummy had an odd sense of humor. Oh, he wouldn't go far. The credit of the boys was all too high in the neighborhood. A colored gent on duty downstairs was sent searching for him. When he didn't return another was dispatched. Before six o'clock all three returned, in a cab, together. The first boy had joined Mr. Buckley in a large consumption of Scotch. By that act he resigned a very nice job. The second lad, who had sense, helped take Mr. Buckley back to his room. He was asleep, smiling, satisfied.

Silence held sway for a short period, in the main hallway. Once in a while a figure walked up and down in the deep meditation of a man who needs a drink and knows he can't get one, to disappear into a bedroom, and try to sleep all over again. The nurses began to count the time until seven-thirty, when a new crew would replace them. The pay was fine but work at Ward's was a strain.

III

Ranson awoke with a start. A boy was bringing in a tray.

"Get me an eye opener first, George. I know—only five today—count 'em."

The boy grinned. "Yes, sir. If you'll look, sir, you'll see it alongside the coffee."

Ranson hopped out of bed, swallowed the hooker, drank the coffee. Some sleep. He felt better, lighted a cigarette. Aside from Van Trumper he wondered if he knew any of the present inmates on the floor. This san was very much like a club—the visitors all good fellows, too good for their own good.

Wonder how that gal felt, next door? A real dipso never spoke, outside, about Ward's, but here they were birds of a feather, all suffering from bottle trouble, and few tried the incognito stunt. She must be different. Wonderful blue eyes, a lovely smile, a figure that lingered in the memory. Odd, he might meet her some place, some time, and never even dream of her identity.

He wandered down the hallway, opened doors, glanced in. Nodded at strange faces, refused genial invitations to enter and squat. Suddenly he heard a wild rumpus. Strange. However they suffered, patients at Ward's always acted like gentlemen, even if gentlemen thought of them as bums.

In Van's room Ranson found several congenial spirits. They lounged about, swapping lies, until the nurse came around with the first medicine of the day. A mild sedative, containing chloral hydrate and a mysterious capsule. Easy to push it under the tongue until the nurse left. It was the enforced lack of drink, after the first day, that did the come-back trick. That and the electric baths, showers, violet ray treatment (called the indoor tan) at the tail end of the week. A little exercise in the gym might be helpful.

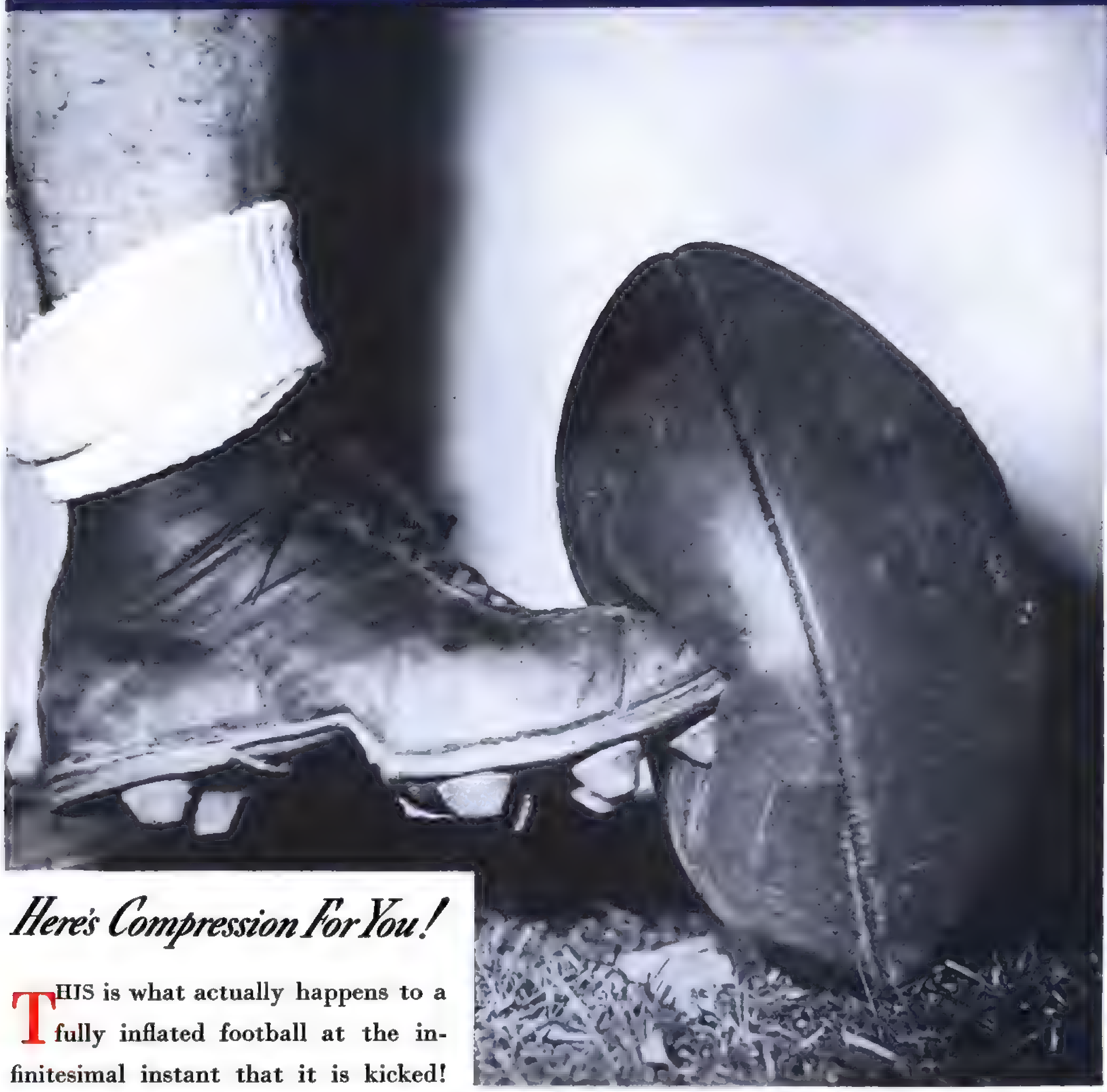
Ward had thought of a great idea. Six days, or more, on the water-wagon, whether you liked it or not, meantime cleaning out and toning up the system. A complete rest, too, with no contact from the outer world. A little suffering at the start, sometimes, but with others suffering along with you that wasn't so bad. It ended as a joke. You could talk about elaborately concocted mixtures awaiting in a rainbowed future. This shut-off worked for men who would not or could not taper off the stuff when it was within reach.

This single idea had made Ward wealthy. Muldoon had a health farm in the old days, and Brown had one now, but lots of men didn't care for an athletic regimen, found the enforced rest more beneficial. Unless the patient figured it out that way this was not an alcoholic cure, though some men thus scientifically forced on the water-wagon rode on it for years. Many of the customers were merely put in fighting fettle to start all over again. Some openly

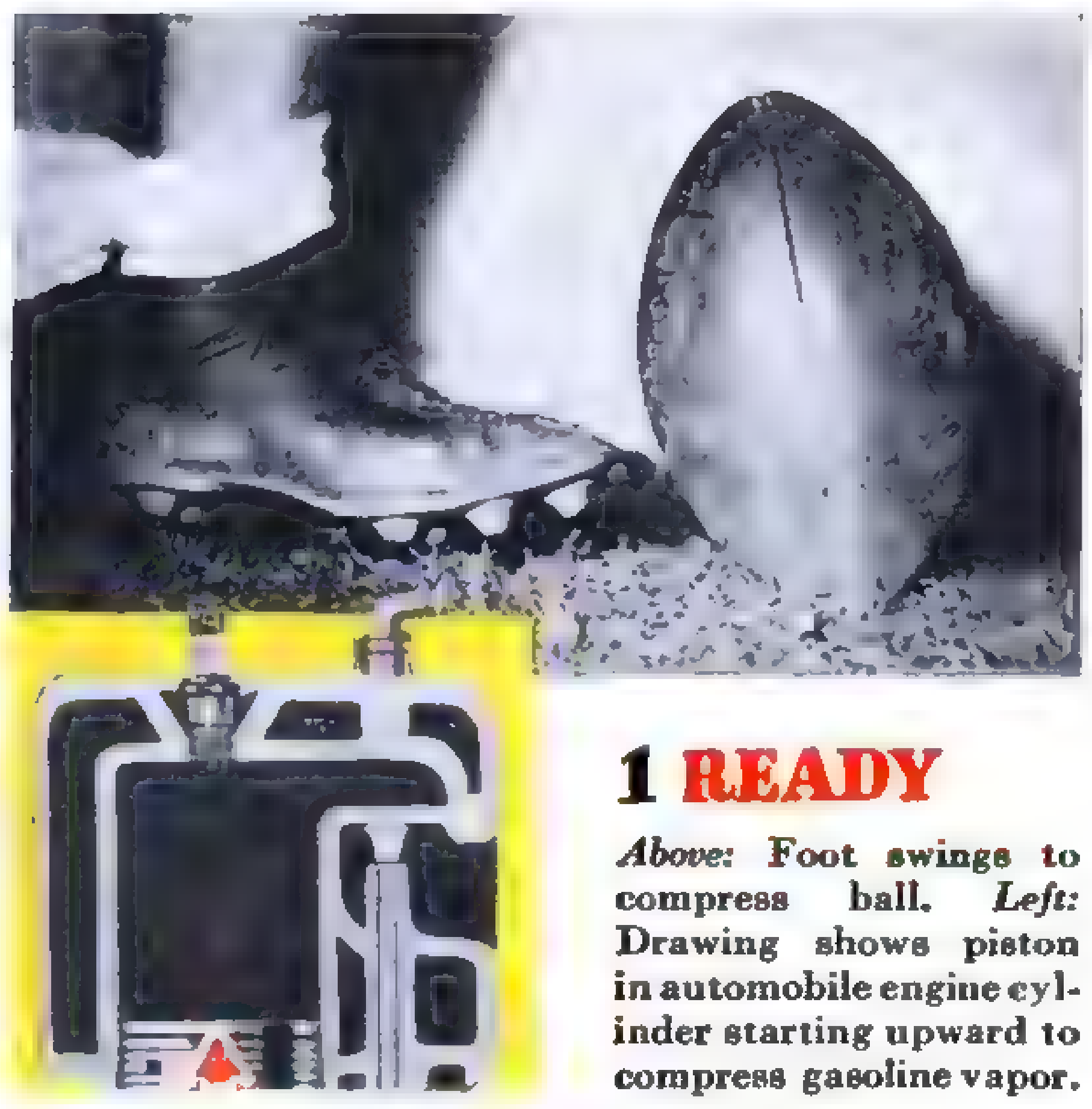
Continued at top of page 127

CAMERA CLICKS KICK-OFF

IN $\frac{1}{100,000}$th OF A SECOND!

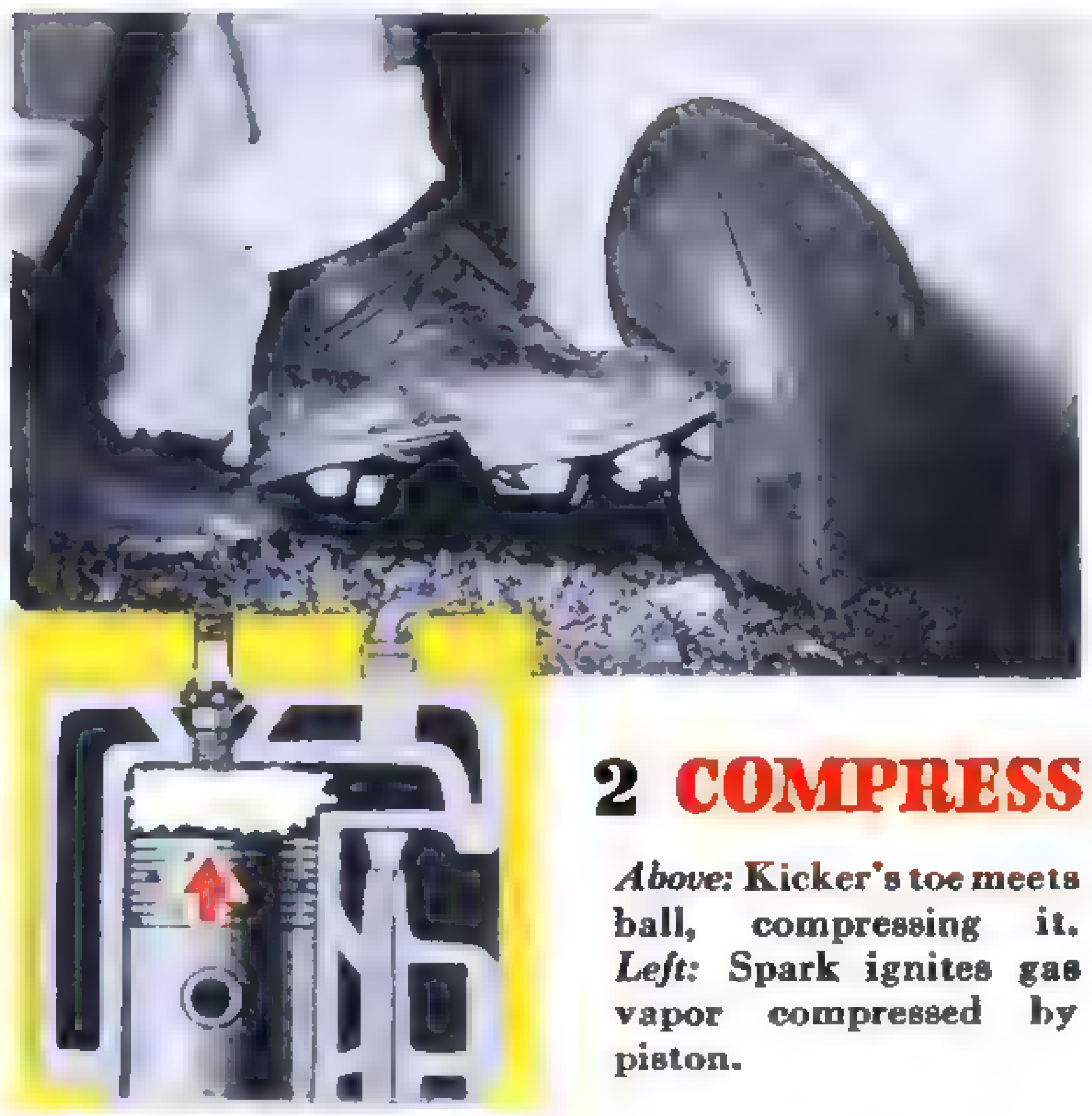


Pictures below show how Compression means Power in your car's engine, too....



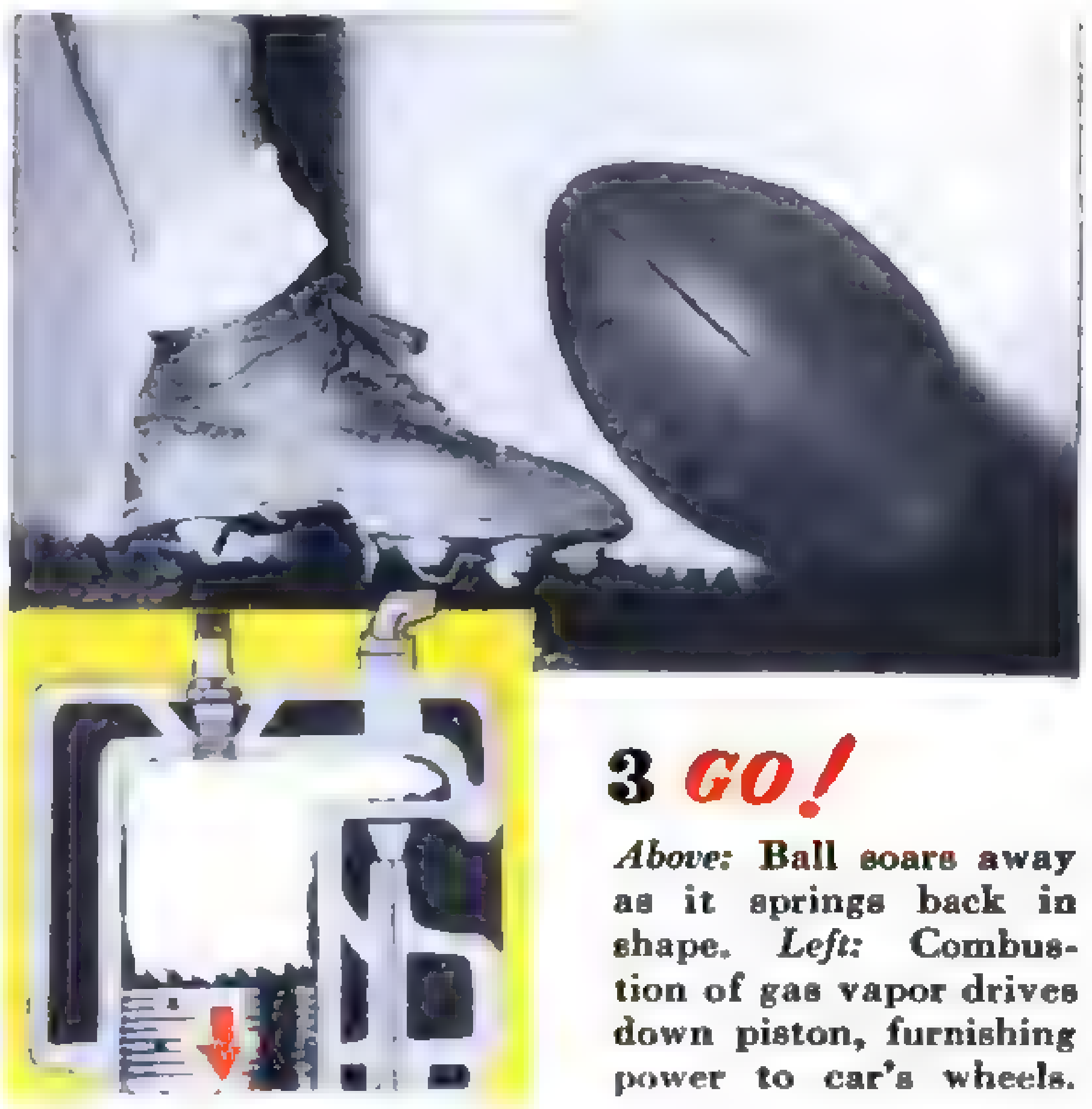
1 READY

Above: Foot swings to compress ball. *Left:* Drawing shows piston in automobile engine cylinder starting upward to compress gasoline vapor.



2 COMPRESS

Above: Kicker's toe meets ball, compressing it. *Left:* Spark ignites gas vapor compressed by piston.



3 *GO!*

Above: Ball soars away as it springs back in shape. *Left:* Combustion of gas vapor drives down piston, furnishing power to car's wheels.

Here's Compression For You!

THIS is what actually happens to a fully inflated football at the infinitesimal instant that it is kicked! Caught with stop-motion camera in 1/100,000th of a second . . . by Prof. H. E. Edgerton and Mr. K. J. Germeshausen of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

See how the kicker's toe sinks in! Here's *compression* for you!

When you are driving to next Saturday's football game, remember the pictures on this page. It's *compression* that puts power in the kick-off; it's *compression* that puts power in your car's engine. The more a football is compressed before it leaves the foot, the farther it goes; the more gasoline is compressed in your engine's cylinders before it is "fired," the more power it develops.

EVERY CAR OWNER SHOULD HAVE THESE FACTS:

To increase the compressibility of motor fuel, oil companies use anti-knock fluids manufactured by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation. They are so effective that most regular and premium gasolines sold in the United States and Canada now contain them.

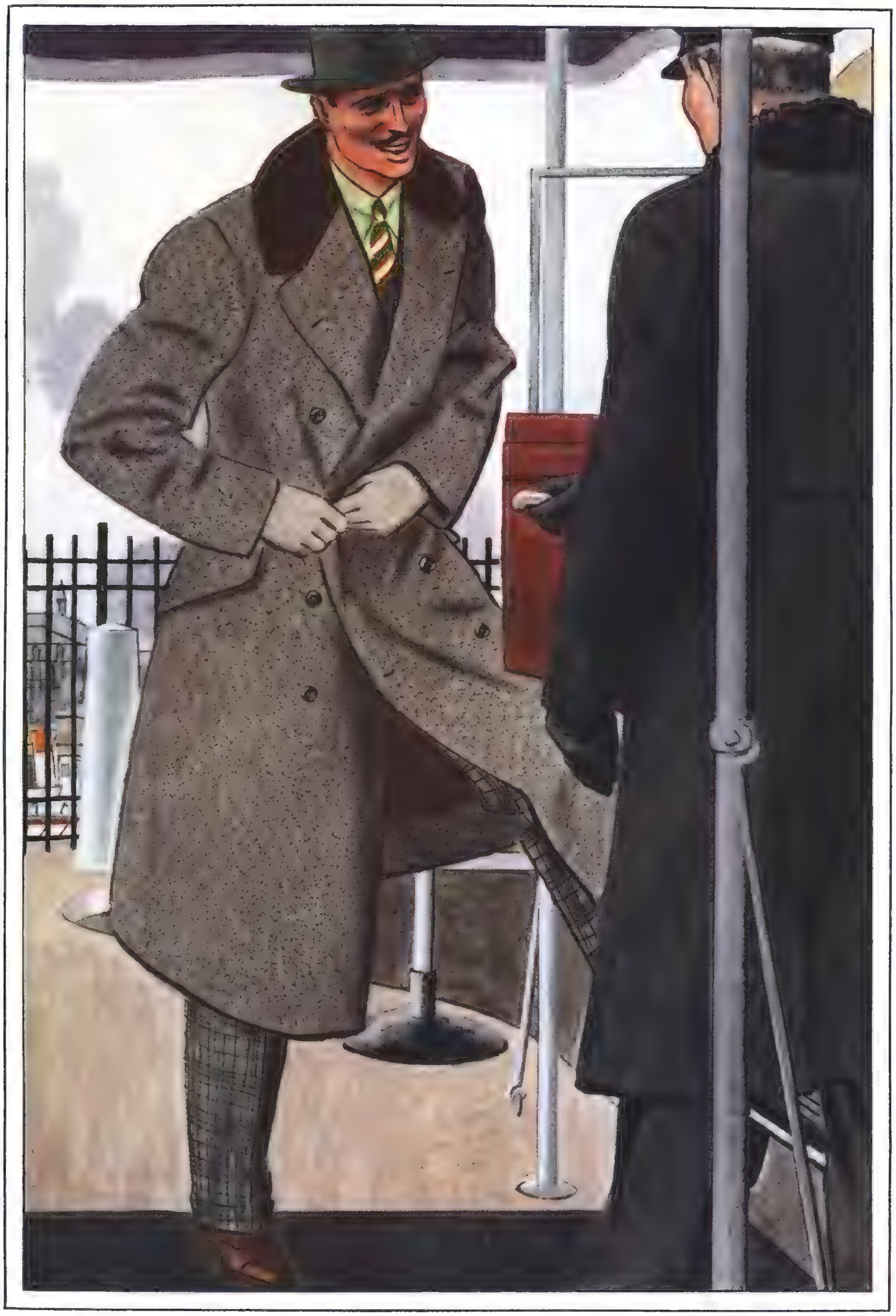
Pumps bearing the trademark "Ethyl" contain special motor fuel of outstanding quality and value because—

1. You get a sufficient amount of fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) to produce the highest anti-knock rating by the official test methods of the oil and automotive industries.
2. The *all-round* quality of the motor fuel so treated is *doubly checked*—by the oil companies and by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation—at the refineries and at filling stations.
3. With Ethyl you get the *full* performance of the high compression engines of modern automobiles. Ethyl also livens older cars which have carbon deposits.

ALWAYS LOOK! *Only gasoline sold from pumps bearing the Ethyl trademark on globe or body contains sufficient Ethyl fluid to bring out the FULL performance of modern high compression cars.*

To get ALL the power and pleasure from your car investment—NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!

WITH ETHYL TRADE MARK BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION



COMFORT FOR THE CASH AND CODDLE TRADE

It would be silly to infer that an outfit like this can be had for a song. The outlay is practically operatic. But if you're the kind who can afford a coat like this, then this is the kind of coat to get. However cold the winter, the worst that can happen to you, wearing this, is to be caricatured by the *New Masses*. Speaking of the revolution, this model's swagger military lines were inspired by the great-coats of the Czar's staff officers. The fabric is tweed and the lining is fur. The otter collar is cut in a new manner, combining the best features of the notch and peak lapel types. If the coat is buttoned up to the throat, as it may be, the collar stands up about your ears. The tapered sleeves, slanted pockets and the slight waist suppression combine to take away that fat Mandarin look that was once the curse of all coats with fur linings. The accessories all seem to be self explanatory.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Jitters Cure

Continued from pages 75-124

called themselves repeaters.

Ranson listened, absent-mindedly as the youngest Colonel on Pershing's staff told some wild cognac stories of the war. He was thinking of that gal with the mask. Did she feel rocky this morning? And did she know enough to ask for a shock if she needed one? A man could have the cold sweats or the hot shakes and he thought nothing of it. But she must be new to this sort of thing. She didn't belong to the royal order of experienced topers. And she would have no one to talk with unless she engaged a private nurse.

He wandered back to his own room. There was a locked door between the two rooms, near the window. Without thinking, he eavesdropped.

"I've found him. I've found him. And I think that he is interested."

There was no reply. Nor further speech. Gee, did she have a touch of the D.T.'s? That talking to yourself stuff wasn't so good. Then he heard the voice of one of the staff.

"Good morning, Miss Smith. Here's your medicine. How are you feeling?"

"As they say in any hospital—as good as might be expected."

"Do you desire a special nurse? Mean company for you."

"Oh, no, I'll be all right. I would like some cigarettes."

"I'll bring a couple of packs right along. The doctor will be here shortly and see if you need anything save the routine treatment."

"That will be sufficient, I'm sure. I need a rest most of all."

The door slammed. Why do doors always slam in sans and hospitals?

Ranson sat down by the window. Spring was stirring in Central Park. He was worried about his neighbor. That was odd, came his reflection, as his thoughts were generally uppermost about his own precious self. He wished that he might talk with her, relieve the tedium. Except up on the roof, the last two days, in the lounge room, men and women patients weren't allowed to mingle.

Rest and treatment went on. Every day, lacking stimulants, Ranson got better and better. But he was a bit impatient until he was allowed to don a business suit, brought by his man. Getting your clothes back showed you were getting near the release date. He spent many hours upstairs on the enclosed roof. He had hardly expected—yet he was a bit disappointed—the girl never appeared. Did he think she would do so wearing a mask? Absurd.

Soon he would check out, ruddy from the artificial sun-baths, sweated fit in the electric boxes, his nerves quiet and relaxed. The two would be leaving at the same time. He might—oh, no—that wouldn't be cricket. He had seen her once in a mask. It didn't seem to fulfill the requirements of romance but that might be the end.

The scene shifted—at not so long last—to the night *The Hawk* was to sail for Bermuda.

Ray Manley gave a masquerade party, his yacht anchored outside the Larchmont Yacht Club.

With an intentness that he knew was boyish, foolish, with all the futility of one hoping against hope that a fairy-tale will work out in mundane surroundings and conditions, Ranson watched the feminine guests—in masks. None had that something about the eyes, the mouth, the figure to remind him of the gal at Ward's.

Perhaps she was a repeater? That was a hopeful thought for one whose life was a series of intermissions between repeating. They might be back, together, again, and he would meet her—if he had to do something rash in pretended D.T.'s. Ranson wandered to the service bar.

"What will it be, sir?"

"I dunno. Must start to get into condition."

The barman smiled, without understanding.

There were two kinds of conditions, to the other. Condition building to get into Ward's—condition building to get out. The interlude between was the hoist and down 'em period. The next time he returned for the jitters cure it would be with a feeling that fate might throw glamour into his life and let him meet that lovely bum again. That was the way it was, odd, very odd. One woman, with her arms around your neck, seemed a combo chunk of lead and a noose. Then there was that strange femme who could bewitch without an effort, without a word or gesture, just by being herself.

"I'll lay me out a course of drinks a bit later, George. Until I get myself set for a little serious work on your supply, you might fix me up a Planter's Punch. Use that big Tom Collins size mug, back there, and pour as if you were making it for yourself."

Ranson smiled. When the drink was ready, on a flat silver tray, he raised it in a silent toast—to the fair unknown—and here's hoping we meet again at Ward's. #

That's Picture Business

Continued from page 69

it sometime, in a news-reel or something, but who the hell wants eight thousand feet of such kind of junk?"

Later that afternoon, when Abe was out of his office, I went up to see Celia. I promised her five bucks if she would keep that film another week or two.

Celia is a smart girl.

"Your promise of five dollars," she cracked, "if it's anything like my bosses' promises, you can keep it and buy yourself a mountain with it. But if you got fifty cents in cash with you, I can guarantee that when Gabriel comes in here to blow his horn he'll have to wade through eight cans of naval maneuvers."

I gave her the only dollar I had. I don't believe in being stingy at times like that.

Besides, I had just borrowed it from Abe, her boss.

It almost killed me, but for two days I kept away from the guy that wanted this footage. Then the third day I called him up.

"Mr. Willard," I said, "do you still want that footage?"

"Sure," he said, "have you located it?"

"How can you locate something," I said, "when there ain't no such thing in existence? If none of the libraries have got it, how can I find it?"

"Well, I've got to have it," he said. "Have you any idea at all how I can get it?"

"Well, I'll tell you," I said, "there is a guy, there is only one guy in this whole United States, who might have it, but he'll want a lot of dough if he happens to have it."

"Who is he," Willard asked, "and how much does he want?"

"Who he is," I answered, "I'm not at liberty to tell you, and how much he wants I can't tell you either, till I find out first if he's got it. And the more he knows you want it the more it will cost."

"Well, tell him the sky is the limit on money," said Willard. "I don't care how much it costs. Nothing is going to stop me. I'll even pay a thousand dollars for it. How many feet of film has he got?"

"Wait a minute," I said. "I told you I don't know if he's got it yet. But if he does happen to have some naval maneuvers, I think he might have about eight reels of it. Could you use that much?"

"I can use every frame of it," he said. "Offer him five hundred bucks."

That's all I wanted to know!

"Okay," I said, "only first I'll have to find out if he's got it. I'll let you know in a couple of days."

For two weeks I stalled. Then I went up to his hotel to see this guy.

"I have located the film for you," I said. "This guy I knew about, he had to hunt around for it and he had a hell of a time finding it, but he's got it. There's eight reels of the stuff, a little over eight thousand feet. He says he wants five thousand dollars for it."

"When can I get it?" Willard asked.

"Right away," I said, "just give me the five thousand dollars and I'll bring the cans right over."

"Okay," he said, and reached for a 'phone. He called the cashier up and told him to send up three thousand dollars in cash.

"I told you five," I said.

"Yeah," he said. "There's nothing wrong with my hearing. But this three is in cash."

"Well," I said, "I don't know. I never knew this guy to change his prices before."

At this the lad from the cage downstairs came up and counted out three one thousand dollar bills to this Willard fellow, and he turned them over to me.

"I don't know," I said. "I think you at least ought to make it four."

"Well, you try this three," he said. "It's plenty."

"I don't know," I said. "I'll try."

I grabbed a taxi and the first stop I made was at a bank. I went up to a window and I changed one of the bills into two fives. Twenty-five hundred I put away in an inside pocket for myself and the other five I put in a different pocket for Abe. I started back to the cab.

After going a couple of blocks I began thinking it over and I realized I would be a sucker to give Abe all that dough for a film when he is just about ready to throw it away anyway. So I knocked on the cabbie's window and told him to take me back to the bank. I took the half a G and got it changed into five one hundred dollar bills. Four I put in my inside pocket with the other coin and one went into the plain kick.

Back in the cab I got to thinking it over and I decided that even a hundred is too much for Abe, so I stopped again and split the hundred into a fifty and five tens.

When I got up to Abe's office I began talking around about everything in the world except pictures. Then accidentally like, I cracked it.

"Oh, I almost forgot, Abe," I said. "You know that naval footage that you told me you had kicking around. Have you still got it?"

"Sure," Abe said, "how can I get rid of it with this good for nothing help you get these days? If it was worth something, they'd throw it out, but because it ain't no good, it keeps laying around."

"Well, listen," I said, "I know it sounds crazy to you, but I know a guy who happens to need a few feet of naval maneuvers, so he gave me fifty dollars to offer you for it. So knowing how you feel about the picture being no good anyway, I took it and here it is."

"Maybe this guy would go for a hundred dollars for it if he offers fifty?" Abe asked.

"No," I said. "He don't need it that bad. He only wants a few feet of it. The rest you can keep, he says."

"Oh, no," said Abe, "the rest I don't keep. He can have it for fifty dollars, but only on condition he takes it all."

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That's Picture Business

Continued from pages 69-127

"Okay," I said, "so he'll take it all. I'll take it over to him right away and here's your fifty bucks."

I started piling the cans up when I suddenly thought of something.

"That fifty dollars," I told Abe, "that's what he gave me to give you, but where do I come in on this? You should give me back at least twenty-five for my share."

"Can't you get him to pay you for promoting it?" Abe asked.

"Who, him?" I said. "I told you before, he's a little small time piker. I had to argue with him at least four hours before he gave me the fifty even."

So finally Abe gave me back fifteen dollars and right away took back four of it for what I owed him in quarters and dimes.

Well, I took the cans over to this Willard guy and he looked all satisfied and said "Thank you."

"What do you mean, thank you," I said. "I break my neck for five weeks running all over the country doing you a favor and locate something for you that nobody can't even find it and nobody even knows it's in existence, and I get it for you for practically nothing and you give me a thank you? Where do I come in on this?"

So to give you the short of it, because you know I don't like to give out any long-winded stories, I finally chiseled him out of three hundred dollars more, and figuring that I didn't do so bad on the deal all in all, I went away and forgot the whole thing.

But listen to this. This is the pay-off. What I'm telling you this whole story for is just to show you what kind of chiseling rats there are in this world.

This whole thing happened about a year or two ago and I forgot all about it. Well, last week I talked myself into a pass to the Capitol because I've been hearing how great a picture this here *Life on the Main* is, and I figure that if I'm going to make a success of this picture business I should see all the important pictures there are.

I go in and look at the picture and it's practically all naval maneuvers and the more I look at it the more it comes to me that it must be this footage I sold this Willard guy.

So I stay over and let the picture get started again, and there it is on the credit sheet, "Joseph S. Willard presents."

So there is my point in this whole argument.

It's guys like that that are the ruin of the motion picture industry. Here I do all the work, I dig up the footage, I promote the whole deal, I do practically all the work in it, and all I get out of it is a couple of thousand bucks and this guy stands to make himself a couple of hundred thousand or maybe more, and everybody thinks what a smart guy this guy Willard is for making such a big picture, and I'm a forgotten man! #

Tailor-Made Rifles

Continued from page 111

and fast-handling. If the gun is to be used to slay big game, the telescope sight the customer orders will be far different from the one he would demand if he wanted to make pretty little holes in paper targets, or meet the ferocious man-eating woodchuck of the New England meadows.

If you are thinking of having a rifle made up to fit you, the first thing you should consider is the action. If you join the National Rifle Association you can buy a Springfield action from the government or if you do not, you can get an imported German Mauser action or buy a model 54 action from Winchester or a model 30 from Remington. All of them are essentially Mausers, strong, safe, and able to handle modern high-intensity cartridges, a thing no other repeating action can do.

Then you'll want a barrel. Remington and Winchester together offer in standard dimensions most Mauser calibers, and the .30-'06. If they don't have what you want, you can go to one of the private barrel-makers like Bill Sukalle of Tucson or A. O. Neidner of Dowagiac, Michigan. There your wishes are law. You can have the barrel long or short, light or heavy, just as you wish, and in almost any caliber you can think of. It's up to you to decide, and upon your decision rests much of your success as a hunter.

If you plan to use the rifle against ponderous creatures like moose, elk, Kodiak or brown bear, then your best bet is a barrel for some heavy cartridge like the .35 or .40 Whelen or the .375 Magnum. If long-range shooting at mountain sheep, antelope, white goats, or mule deer is your heart's desire, you'd better order a rifle for one of the high-velocity, flat-trajectory cartridges like the .30-'06, the .270 Winchester, or the 7 mm. Mauser. On the other hand, suppose you are a vermin crank with no higher ambitions than to pick off woodchucks, hawks, and crows at distances up to a quarter of a mile, what you need is a rifle built for the new .257 Remington-Roberts cartridge or the .250 Savage. If you want an all-around weapon suitable in a pinch to everything from grizzlies to an occasional deer and even woodchucks the .30-'06 is made to order for you. But if you're a bit puny and don't like to be kicked out from under your toupee every time you shoot or if you want to buy a weapon for the girl friend (a dangerous practice at best) then the 7 mm. Mauser, a true and tried small edition of the .30-'06, is the answer to your prayer.

Now you've got your barrel and action. The gunsmith has checked your safety and trigger, so your benumbed hands won't fumble on cold mornings. He has smoothed up the bolt action and trigger pull, and perhaps he has engraved the metal parts and inlaid them with gold, platinum, or silver if your tastes run to the rich and luxurious.

There are many sorts of engraving. They run from a modest bit of scroll work and line on the trigger guard and floor plate which costs about ten bucks and relieves the too-plain look of the rifle to an elaborate job of relief engraving—really sculpturing in steel—which costs more than all the rest of the rifle put together. Game birds and animals, hunting scenes, oak leaf designs, even a portrait of the favorite bird dog or your Aunt Minnie—all are in the day's work for a skillful engraver. Now a bit of engraving on the rifle doesn't make it shoot any better. Neither does the rouge on Mayme's cheeks make her a better dishwasher. However, rouge and engraving make both Mayme and the rifle easier to bear as they grow older and a bit worn with use.

It is now time to think about the stock, the most important part of any tailor-made rifle. A good stock is a thing of beauty. It also makes the difference between a fine rifle and a mediocre one. If it fits, you can get a bead on a vanishing buck in a fraction of a second. Aiming a rifle with properly-fitted stock is almost as instinctive as pointing your finger, and many a man has done accurate close-range shooting with a rifle so stocked when he couldn't even see the sights. It should have a cheek-piece for close hard holding, a full pistol-grip, and a full forearm you can get a good grip on. But above all, it should be tailored to your individual measure by a stocker who has seen you shoot and who has noticed your peculiarities of holding and aiming. If you have a thin face you need a thick, extra-high comb. If you have a short neck or have the habit of running your long neck out, you need a straight stock. You ought to use as straight a stock as you can anyway, as crooked stocks make rifles of high recoil kick like hell. A tall man with long arms needs a long stock, and a short man a shorter one, and so on.

With the dimensions worked out, the wood is next to be decided upon. Probably the best stock material in the world is European walnut, usually called Circassian. When it is good, it is beautifully figured and very hard. American black walnut can be obtained with a figure almost as good as the best Circassian, and though not so hard it also can be made up into excellent stocks. Some people with a taste for the exotic have stocks made up of birds'-eye maple, rosewood, and Oregon myrtle. A good stocker can inlay ivory or black African buffalo horn, or put in a gold or silver plate with your name, initials, or coat of arms. However, most people content themselves with a horn forearm tip and plenty of fine sharp checkering on grip and forearm. They add an engraved trap pistol-grip cap for a spare front-sight, an engraved trap buttplate for extra cartridges, cleaning materials, hunting license, or what have you.

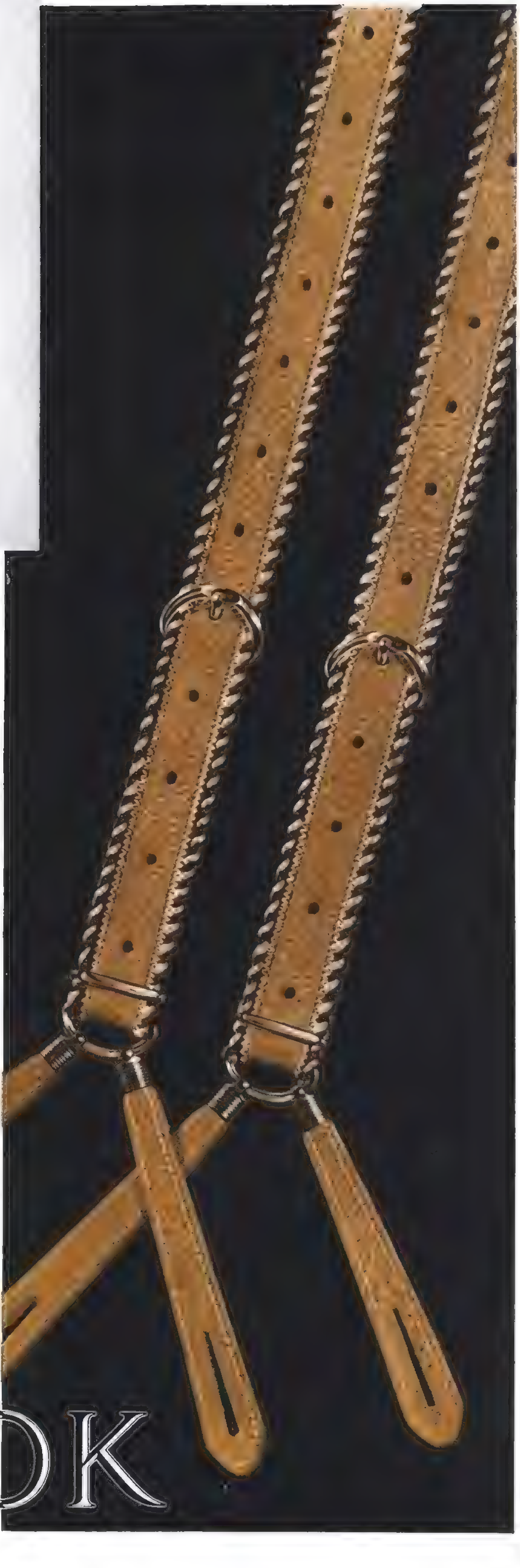
You next must think of sights. Open sights are out on most modern rifles, as they're neither so fast nor so accurate as peep or aperture lights, and if you have chosen a bolt-action rifle your peep sight must be located either on the receiver or the cocking piece. Telescope sights, though expensive, are the best of the lot. With them one can see the game better, can hold more accurately, and even a man of poor eyesight becomes a Dead-Eye Dick.

But there are telescope sights and telescope sights. They fall into two main divisions and never the twain shall meet. If you plan to hunt big game, you need a low-power 'scope with a wide field of view and lots of ability to gather light so you can still shoot even though your naked eye tells you it is practically dark. You also need a quickly-seen post to aim with.

On the other hand, if you are going to shoot woodchucks or other small game or poke holes in targets, you need a 'scope with high power and delicate cross-hairs so you can shoot out that chuck's eye at three hundred yards. Before you invest your sixty-cent Roosevelt dollars in a 'scope, know what you're about, consult an expert, and do much prayerful reading of dope. A target 'scope on big game is even more useless than iron sights on woodchucks — and that's pretty useless.

And if you do sink your dough into a rifle tailor-made to your order, you'll never regret it. It will fit you and it will enable you to shoot about twice as quickly and twice as accurately. What's more, it will make the recoil of those potent modern cartridges seem much less, and after you've hefted it a few times and shot it, you'll doubt if you could take your old factory cannon out and hit a scrub woman in the fanny with it at forty feet. #

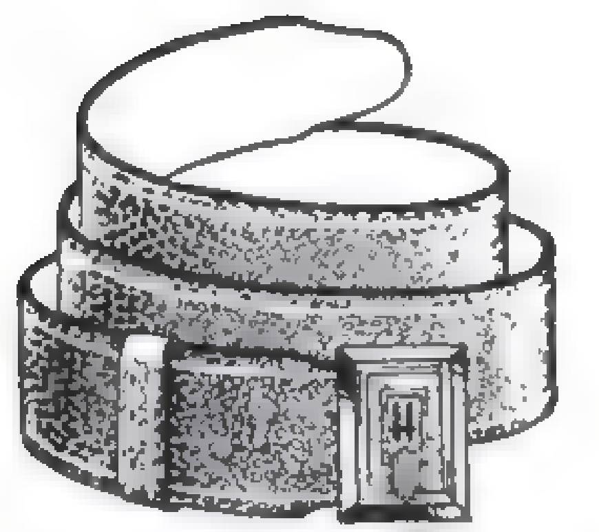
Dick Powell, Warner Brothers star, now appearing in "Shipmates Forever"



THE NEW KENT BRACE $1

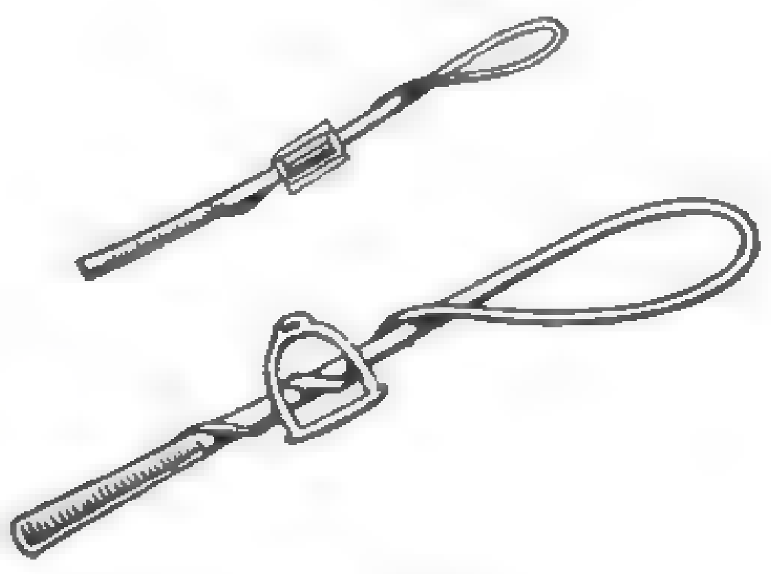
A smart combination of fine leather and cord

No two things are more masculine than leather and Seine cord—and in the NEW KENT brace you find them both. Fine selected leathers, the edges cleverly bound with cord in harmonizing or contrasting colors—an unusual note in braces. The Oxford Pendant tips are handsome and sturdy—the back elastic is specially woven to insure long wear—the solid bronze buckles are expressly designed for the NEW KENT.



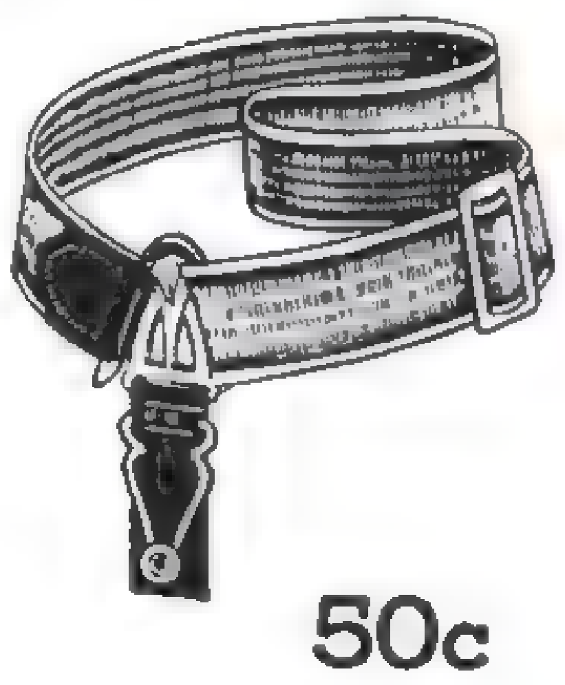
THE SET $2

Belt of selected black horsehide bridle leather, with smartly designed HICKOK plate buckle, the initial in black enamel.



THE SET $2

Tie clip and collar bar—the riding crop design is smartly correct for sports and business wear. The HICKOK Alligator Grip (patented) securely holds tie or collar.



50c

The new Strand Garter by HICKOK. Long-life, easy stretch elastic in the accepted narrow width. The thin streamlined metal pad lies flat against the leg.

STYLE
LEADERSHIP HICKOK

We Aren't All Big and Wonderful

Continued from page 64

ceiling of four to five hundred feet beneath it we can drop down through it into the clear air and make a normal landing. The likelihood of fog can be predicted from the weather reports of a station and its adjacent stations by watching the temperature and the humidity of the air at that station. The closer they come together the more apt we are to have fog. Of course there are other factors to be considered but we can predict pretty accurately just when a station is going to close in. If we are heading into an area in which we expect fog on the ground, or zero zero as we call it, we refuel at some station that is still in the clear and go ahead. By radio we are kept advised of the trend of the weather. We never head into a condition like this, however, unless we have one or two alternate stations that we know will remain clear, within range of our gasoline. The blind landing beam has come through its experimental stage now and it will soon be practicable to utilize it to actually land in a dense fog. This sounds a little fantastic I'll admit, but in an experimental ship I have done it many times and in a year or two it will be a common practice. This will enable the airliners to make almost a one hundred per cent schedule with increased safety. Of course all of this fog or so called blind flying is done by instruments and radio. It would take a great many words to describe just how all these instruments work, but let it suffice to say that through them we can tell at all times the exact position of our plane with respect to the ground beneath us although we may not see that ground for hours at a time. In this connection I read an article on flying some time ago in which the author stated that a great many accidents to airliners were caused by pilots flying blind until they broke under the strain of not being able to see some familiar beacon or land mark and let their ships get out of control. Nothing could be farther from the truth; for an experienced airline pilot, flying blind in smooth air is as simple as a show girl's costume, and in rough air it's a bit more strenuous but there is never any question of a pilot breaking under the strain.

Ice has lost a great deal of its threat by the adoption of de-icers for the airplanes. These consist of long rubber tubes under a rubber boot placed on various parts of the plane which are most susceptible to ice. Air is alternately pumped into and sucked out of these tubes, causing them to expand and contract, thereby cracking the ice loose as it forms and letting the air stream carry it away. Ice also can be avoided a great deal of the time by choosing a level to fly in in which there is no ice. As an example, you've all seen it rain in the winter time and as the rain hit the windshield of your car or the streets it froze and became ice. As a rule this rain is coming from a stratum of air above the surface which is warmer than the air on the surface. If it were colder up there the rain would fall as snow, and it is possible for precipitation to change from snow to rain to ice back to snow again several times before it hits the ground. When we fly in a condition like this we simply pick the levels at which we find either snow or rain. Of course it isn't always so simple, and sometimes we get into an icing condition that is too general to escape from, then if we have no de-icers or the de-icers won't throw it off fast enough we have to turn back or land, because a plane that is gradually accumulating ice will eventually lose its aerodynamic efficiency and instead of a pair of wings out there you'll have a pair of clubs and clubs are not very good substitutes for an airfoil. However, with the latest equipment and flying technique it is necessary to cancel very few trips because of icing conditions and at the rate the industry is developing it won't be long until someone brings out a device which will permit us to disregard ice.

Now that I've told you about the things that give us trouble and how we go about combating that trouble, I might tell you how it is that once in a while we don't succeed in this contest.

Some pilots have been known to disregard advice or orders from the ground. Most companies will fire a man instantly for this offense, that is if he lives through the ordeal. They'll also fire a man who shows a strong tendency for a disregard of regulations, in order to forestall an emergency. There are mighty few pilots left who would consider such an action, however, and I doubt if this will be the cause of any more accidents. Ground men are human beings too, and as such make occasional mistakes. Such mistakes have been known to lead pilots into danger. Careless reporting of a serious weather condition, failure to broadcast minute changes in the weather, or perhaps just a lack of good common sense are some of the offenses of which these men have been guilty. They too have been pretty well weeded out and those that are left are time-tried veterans whose word can be relied upon. Sometimes radios fail, when a pilot needs them badly, or sometimes an area several hundred square miles in size will close in unexpectedly, swallowing up even those alternate clear places that I spoke of earlier. In a case like this about all a pilot can do is head for an area where he thinks the weather will be better and hope he gets there before his gas runs out. Occasionally his hopes are denied and you read about him in your morning paper. But the radios are being improved almost daily and duplicate sets will soon be required, then when the blind landing beam is ready for use, we can let the fog close in and be damned.

About the pilots themselves, they're a good deal like any other bunch of average men. The average age is around thirty-five and some of them are nearly fifty and still going strong. The pay ranges from seven to ten thousand a year and we fly about a thousand hours a year. We have to spend a great deal of time on the job besides the time we put in the air, however, because the business is becoming more complex all the time and it's no longer a question of holding a stick in your hand and following a railroad track. Most pilots are pretty vain about their ability to fly and jealousy and temperament are not the least of their vices. I know of one case where a pilot deliberately opened the cockpit door and then by a series of very obvious hand signals directed the co-pilot as he flew the plane. All this to show the passengers that he was in command, he directed the flying. The humor of this particular incident was in the fact that the pilot had been but recently transferred to the division whereas the co-pilot was an old-timer on the run. Fortunately very few of the pilots are of this caliber.

The job is not any too certain either. As I said before, we all know that if we have a little accident we'll have to have a bullet proof alibi or we'll be selling bonds in nothing flat. The modern transport planes cost from $60,000 to upwards of $100,000 and the operators are very fussy about having them dented or scratched. You can't blame them exactly, however, for Mr. and Mrs. Citizen prefer their thrills in their magazines rather than in their laps. Also we have to take a physical examination every six weeks and although the old timers still seem to be going strong it is reasonable to assume that just the normal physical depreciation of a man with age will prove to be a stumbling block comparatively early.

You hear a great deal of how fliers enjoy flying, and it's true that most of us do enjoy it. But I doubt if flying is the very breath of life to many of us. Perhaps I'd feel differently if I didn't do so much of it. I like it, it is interesting, but when my telephone rings around one a.m. on a cold winter's morning, and they tell me to come out to the field to fly a special trip, I can think of all sorts of things I'd rather be than an airline pilot.

We lead a very topsy-turvy sort of existence. Our hours are irregular to the extreme and we can rarely say definitely more than twenty-four hours in advance just when we'll be home. You can imagine how this works when someone invites us to a party or a dinner. Hostesses have a habit of wanting to know a day or so in advance just whether they can expect you or not, and we have a habit of usually being the wrong place at the right time.

You might wonder where we get the passengers to fly around at these odd hours. Well, most trips are intended to fly from coast to coast overnight, or to cover as much ground as possible from the close of one business day to the beginning of the next, and they change planes and crews as they progress across the country. If you're scheduled for one of these trips you take it when it comes through your station, regardless of the hour. Tonight for instance I must go to bed around nine, get up at three-thirty and leave at four in the morning. I'll get home again day after tomorrow about four in the morning, perhaps.

Nature, perhaps to compensate us for the worries she gives us, also provides some of the most beautiful, most awe inspiring sights, to be seen.

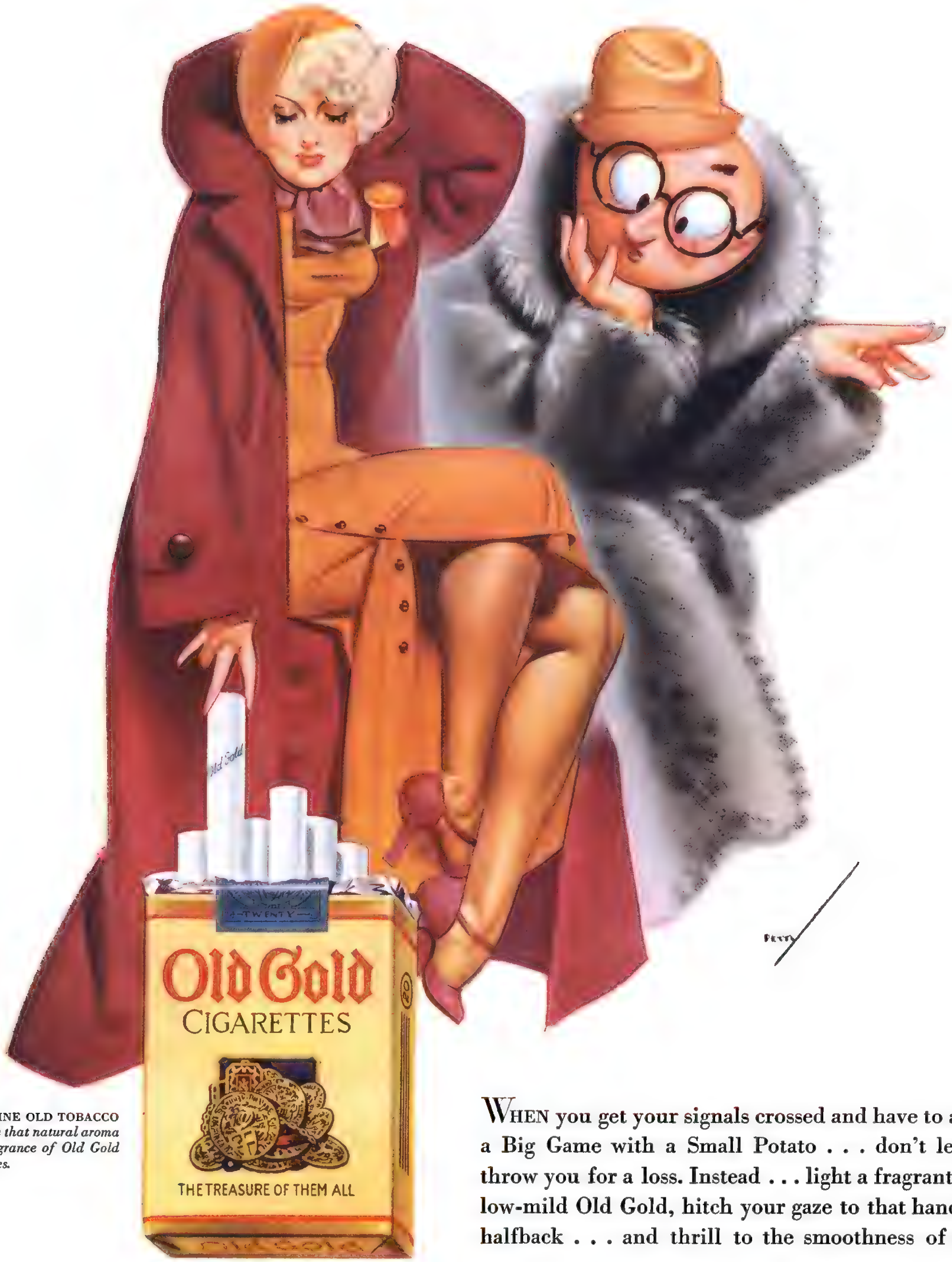
In the daytime the sun always shines, and when it is dark and rainy on earth, the sun will be shining and the sky will be crystal clear up above those clouds that are bringing you rain and darkness. Sometimes the top of an overcast is smooth and white and clean looking, stretching away from you for miles and miles to meet the blue sky. It reminds one of pictures of Arctic wastes except that it is infinitely more vast. Nothing but white and blue, and when the sun, a blazing ball of orange and yellow fire, gradually sinks down into the cloud horizon, the white slowly fades to silver, the blue becomes a deeper blue, and the moon traces a path of dull light over that lonely, silent expanse. The stars come out, clear and brilliant, and they seem close enough to touch. But you don't want to touch, you hesitate to speak even, lest you bring some earthly influence into this ethereal scene.

Other times the top of the overcast will be broken and jagged. You see vast bottomless canyons which shade from the faintest robin egg blue at their rims, to the deepest black as they go down, thousands of feet below you. Gigantic mountain peaks of billowy white clouds will tower above you on all sides. You can see great feudal castles perched on isolated peaks, their lines dim through the lacy mist. The sun shines through a thin wisp of cloud, giving to that

Continued at top of page 133

Riled by a Raccoon Rah-Rah?

. . . light an Old Gold

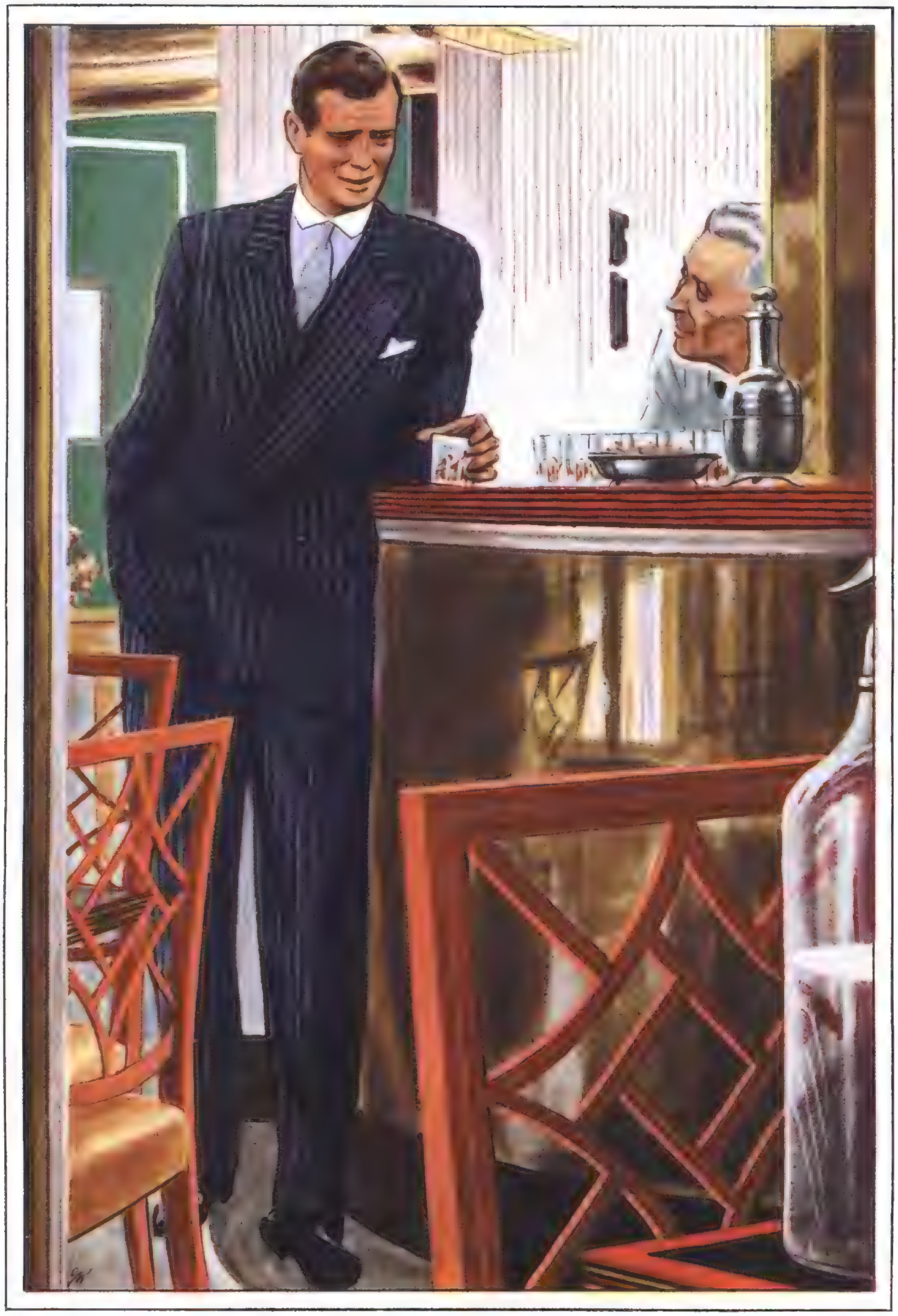

TWENTY
Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

ONLY FINE OLD TOBACCO *can give that natural aroma and fragrance of Old Gold cigarettes.*

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

WHEN you get your signals crossed and have to attend a Big Game with a Small Potato . . . don't let him throw you for a loss. Instead . . . light a fragrant, mellow-mild Old Gold, hitch your gaze to that handsome halfback . . . and thrill to the smoothness of both!

AT TRYING TIMES. . . .TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD



YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN REVISED TO DATE

Mr. Williamson, the man who drew the picture, neglected to explain the seven old fashioneds on the bar. Standing at the bar, whence all but he have fled, is but one customer. Under the circumstances, the fact that he is standing may in itself be news. Perhaps our caption was ill chosen, and we might better have rung in that classic of bathroom bookshelves, *A Man Could Stand Up*. What a man. On the other hand, six guests may have stepped out of the picture, the better to let you see his blue chalk striped double breasted, enhanced by such Kentish ducal touches as the long lapel rolled to the bottom button, the widespread collar, the corn flower boutonnière, and the pleated bosom blue soft shirt. The costume pictured here is just about par for the fashion course this fall and winter. Chalk stripes are big stuff, and this is the dominant suit model of the season.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

We Aren't All Big and Wonderful

Continued from pages 64-130

cloud all the colors of the rainbow. At times the cloud layer beneath you will be broken and you can get occasional glimpses of such earthly things as rivers and towns to remind you that your stay in this other world can be brief at best.

When flying through snow or ice crystals which have been charged with electricity you will see a shower of sparks play somewhat like a giant Fourth-of-July sparkler as the tiny particles impinge against your wings. Or the more famous St. Elmo's fire, in the vicinity of electrical storms, causing a ribbon of fire to play up and down your wings, or describe the arc of your propellor, jumping from one to the other, disappearing, only to return perhaps on all propellors, or perhaps to a tiny flash on one wing tip.

Sometimes on cold, clear winter nights you will be able to see the lights from cities and towns for a hundred or more miles in all directions, the lights looking like tiny, brilliant, yellow jewels, arranged on a cloth of black velvet.

Thunderstorms provide a more spectacular type of beauty. Heavy, black driving sheets of rain beat against the windshield, a flash of lightning, sometimes so close you can feel the heat from it, will momentarily make the ground beneath you, by contrast, brighter than day for miles around.

A distant flash of lightning will silhouette great black nimbus clouds, only to die out, leaving you in a world of black again. Then out into clear air to watch the play of other storms in the distance. The weather gods provide a never ending pageant, new scenes, fresh settings, always.

There's a thrill of satisfaction in an arduous trip flown with finesse, that is akin, I imagine, to the feeling of a musician who has completed a particularly difficult number.

The job isn't all the small boys think it is, unfortunately; it's a life of contrasts, uncertainty, but it is never dull, and I for one will find life empty indeed when I've made my last landing. #

Billiards on the Ground

Continued from page 81

is not uncommon. With the soft end of the mallet he can put English on the ball and bank it at all sorts of angles. He can produce the equivalent of a massé shot by striking the ball at a downward angle, and I have seen players "jump shot" a ball over an arch ten inches high and 14 feet away and hit another ball behind the arch that stymied them. In Chicago I even heard of experts who could make draw shots with the soft end of the mallet (I've never seen it done, though), and there was a tradition that somewhere a group of roquers were secretly perfecting a three-cushion game. I wouldn't put it past them.

In old-fashioned croquet, if you can make yourself remember it, as many as four people could play, each playing one ball, and the object was simply to get your ball through all the arches and to the home stake before the other fellow could get there. You could impede him by croqueting him out of bounds, or you could, on occasion, send him out of position and advance yourself by "splitting" your ball off his and winning an extra shot for yourself, but by and large you just tapped and socked, and argued about which arch you had to go through next.

In a roque game there are rarely more than two players but each plays two balls, and he must get them both home to win. It is because of this that the tactics of roque are so complicated as to make those of croquet look like rummy compared to contract bridge.

There is no croqueting and no split shot, as such, though of course it is desirable to send your opponent's ball out of position whenever you can without losing ground yourself. Instead, the playing ball is used to drive the other into position, and the problem of keeping the opposing balls back and your own advancing together is one that demands a lot of headwork as well as physical skill and nervous control. But there aren't any arguments as to which arch you're headed for. Each player has a clip of his own color which he affixes to the arch at which he is aiming, and the clip stays there until he has gone through the arch. The clips have a front and a back side, to show whether the player is going out or coming in.

The vogue for roque, like almost everything else in this country but ukeleles and belt-back coats, spread from East to West. Born in New York, roque got its first foothold in New England, went over in a big way—even retired whaling skippers on Nantucket took it up—and still maintains a strong position in the East. It got a chance for national attention at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904, when there were roque contests during the Olympics, and now it is played almost everywhere in the land. There are scores of private courts and club courts, and many municipalities maintain courts in their parks, most of them flood-lighted. (Roque courts, it is claimed, were the first outdoor playing fields to be illuminated for use at night.) The national tournament is still held in Connecticut, but there are regional championships in the

Continued at top of page 134

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Billiards on the Ground

Continued from pages 81-133

Mid-West, on the Pacific Coast, and in the South.

But there is one place where it seems not to be played at all, and that, strangely, is the very place where it started—New York City. There is no state-wide prejudice against it, for there are courts at Saratoga and elsewhere, but I have scouted the city and its environs and never found anything that remotely resembled a roque court. The lawn-games experts at Abercrombie & Fitch and A. G. Spalding & Bros. say they know of no New Yorkers who play it, and if they don't know, who would? Can it be that roque is too hard for New Yorkers?

Certainly New York for a long time has been croquet-conscious, and more than that, conscious that old-fashioned croquet was not what it ought to be, for in several parts of the city they play home-made varieties of the game that begin to approach roque in their demands on skill. The game played near the Southeast corner of Central Park seems to be fairly conventional, but the players are so expert that they make of it a handsome sport. It was here, by the way, that the Algonquin intelligentsia and their buddies Neysa McMein and the Four Marx Brothers, *et al.*, played a few years ago. They didn't stick at it very long, however, for though in some mysterious fashion the news that New York's Bright Young People had taken up croquet crept into the papers, the public incredibly didn't flock round to watch.

In the Northwestern part of the park they play still another version. I have watched it several times and I confess that I can't understand what it is all about. And a number of years ago, over in Prospect Park, the Brooklyn Croquet Club evolved a game played on a hexagonal court that barely escaped being veritable roque.

Still, no roque in New York. Instead, the coming game seems to be the English version of croquet—modernized, of course, with the field cut down to 38 by 25 yards, and six arches instead of nine, which the balls clear by ⅜ of an inch. The players start from the corners of the field, and after making the circuit, head for the home stake in the center, so that during most of the game the balls are bunched around it; and this of course, provides great opportunity for strategy and fine shots off an opponent's ball. At Abercrombie & Fitch they say that this modern English croquet is spreading rapidly, especially in smart Westchester and Long Island. Perhaps, after all these years, strong men again will play croquet hard all day; these revivals do happen, as witness backgammon. If they do, however, it will be mostly in Westchester and on Long Island.

Elsewhere they will still play roque, for somehow it is a game that wins its devotees for life. It isn't very strenuous, of course, but is golf, really? And it has this on golf, in the matter of man-to-man competition: in roque you and your opponent can legally do something to stop each other, whereas in golf the only person you battle against is yourself. And if you think that blasting out of a sand trap or sinking an eighteen foot putt takes skill, just try driving a roque ball through an arch with a quarter-inch clearance, sixty feet away. ⧻

Lady Novelist's Husband

Continued from page 63

usual caution in every waking moment so that nothing in his conversation or appearance would give Adela the slightest clue to his activities. He spent an hour one day in the bathroom with the door locked and the shade drawn trying to remove a spot of egg from his vest. He avoided carrying match books whose covers advertised local establishments. He was careful to refold and replace all papers and magazines when he had finished them lest Adela comment a day or so later on what he had been reading. He limited his conversation to monosyllables and took to brushing his teeth with a furtive air, as though it were a criminal act. "God, I'm going nuts," he thought.

In an effort to anticipate further inferences concerning his activities that she might make, he began to read Adela's novels and to study the methods used by her detectives. He analyzed with care the tiny flaws in otherwise well-planned murders. A variety of villains had done away with their victims by almost every conceivable means in Adela Winston's stories, but always they left behind a tell-tale clue. Poisons proved traceable, bullets carried individual markings, alibis proved shakeable. Without Warren's realizing it, the stories fascinated him, and in his subconscious mind he began to plot the perfect crime. The fault, he concluded, with all of the murders in his wife's novels was that they were too complicated. Somehow it ought to be possible to commit a murder that couldn't be solved, that would be so simple and yet so clever that it wouldn't even look like a murder.

He brooded over the idea.

Three nights later, as Adela leaned out of the window of their fourth floor apartment to get a little fresh air, he walked over and gave her a little push. The newspapers all remarked on her untimely and extremely unromantic death. Overcome with grief, Warren Beamish quickly settled the estate and moved to the writers' colony at Majorca. ⧻

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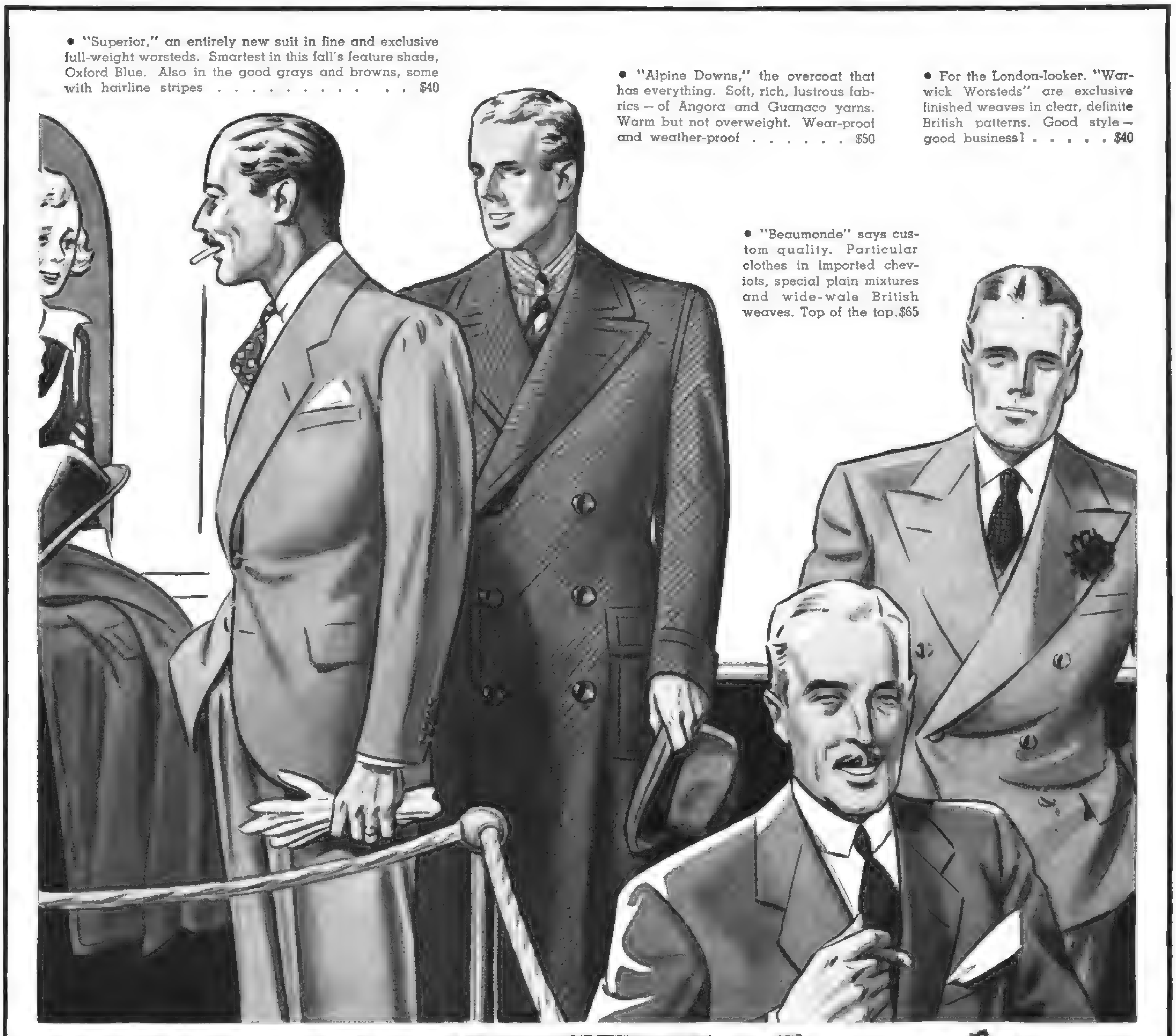

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A Primer of Economics

Continued from page 59

vellous machinery. Without a lot of brain fag and tired muscles the plant could never have been. Though the machinery greatly increases the effectiveness of the men who work here, yet it hardly does this to the extent a visitor might think at first glance. An officer of the company told me he doubted if such a plant would ever be built again, because much of the saving in one direction is lost in another. Apart from the high cost of obsolescence, there is still the question of supervision and repairs—much higher than if the plant were simpler and less automatic. For example, two and one-half days are required to readjust the machinery whenever it is desired to quit making one type of automobile frame and start on another.

Now let's see what the situation is: This whole plant represents what is called a capital investment. It is a fixed charge. Instead of becoming more valuable each day, it is becoming less so. Each day brings it nearer to the time when it will be considered hopelessly out of date and must go to the scrap-heap. The owners, naturally, are making allowance for this. They set aside a sum of money each year for what is called "plant depreciation." This money they must obtain in the price of goods they sell. Thus the worth of the entire plant is being gradually transformed, in a sense, into automobile frames.

All this being true, the intricate machinery of the plant has not been creating new value, but transferring old values, from one form into another.

How, then, could this company, or any other company, make any profits? To make money they would have to sell something of value; and to continue doing this year after year, they would need to keep on creating new values. If the machinery itself doesn't make any new values, but only changes values, from plant to product, then where do new values come from?

The answer is that they must come from the only source that ever produces any new values; that is, from human effort—toil with brain or muscle. Where else could they come from?

If it is true that human effort is the one source of all new value, then it must follow that any company operating a factory, whether to make shoes, automobiles, doorknobs, or anything else, must get its profit from the people it employs. But if that is so, why do they invest money in a big factory? The answer is simple enough: Because the factory, filled with modern machines, makes the labor so much more effective. It is the same reason that prompts me to provide my gardener with good tools—because he can then give me a greater quantity of vegetables. The vegetables don't cost any more in effort than they did before, when he had poor tools, but there are twice as many.

We might pursue this illustration of the gardener a little farther. A group of families, to obtain all the vegetables they can eat, might employ two gardeners. Each gardener is paid enough to enable him to buy whatever he needs for his own family. But by the use of better tools, it may be possible to get along with only one gardener and still raise as many vegetables as ever. The gardener who is dismissed can no longer buy his own food, and yet vegetables from this same garden have less value than before—because less labor is required to raise them.

If similar savings in labor should be made in the raising of *all* vegetables, and all thus become less valuable, then vegetables should be cheaper. Anyone having vegetables to sell may have to accept less money for them. Then the rate of profit to the seller must drop unless at least one of two things is done: Either the prices of vegetables must somehow be increased, or else there must be a reduction of wages to the men who till the gardens. If instead of reducing wages, there is an increase in prices, then the effect is much the same, for the men employed in raising the vegetables cannot buy as many of them as they could before. They must content themselves with eating fewer vegetables.

(In our national economy, by the way, under NRA codes, we reduced wages a while ago by raising prices. Now we are doing it by direct cuts in wages. According to the *New York Times*, minimum wages in the shoe industry, have dropped from $13 a week to $6 or $7. "Several extreme cases were reported of a wage of $2 a week for 40 hours' work. . . . The neckwear industry reported wage reductions of between 25 and 70 per cent. . . . Child labor is increasing.")

Suppose, though, an employer is tender-hearted and dislikes to cut anybody's wages. He sees his rate of profit dropping—because his goods, even in greater quantity, have less real value. There is one other thing he can do. He can simply try to increase his *total* profits by increasing his output. After all, he isn't so much interested in his *rate* of profit as in the *total* profit. He would rather have $10,000 to spend as he pleases at the end of the year, even though that is only 4 per cent return on his total capital, than to have only $3,000 which represents 10 per cent return on his capital.

In other words, if you have a certain investment and the return is dropping from year to year, then the thing to do is to increase your total investments. But where is the money to come from with which to add to your capital? Obviously, it must come either by taking it away from some other fellow who has capital, that is, by keener competition, or else by getting it from the source of new values—from those who create new values. Remember we are speaking of values now in the technical sense—*real* values, not money values. In short, if you are going to take a greater share of new values in order to accumulate and increase your capital, then you must finally reduce wages; you must give a smaller share to the fellow who produces the new values.

More aggressive competition may stave off wage-cutting for a time. You may hire a better advertising manager or higher pressure salesmen and take business away from your competitor. But your competitor in turn installs more modern machinery, and makes goods more cheaply. Your profits are approaching the vanishing point. You can no longer stay in business unless you, too, buy new machinery. This means a greater capital investment and it won't pay to do it unless you can increase your total output. Moreover, you can't obtain the money to buy new machinery unless you get a greater share of whatever new values your employes are creating. Hence, finally you must cut wages whether you wish to or not. You don't cut wages because you are greedy or vicious, but only because there is no way you can stay in business without profits, and unless you stay in business you can't pay any wages at all. Rather than be compelled to go out of business and dismiss your employes entirely, it seems more decent and humane to cut wages. At any rate, you have no other choice.

But still there's a problem unsolved. Doubtless you are not the only one who has been forced to reduce wages. Your competitors and other people's competitors likewise have been compelled to install new machinery, or take advantage of new technological processes. If you have not reduced wages of individual workers you at any rate have had to help reduce the total of wages by employing fewer people. With smaller wages, naturally there is less buying power, and with smaller buying power how are you going to sell your goods?

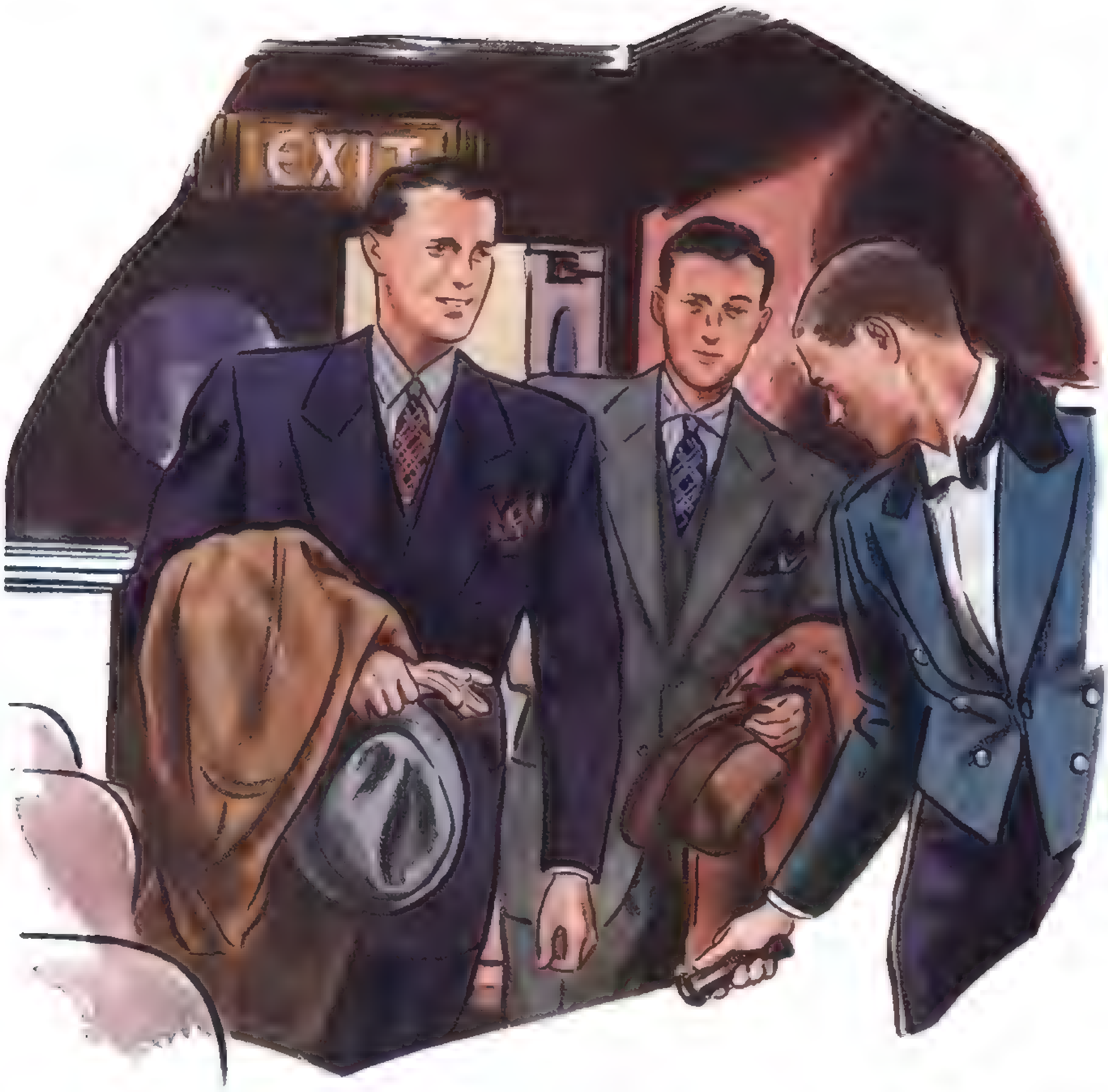
We have seen that it is impossible to make our system keep on functioning if we leave wages alone. To raise wages would be still worse, because then there would be even less opportunity to accumulate capital for expansion—and without expansion, the rate of profit would keep growing smaller until finally there would be no profit at all and hence no incentive to continue in business. Indeed, right now, banks are filled with money they would like to lend for new enterprises. But who is going to start new enterprises without reasonable assurance of profit?

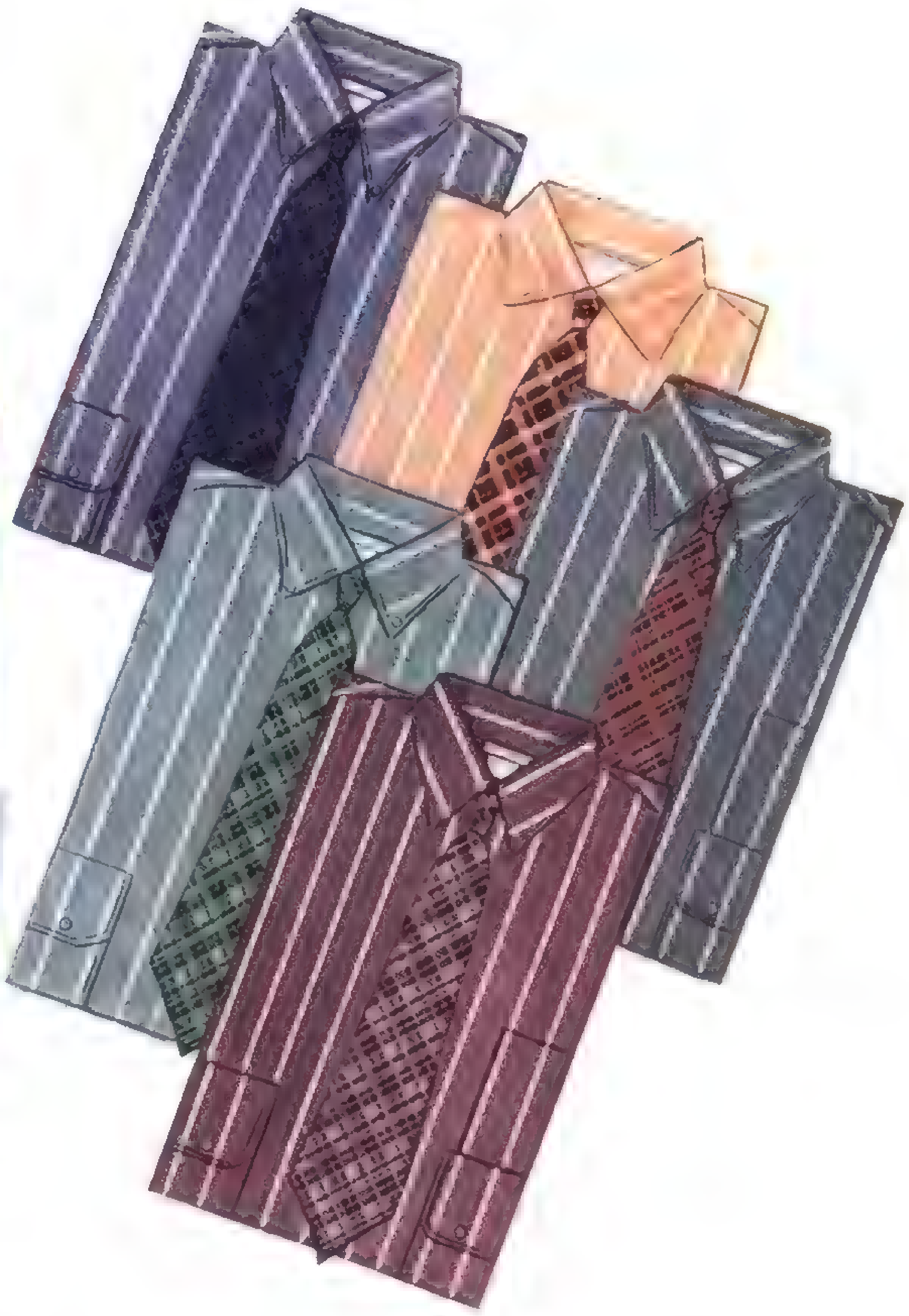
At this juncture, somebody says: "We must increase our foreign trade." All right, let's get more foreign markets. We'll sell more goods, say, to France. But when we go to France we find that the market there is not a foreign market at all but a home market. That is, it is a home market to them. They, too, wish to expand to relieve unemployment. They would like to sell more goods than they buy. We can't buy more than we sell, for that, naturally, would make our position all the worse; then we couldn't sell so much at home of what we make ourselves. We might go to war and conquer a nation or two and make them buy our goods rather than some other fellow's goods. That may be the idea of Japan in gradually encroaching into China. But at best whatever one nation gains from a war, another nation loses. It seems doubtful if war is the final solution.

Be all that as it may, getting down to current affairs, is sharing wealth by "soaking the rich" the solution? My guess is that higher taxes against the Very Rich, who happen to be employers—that is, employers in the sense of controlling industries—will only make it all the more necessary for them to cut wages. We have seen that they are desperately in need of continued capital accumulation if they are to survive. If they can't sell more goods, then they must at least install new machinery, and reduce wage costs, to have the same income as they do now. They are obliged to keep on reducing wage costs even without a further levy on their capital. In self-defense, what will they do in the face of higher taxes?

No one questions the morality and justice of taking away from him who has too much in favor of those who have too little. But what good will it do, if the whole scheme still fails to function?

What we really want is the privilege of operating all industry and all agriculture to the end that the only limit to what we may have is the limit of our abilities to produce. We know that our potential productive capacity is astoundingly great. A recent Brookings report showed that shoe factories already in existence could supply more shoes each year than would be needed even if shoes were given away free. The same thing is true of radio factories. Philadelphia alone could provide more than one radio to every household in the country. But to get the benefit of all this potential capacity means some form of production for use. We can't have production for use when we are operating for profit—and relatively few people advocate basic changes. Just what, then, are we going to do about it? #





The trend is "stripes." So Arrow answers with tape stripes—something new in oxfords. Mitoga designed—shaped-to-fit. All collar styles. Sanforized. $2.50
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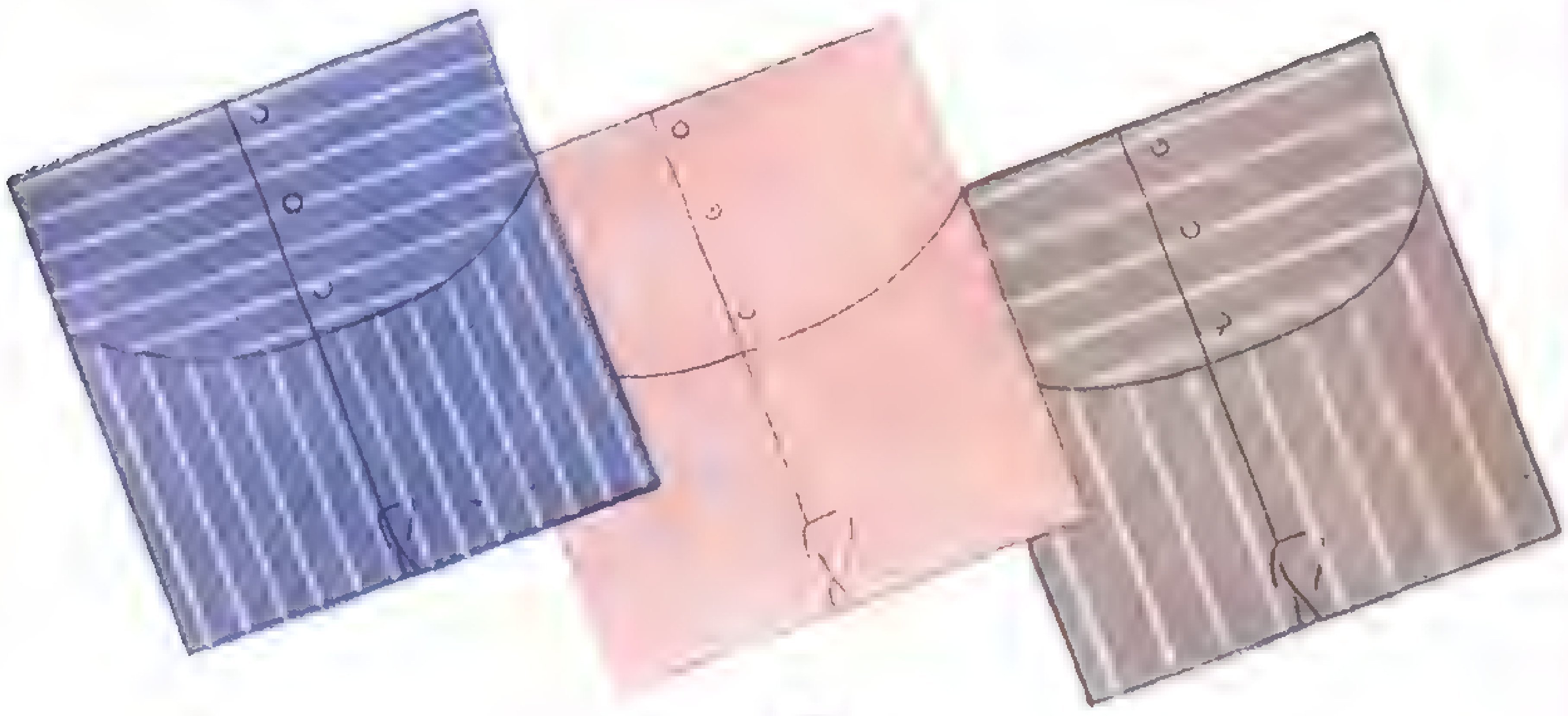

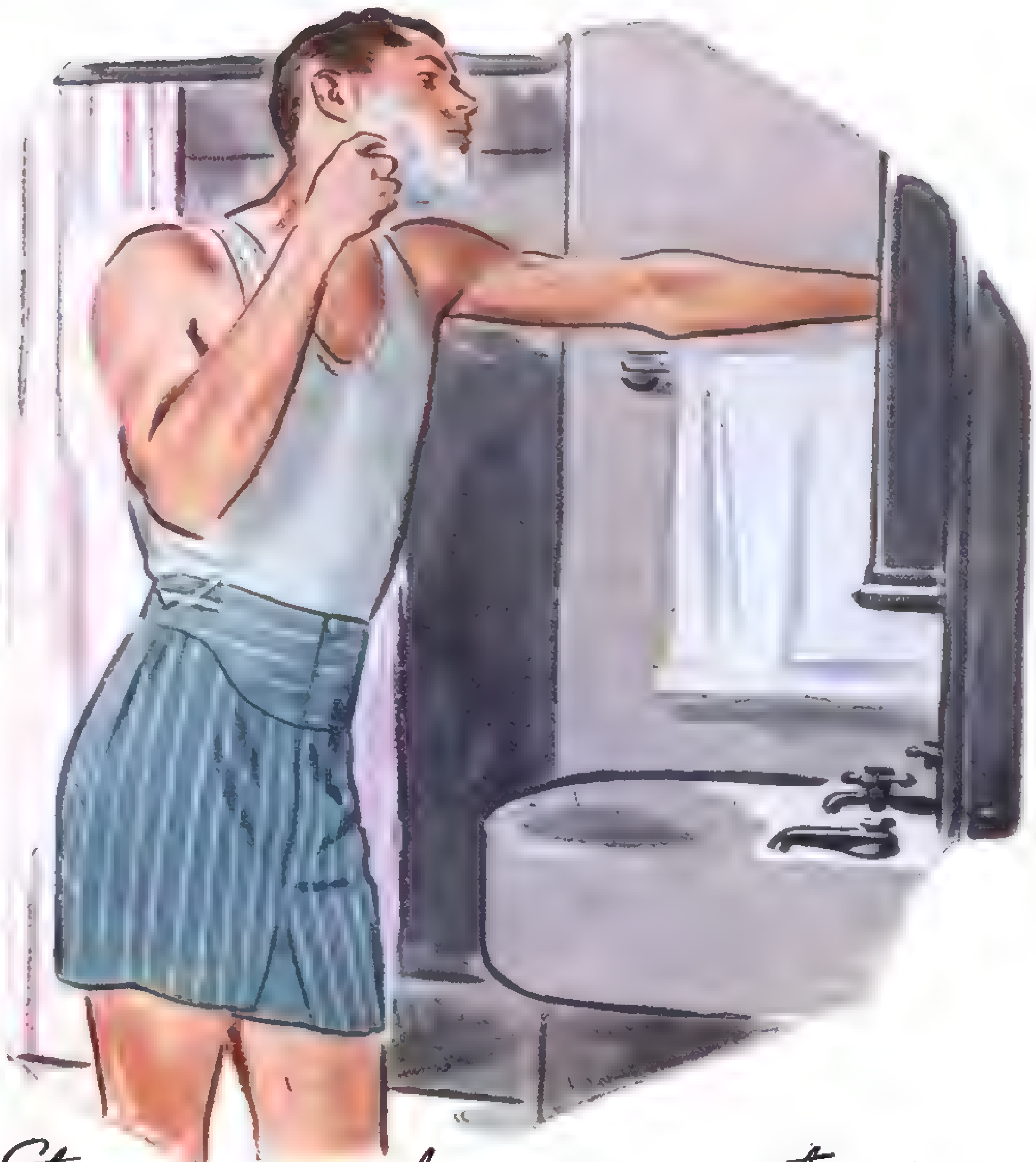

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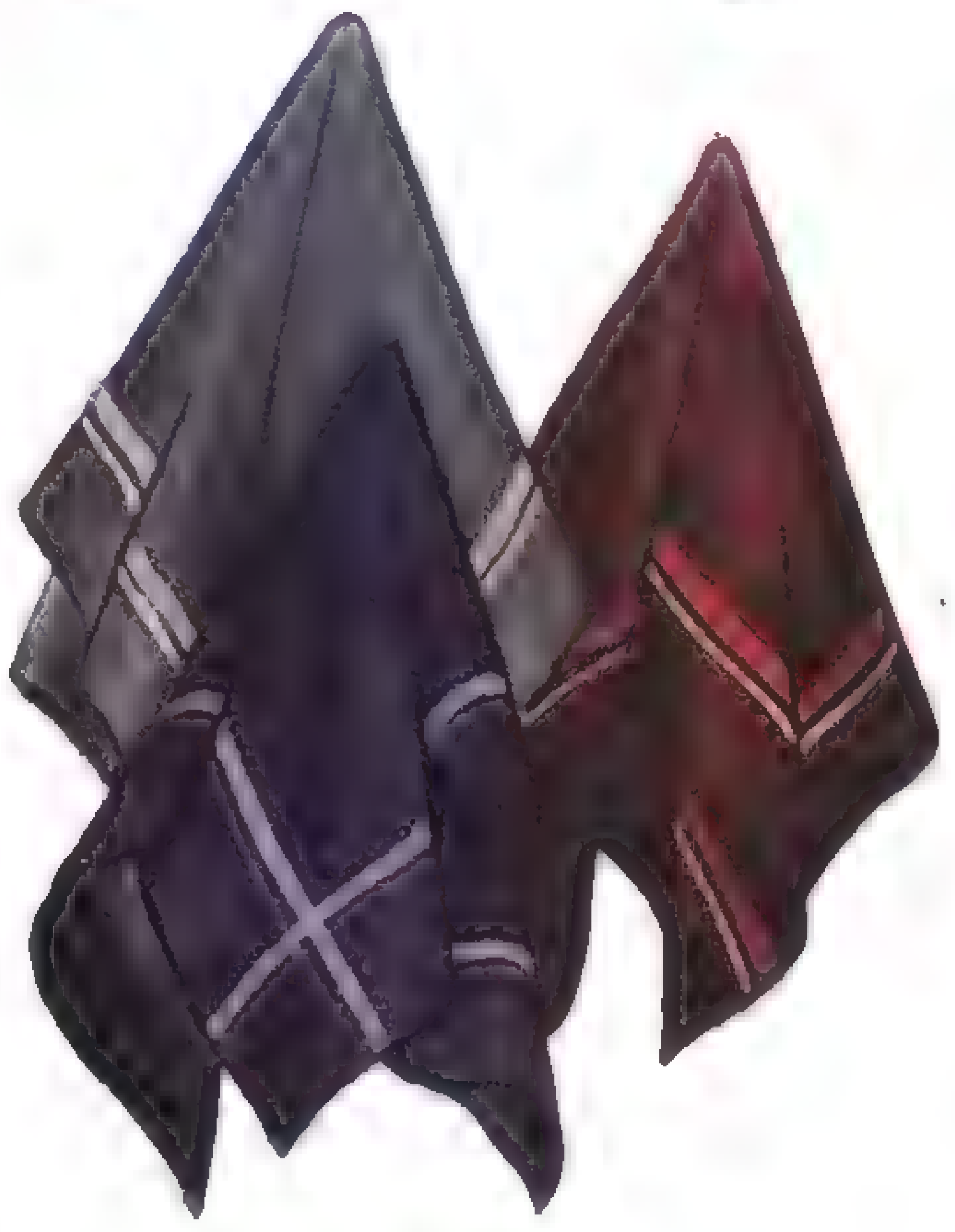

Stripes in underwear . . . starring Arrow Shorts with the Seamless Crotch. No irritating seam in the middle to cut you. 65¢ up. Undershirts 50¢ up.

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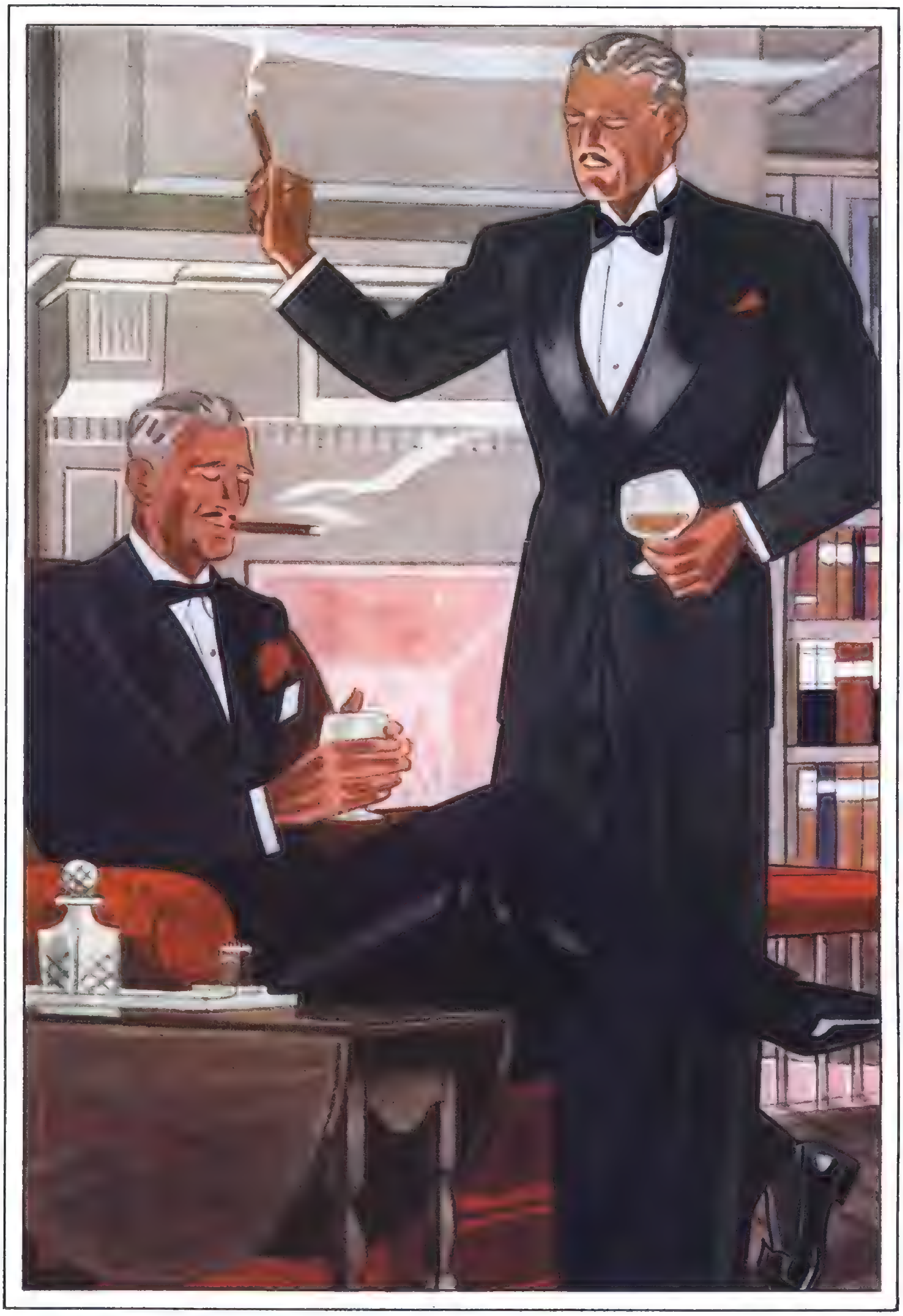

COLOR CREEPS INTO CASUAL EVENING WEAR

This conversation piece, complete with cognac and coronas, demonstrates the present standard of informal evening wear. Both of the outfits pictured here are suitable for dinner parties at home, stag gatherings, southern resort wear—all those not-quite-dress occasions. The seated figure's double-breasted dinner suit is of midnight blue. The other one is black. If it looks a trifle greenish in reproduction, then the artist has successfully preached the current gospel that midnight blue, under artificial light, is several degrees blacker than black. At first glance the outfit at the right seems to have the edge in formality, because of the starched bosom and wing collar, as opposed to the soft shirt with turnover collar shown on the seated figure. But this is offset by the maroon silk waistcoat and the red silk breast pocket handkerchief. Note the ruby stud at the left and the plain gold studs at the right.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

A Wink to Fortune

Continued from page 87

there was nobody but the starter in the lobby and he did not like the big man's conversation which seemed to him unpleasantly primitive. But a hand about the size and weight of a dictionary dropped on his shoulder and whirled him round and the big man said I guess we'll settle this here and now. And the girl said O don't hurt him Jeff and the man said O no I won't hurt him I'll just tear a couple of legs off him I'll teach him to insult women. Well said Mr. Wigdon who was getting mad for he had had about enough that day I expect you could all right but I haven't time right now and I suggest we postpone the lesson. And anyway he said I don't know what you're so sore about. And he looked at the man and his eye winked again.

Well the big man said Arrrh! again and drew back his other hand but he wanted to talk a little more because he hadn't worked himself up enough yet. So he said Still trying to be funny are you? O what are you talking about? said Mr. Wigdon angrily I've got a nervous twitch in my eye I wasn't winking at you. I suppose you've got a nervous whistle too said the man. Whistle? said Mr. Wigdon. Yes whistle said the man. What whistle? said Mr. Wigdon. You know what whistle said the man. Well said Mr. Wigdon who set you up to be a judge of whistles anyway? I'll fix your whistle for you said the man angrily. I don't want it fixed said Mr. Wigdon it suits me fine.

By this time the man was mad enough and he took a poke at Mr. Wigdon but Mr. Wigdon ducked and broke away and when the man came for him he dropped and pulled his legs from under him. And the elevator starter ran out of the building yelling. Well the big man got up and came for him again and again Mr. Wigdon dropped and pulled his legs from under him and this happened about four times and the big man was pretty well shaken up. But the next time he came toward Mr. Wigdon slowly and Mr. Wigdon was just hoping that they'd get a pretty nurse for him in the hospital when the elevator starter came back with a policeman.

Molesting women hey? said the policeman when he had heard everybody's story two or three times. Well do you want him arrested? Yes said the big man so the policeman took Mr. Wigdon down to the police station and booked him and then they let him call up Mrs. Wigdon and she came down and bailed him out. And she was as mad as a hornet.

Well said Mrs. Wigdon when they had got in a taxi I suppose it's your nervous eye what he said about winking. But this whistling she said that's a new development. Now Gerald she said this settles it. And she dropped her voice two full tones and said Whistling at women in elevators! And then said I'd better tell you I just met Gregory Flitt over on Fifth Avenue. Yes but Angela said Mr. Wigdon About this whistling. He told me said Mrs. Wigdon that you had bought a book. But Angela said Mr. Wigdon. For $14,500 said Mrs. Wigdon when you couldn't afford that coat for me at $1000. Yes said Mr. Wigdon but as an investment. I'll tell you Gerald said Mrs. Wigdon what I think. And then she told him what she thought. And after she was all through she told him all over again in different words. And the gist of it was that books were books and investments were investments and it all just showed how crazy he was and on top of it all propositioning little bleached blondes in elevators and she was through. And at last Mr. Wigdon flew into a rage. All right he said if I'm all the things you say why don't you get a divorce? Mrs. Wigdon looked at him a minute and then she set her jaw and said All right I will. And she said getting madder I won't waste any time either I'll go over to Jane Dither's tonight and tomorrow I'll see my lawyer.

Well they got home and Mr. Wigdon was pretty unhappy. He said O dear and sat down and just then the phone rang and he went to it and said Hello.

A voice said This is the Drain Galleries and Mr. Wigdon repressed a whimper and said Yes and the voice said So sorry to trouble you Mr. Wigdon but we have made a rather embarrassing discovery and if it is convenient Mr. Drain would like to come over and tell you about it. Mr. Wigdon said All right wearily and in a few minutes the bell rang and the big man he had had the fight with was shown in.

They both jumped and Mr. Wigdon got the poker and Mr. Drain picked up a footstool and then Mr. Drain seemed to think of something and he put the stool down and tried to smile and said Well well I did not know you were the man who bid in the Tamerlane for I was in the office during most of the sale and later I did not get your name. No said Mr. Wigdon but the police did. Oh well said Mr. Drain we can arrange all that Good God you are not the sort of man to molest a lady I see that now and I apologize. A temper like mine he said is a terrible curse. Well said Mr. Wigdon it really was my eye and as for the whistling—Say no more about it said Mr. Drain for I regret it more than I can say and don't worry we will get that charge dismissed immediately.

But now as to the discovery he said. I regret to inform you that the Tamerlane which you bid in is not authentic. Not authentic said Mr. Wigdon vaguely Well well. I am glad you take it that way said Mr. Drain for our expert rather slipped up I am afraid and did not notice that the paper on which it is printed has a watermark which

Continued at top of page 140

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THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
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A Wink to Fortune

Continued from pages 87-139

dates it not earlier than 1894. O dear me said Mr. Wigdon because it seemed to be the proper thing to say. Of course said Mr. Drain we could not under the circumstances hold you to the sale and in short what I am getting at is this. It would be a great blow to our prestige if it were known that such a forgery had ever been admitted to one of our sales. I am accordingly willing to offer you my check for $500 in exchange for your word that if there is any talk about the book later you will simply say that you have disposed of it again at a profit to a buyer who wished to remain anonymous. Which he said is of course the truth.

H'm said Mr. Wigdon who was beginning to see. Well of course my wife and I had rather set our hearts on owning this copy of Tim of Tam of this little volume. Well said Mr. Drain shall we say $750? One moment said Mr. Wigdon while I consult my wife. And he went into the bedroom where Mrs. Wigdon was throwing things into a trunk and said Angela how much was that coat you saw at Gumpelstein's yesterday? It was $950 said Mrs. Wigdon and then she turned and said What difference does that make to you? Oh nothing he said and then he went out again and he and Mr. Drain talked for a while and then he called Mrs. Wigdon out.

Well Mr. Drain got up and bowed deeply and said Madam I came here to express my deep regret to you and your husband for the charge I made against him this afternoon. What said Mrs. Wigdon are you the escort of the lady he winked at? Yes said Mr. Drain and I have found out that the tune he whistled was not as I had supposed *Will you take a little walk with me?* but a part of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony. And moreover in the course of our conversation I learned that he was the buyer of the Tamerlane at the auction this afternoon which went at the ridiculously low sum of $14,500. And since I have always coveted a Tamerlane and did not get to the sale until this one had gone I have offered him $15,450 for it. And I suppose he has refused it? said Mrs. Wigdon with a sniff. No said Mr. Drain taking out his fountain pen but he has asked me to make out the check for $950 representing his profit to you.

Well when Mr. Drain had gone Mrs. Wigdon threw her arms around Mr. Wigdon and said O darling forgive me for thinking such things about you and O you really are a good business man aren't you dear? Yes said Mr. Wigdon Has the evening paper come I want to see what happened to the mark today. ⧺

A Portrait in Zowie!

Continued from page 78

was bound to get De Beck any which way, for soon after he bought the *Herald*, combined it with his *Examiner* and of all the *Herald* staff, retained just De Beck and one other.

Billy continued to draw his *Married Life* and in addition, drew a large daily sporting cartoon. In this he created the *Boola-Boola* club, a mock "secret" fraternity which enrolled tens of thousands of members—one stockyards chapter alone listing 15,000. *Boola-Boola* became the rage in Chicago and Billy De Beck became Chicago's Prince of Wales. A de luxe suite in the best hotel was placed at his disposal —free—gifts were showered on him, orchestras struck up the *Boola-Boola* song in his honor, theatres flashed the spot on his royal box. And Billy reveled in it all. The cub had tasted the raw meat of celebrity.

"Success when it comes to a young kid is unhealthy," De Beck says—now.

The De Beck stories of those Chicago days are legion, but the one I like best is of that frenzied Armistice night when he rode a white horse into Loop barrooms, came back in the dog hours, disrobed and went to sleep on the desk in the private office of Arthur Brisbane, was routed by that startled sage and later returned to break up a conference by demanding his socks, which were subsequently found in Mr. Brisbane's dictaphone. Then there was the time when a drawing of his was left out of the paper and, his feelings hurt, he disappeared, to be located eventually in Havana being wined and dined by the Cuban dignitaries whom he had impressively convinced that he had come to investigate conditions for the American press.

Married Life had now become a strip, and it went so well that Billy was soon called to New York, his salary upped to $500 a week and the feature launched into national syndication under the new name of *Barney Google.*

Came word that Hearst wanted a pretty girl character introduced in the strip. Up to then Billy had avoided pretty girls (in the strip) because he couldn't draw them. He still can't, very well, for it seems to be a rule that real comic drawing and pretty girl drawing don't go together. But Billy made a try and a fairly "pretty girl" resulted. Unable to think of a name for her, he had Barney address the new character as "Sweet mamma." The boss of the syndicate gathered from this that she was a married woman. Billy insisted she wasn't.

"What! Not married?! And a Mother!" exclaimed the startled boss. "Young fellow, if you think that the comic strip business would stand for—"

"But she isn't a mother!" pro-

Continued on page 142

COUNT ALEXIS deSAKHNOFFSKY, who conceived the virile, yet graceful lines of the Gruen Curvex, has world-famous recognition for his mingling of beauty with fine, practical utility in industrial design.

ELIZABETH HAWES, style expert and only American designer successfully to bring American styles to Paris, says of the Gruen Curvex: "I find it a fine, mannish creation—in excellent taste, modern and simple."

DAVID S. GAITHER, engineer and artist, formerly of the faculty of Carnegie Tech, says: "Gruen Curvex should rival the best pocket watches in time-accuracy, utilizing a totally new engineering principle."

TIME·AND·THE SEARCH FOR perfection

"TIME AND THE SEARCH FOR PERFECTION"—The intimate story behind the Gruen Curvex... Ask your local jeweler for a free copy or write directly to the Gruen Watch Makers Guild, Time Hill, Cincinnati.

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Its masculine simplicity was conceived by Count Alexis deSakhnoffsky, noted industrial stylist. Its astonishing and radical movement was created at Time Hill by Gruen engineers. Gruen Curvex, the new timekeeping wristwatch for men, is Gruen's latest triumph in design and accuracy. ● Not only does the exquisite case curve gracefully to fit the wrist, but the sturdy movement, involving an entirely revolutionary principle, is itself curved to fit the case. ● This new principle permits a larger and more rugged wheel-train, a feature exclusively Gruen. It is a major advance over the standard and less accurate method of centering a small, flat movement at the crest of a curved case. ● Gruen's Curvex makes possible a wristwatch with pocket-watch accuracy...dependable and distinctive, combining graceful beauty and precision time-accuracy. Gruen Curvex watches are priced at $50.00, $59.50 and $100.00. Other Gruen Watches—$24.75 to $1000.

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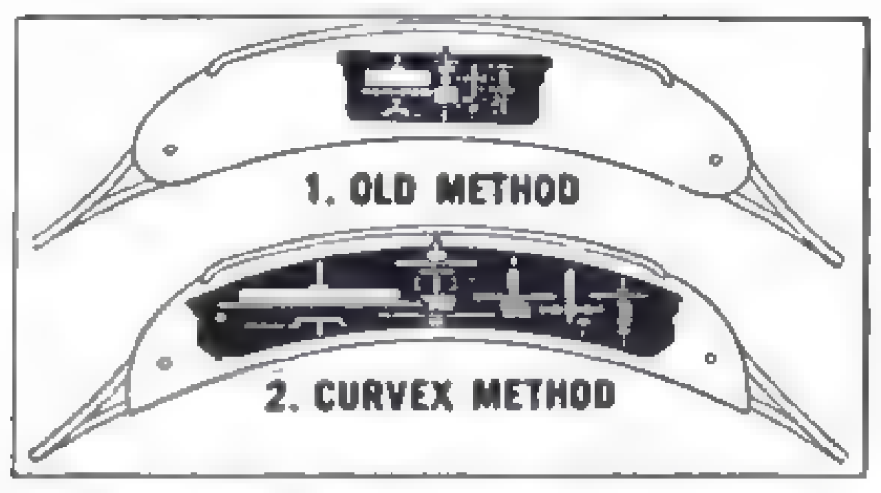

1. Small flat movement in curved case.
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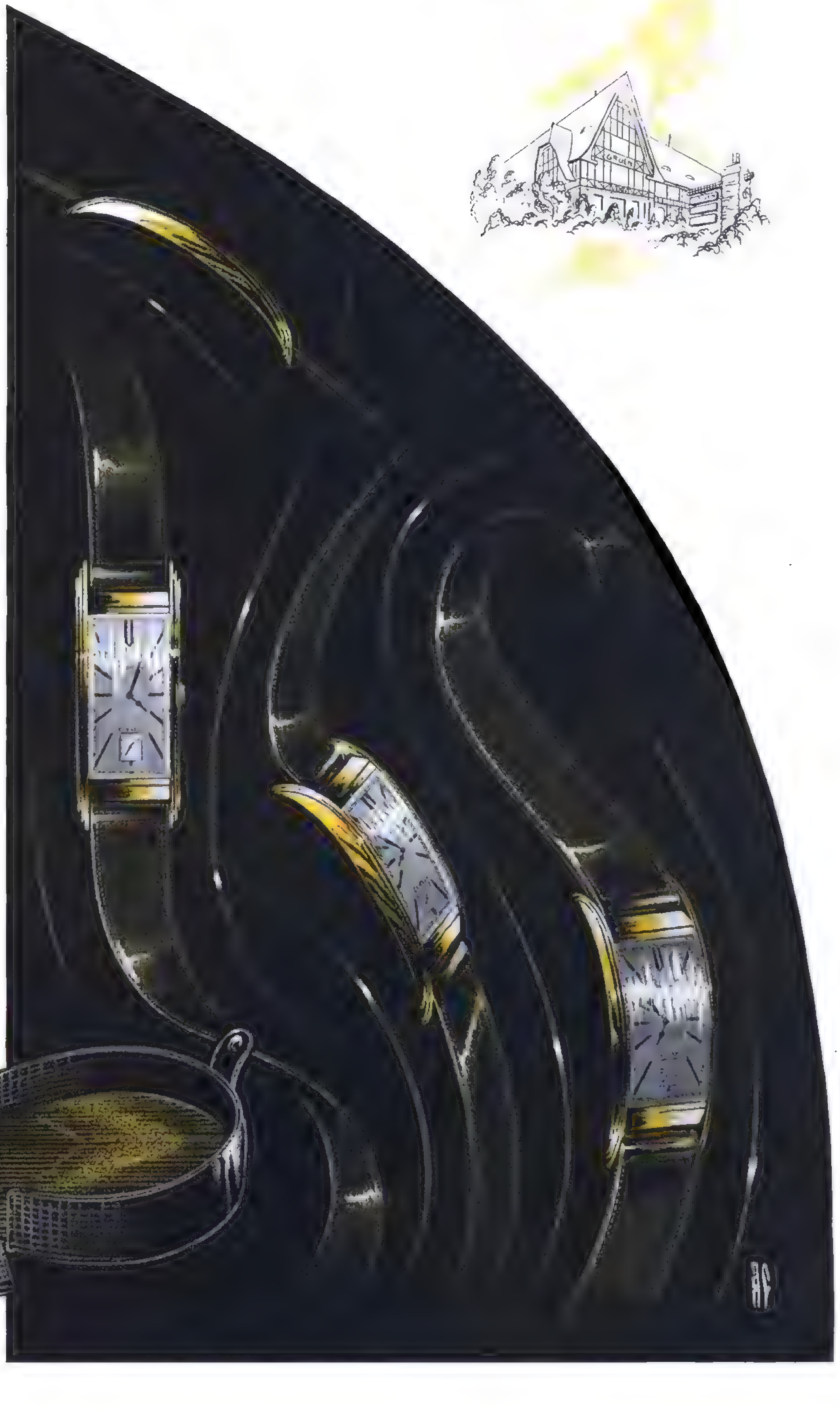


"A Mile!
I could walk fifty
in shoes as flexible
as these"

Swing along in Bostonians with the Flexmore* Process. There isn't a shoe just like it. An exclusive construction insures absolute ease in every springy stride without a single sacrifice to looks. Rugged, handsome, built for active men in Luggage Calf—Bostonians' new, smart leather for Fall. See your new Bostonians at leading men's apparel and shoe shops. $6.50 to $8.50. Bostonian Foot Savers, $10.00.

*Registered U. S. Patent Office

Bostonians
SHOES FOR men
BUILT WITH THE FLEXMORE PROCESS

A Portrait in Zowie!

Continued from pages 78-140

tested Billy. "You call a girl 'Babe' and that doesn't mean she's a kid in diapers? 'Sweet mamma' is just a name. I've got a hunch it's gonna be a natural!"

It was. "Sweet mamma" swept the country and, so far as I know, started all the "mamma" stuff—"Red-hot mamma," "fat mamma," etc. Subsequently Billy set going "horsefeathers!," "So I took the Fifty Thousand Dollars," "Oskie-Wowow," "the Heebie-Jeebies," "I hope you don't feel hurt" and many others.

Again Hearst steps into the picture. Until now *Barney Google* had been the regulation married-life gag strip. Hearst suggested "continuity." And so, after much thought and many conferences, Billy evolved the idea of a pet that would accompany Barney in various escapades—the immortal horse "Spark Plug." "Spark Plug," his sensational success, the comic-strip races which he ran, are all history. But this comic-strip horse did more than race. It swept in actual cash earnings far beyond that of Cavalcade, Gallant Fox or any real horse in racing history. First, the record-breaking syndicate receipts. Then, a toy company sold a million dollars' worth of Barney Google and Spark Plug toys, dolls and novelties. The "Barney Google" song sold hundreds of thousands of copies. Three "Barney Google" musical shows toured the country for two years. The money poured in from everywhere.

All this whizzed young De Beck up to staggering heights of fame and fortune, and got him pretty dizzy. He fitted up a lavish ten-room apartment on Riverside Drive. There were big dinners nightly and gay after-theatre parties with whole Broadway choruses in attendance. Champagne, the finest and phoniest that pre-repeal bootleggers could supply, flowed like water, and in and out flowed guests equally as phony. There were many real people, many real friends, but for the most part those that came were the Broadway parasites who flock wherever there is fame, caviar and liverwurst in the ice-box.

One memorable night Billy saw some kids below and threw down a handful of coins. He got so much fun out of the scramble he tried dollar bills. That brought men and women, too. Soon bills were fluttering over the drive like snowflakes, the streets below were black with people, traffic was jammed. Suddenly Billy felt a restraining hand on his shoulder and turned to confront a cop.

"Aw gee!" said Billy, "You don't stop Rockefeller—and all he gives away is dimes!"

But that was only a tiny fraction of the fortune Billy scattered to the winds. Flinging away money was then his most active form of exercise. For days he didn't stir out. One night he went to a Turkish bath and was so impressed by a 300 pound Irish rubber named John he promptly engaged him—to supplement his Jap chauffeur, valet, maid and cook—and thereafter Billy got his exercises by lying down and leaving the rest to John. John served another purpose. Guests Billy didn't like were induced to let John give them a massage—a very special massage.

But Billy was traveling fast, and before long his doctor told him he'd have to go to the hospital. Billy demanded an ambulance.

"Why—you don't need an ambulance! You could walk around Manhattan!" said the surprised doctor.

"Listen," said Billy. "All my life I've wanted to be carried out on a stretcher. This is my chance."

And so Billy was carried out to an ambulance between the lanes of silent onlookers he'd anticipated, who were somewhat puzzled that the sick man smiled and nodded from side to side like an actor acknowledging applause.

It was a much sobered-down Billy, however, who emerged from the hospital. By this time Mary Dunne had come into the picture, and from now on one can't speak Billy without Mary.

Mary was Irish and pretty—with blue eyes, pert little features—a doll-like figure—and something more: brains. She was a graduate of the Columbia school of journalism, a writer and an expert advertising woman. Mary was different from the Broadway crowd, and she didn't like them and they didn't like her, because they scented an enemy. They were right. She burned up when she saw what the gayboys and gaygirls were doing to Billy. Finally she routed them completely.

In 1927 Billy and she were married, and a new era began for him. They went to Europe and stayed there for almost two years, living quietly most of the time in Paris, with Billy miraculously refraining from learning a word of French or acquiring a trace of Parisian mannerism, or having his American comic-strip slant affected in the slightest. But one thing did happen. On his return, whether or not it is that a burnt boy dreads Broadway, Billy steered clear of it and has done so ever since. In the winter from November to May, the De Becks live in their big twelve-room house at Palm Beach. In the summer, if not traveling, they reside at Great Neck, Long Island.

Barney Google has settled down, too. Where once the strip was pure slapstick, it now makes an attempt to portray character; and as one of Billy's friends points out, where *Barney Google* himself used to be the hell-raiser, Barney, like his creator, is now more the observer and motivator, leaving the rough stuff to others.

In the current "Hill-billy" series, one of his best continuities to date, he has created a bright gallery of new characters—the little mountaineer, "Snuffy Smith," his wife, "Lowizie," the gal, "Sairy" and others, and is also popularizing a new vocabulary—"Bus' mah britches!" "By Creepers Jeepers!" "Yore eyes air boggin' out like a tromped-on toad-frog," "shet your tater-trap!" etc. Billy traveled through the mountains of Kentucky and Virginia, talked to the natives, read old books of mountaineer life and made many sketches. In fact, he portrayed the atmosphere so faithfully that the syndicate people pleaded it be "toned down." He balked, however, when he was requested to make "Lowizie"—the hill-billy wife—stop smoking a pipe. Lowizie still smokes.

Like many other comic artists, when Billy has to get up ideas he lies down on his back with his eyes closed and concentrates. Which reminds me:

Several years ago he and a gang of his friends had gone out of town to a championship fight. As the aftermath, there was considerable partying in the De Beck hotel suite, and it being a hot night, Billy shed his clothes and passed out cold. Some of the boys strewed the ice supply around his head and over his person.

A while later Billy's pal, Frank Willard, (who does *Moon Mullins*) happened in, mixed a drink and asked for ice. The boys pointed into the next room. Willard peered in at the prostrate Billy at peace under the melting ice cubes.

"No, I'd better not disturb him," said Willard. "He's probably thinking up ideas."

However one may evaluate his subject matter, in his drawing De Beck stands out with a comic style all his own. Almost every other comic artist first makes a hard and fast pencil outline, then goes over it carefully in ink. De Beck uses the pencil just to suggest position and action, and then goes at the drawing directly with ink. He does not fear ink as so many do. He swings it in with quick vibrant strokes of the pen, in lines alive with variation. He has many original tricks, too, of scratching out whites with a knife blade to produce an etching effect, and he uses "Ben Day"—mechanical shading—more tellingly than any other comic artist. Then he has an amusing habit—the last thing he does in his drawings is put in the pupils of *Barney Google's* eyes.

"I get a kick out of it," he explains.

He is probably the fastest artist in the world. A few years ago when he was also doing a two-column daily panel, *Bughouse Fables*, in one eight-hour sitting and without any pencilling whatsoever, he made 72 of the drawings—twelve full weekly sets.

Billy has never been able to systematize himself. For days he won't draw a stroke. Then he'll have a siege from ten in the morning until two at night in which he'll complete two weeks of dailies and a Sunday page or two.

Rarely drawing from life, De Beck has gone to other comic masters (notable Phil May) rather than to nature for his source material, and this shows itself in his complete disregard of the literal. Whether it is a chair, a lamp, a fold of drapery or a nose, you will find not a scrap of anything realistic in his work.

In his private life, De Beck is apt to be funny more unconsciously than otherwise. He goes to exaggerated extremes. For months he'll refuse to think about new clothes and will make his wife go to town to buy him an overcoat. Then, a few days later, he'll drive in and be measured for ten suits. He's a haberdasher's dream come true. He'll stop in because a pair of socks has caught his eye and end up by buying twenty shirts, five pair of pajamas and a dozen ties that can be heard from one end of Broadway to another—which he'll never wear.

His business affairs he leaves to his wife and has only the vaguest idea about his money or investments. He is very much not an intellectual, hates to discuss politics, is little concerned with world affairs and never reads anything that would make him think too much.

About people, he's either vociferously enthusiastic or completely apathetic. Which is to say, that at a party, he can be the life of it or a complete frost. Despite his own celebrity and his acquaintance with hundreds of notables, he has an admiration amounting to hero worship for important figures in the public eye, yet he can conceal this under an exterior of blatant *lèse-majeste.*

One night he attended a banquet with his friend, Leon Gordon, the portrait painter, at which Senator Borah was present. The Senator's leonine head impressed the artist, who exclaimed, "I'd crawl on my hands and knees to Washington to paint that man!"

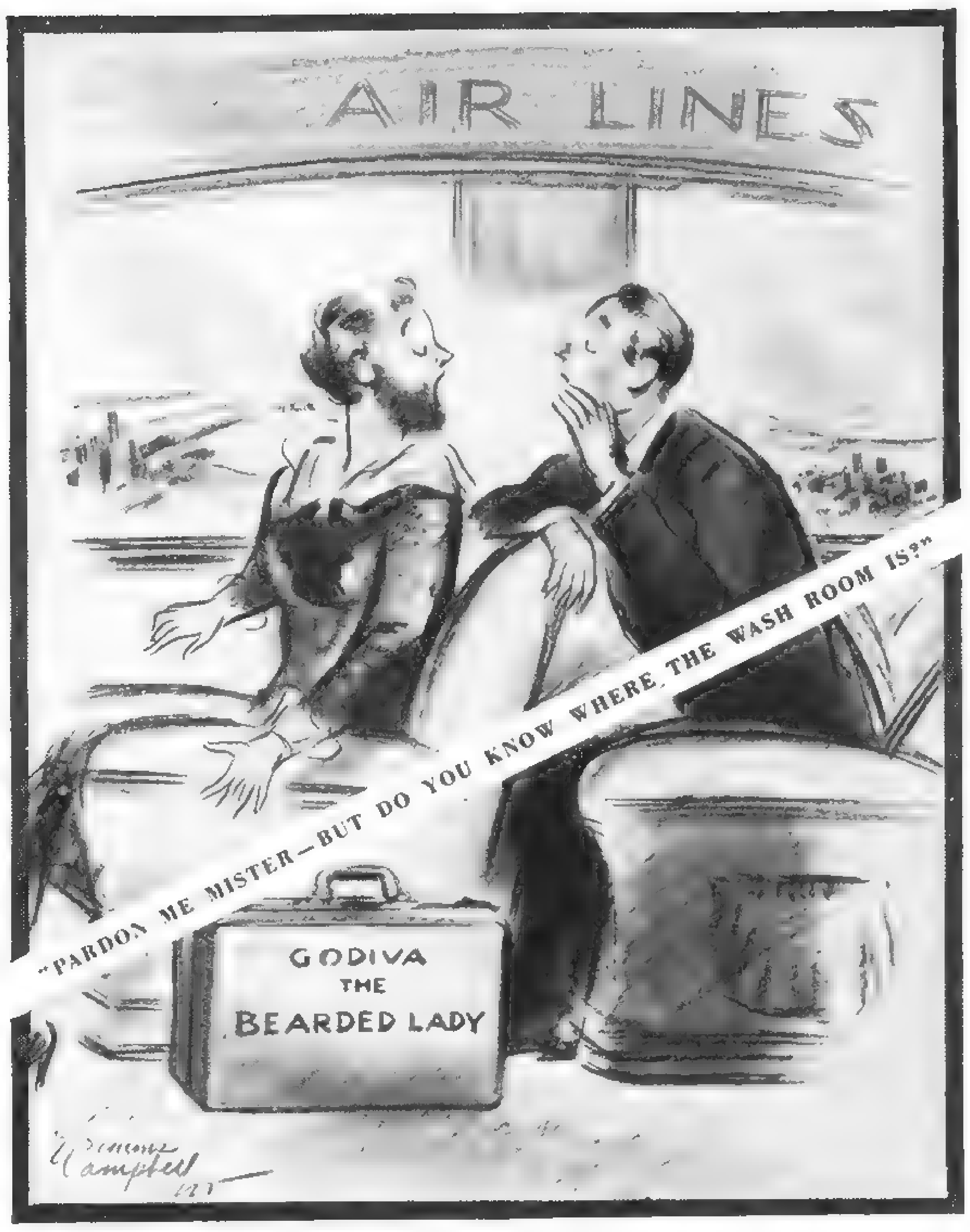
Billy smiled, but said nothing. A little later he walked up to Borah, put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Senator, old man, I want you to meet my friend, Gordon. He's planning a trip to your town." And as the Senator and the artist engaged in conversation, Billy interrupted. "And now, Mr. Gordon, will you introduce *me* to the Senator?"

Aside from his work, De Beck's interests are almost confined to golf and bridge. He shoots in the eighties, and while he plays with such seventy experts as Grantland Rice and Rex Beach, he has a trick of wheedling handicaps whereby he collects heavily.

In bridge, he frequently plays with the expert Hal Sims, although that doesn't mean he's an equal. One night Billy made some sort of boner (trumping a pair of jacks against a straight, or something like that—I don't play bridge) and Sims raked him down. "Well, I wouldn't have made the goddam play if I hadn't read your goddam book!" Billy said.

Continued at top of page 144

Folks take you at your FACE VALUE


AIR LINES
"PARDON ME MISTER—BUT DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE WASH ROOM IS?"
GODIVA THE BEARDED LADY
Campbell

TAKE A TIP from your "better half" if you want to keep looking like a young man.

She knows that a wrinkled skin is an old skin. So she uses only bland creams and soothing oils which do not dry out her skin but protect it and maintain its freshness.

Men who shave with Barbasol look younger for a very good reason—Barbasol maintains the natural skin oils and keeps the face fresh and alert.

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Your face will feel better and look younger.

BARBASOL BLADES
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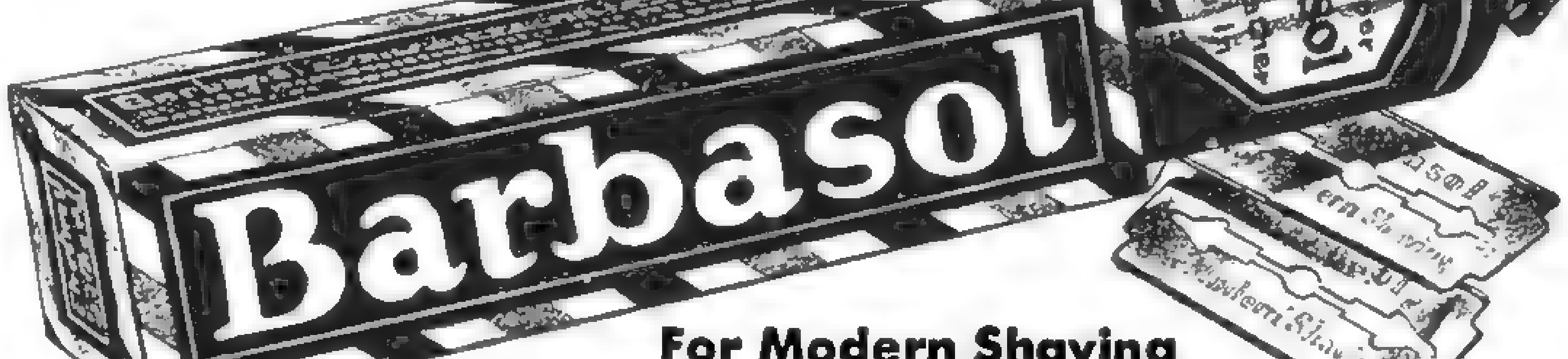
For only fifteen cents you can now buy 5 of those scalpel-keen Barbasol Blades that make shaving a joy.

They're going like hot cakes, men. Step up and get yours today.

Shave the Barbasol way.

Soften your whiskers with Barbasol Shaving Cream and mow 'em down with Barbasol Blades. It's the perfect shaving combination.

Tune in Singin' Sam—the Barbasol Man—every Monday evening over the Columbia Broadcasting System and every Friday evening over WLW, Cincinnati. (See your local newspaper for time.)



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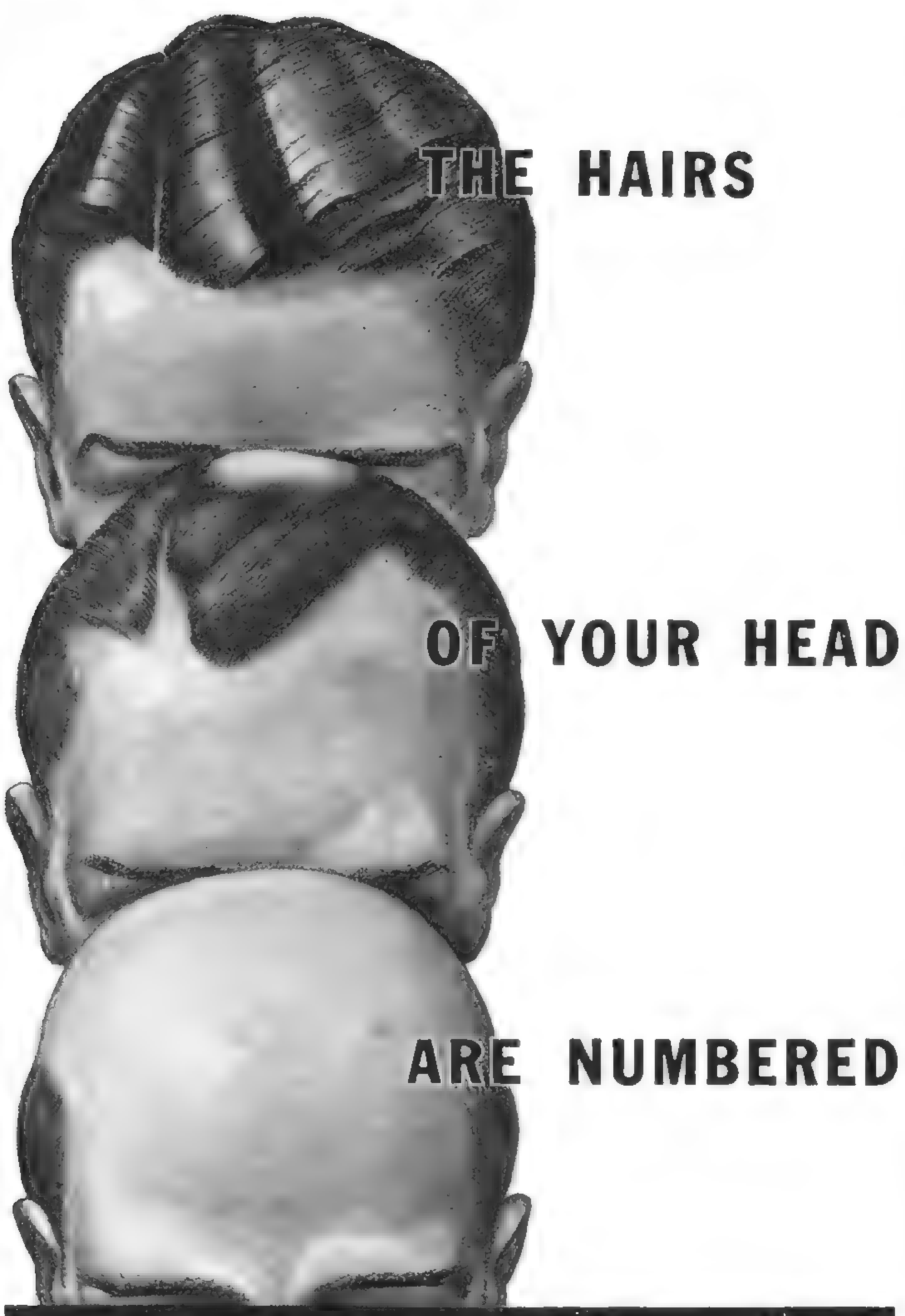
No Brush • No Lather • No Rub-In



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NOT even Kreml can sprout new hair on a bald head.

So don't wait until the worst has happened.

At the first sign of dandruff—as soon as stray hairs appear in your comb, get Kreml.

More than a tonic, it is also a wonderful hair dressing.

It makes stiff, unruly hair lie down under the brush and comb.

Yet it is never sticky or greasy, like so many gigolo concoctions.

It keeps the scalp clean and healthy without leaving a barber shop aroma in its wake.

Get acquainted with Kreml today.

You'll swear by it tomorrow.

TRY KREML SHAMPOO, TOO!
Made with 80% pure olive oil. It simply billows with cleansing, purifying lather.

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

KREML
HAIR TONIC
REMOVES DANDRUFF

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

A Portrait in Zowie!

Continued from pages 78, 140, 143

If the impression has been given that De Beck goes around oozing humor and spouting wisecracks, that's wrong. He is no famed wit in the sense of Dorothy Parker, Alex Woollcott or the late Wilson Mizner. While once in a while he'll pull a pretty good one, there is probably some fellow in every golf club who's just as funny without being famous. And among comic artists I can name half a dozen who are much funnier in person but who've never gotten anywhere.

De Beck's success, I believe, is due to his complete adjustment to the great mass public and to the bond of sympathy he has built up between them and his characters—and himself. He thinks and laughs shoulder to shoulder with the average man and is never superior. There isn't a taint of highbrow in him. Here is one comicker who has no desire to play *Hamlet*, to do something "bigger and better." He considers the job of amusing or interesting ten million people a day big enough for him. And if *Barney Google* is also Billy De Beck, one proof of his universality of appeal, I believe, is the army of his friends, who range from barbers to captains of industry, from "Dizzy" Dean and "Babe" Ruth through to Frank Crowninshield, the debonair and aesthetic editor of *Vanity Fair.*

When in Paris he bought $200 worth of painting equipment and tried "art" art, but soon gave that up. He is a one-job man. Of other successful comic artists, I could say that this one might have been a successful business man, that one a doctor, actor or lawyer. But there's only one thing one could think of for Billy to have been—an artist, with an unwavering, perpetual slant to the comic.

The Frenzied Linotyper

Continued from page 72

apogee of insolence so far as I was concerned. I schooled myself to avoid watching him when his work was done. Why, you smug bastard, I thought in my more violent moments. You know it's tripe and yet you sit there grinning complacently, as though you fancied yourself a second Cabell. He—Cabell—was pretty much my idol then.

Of course we spoke at last. And, of course, I discovered his story although I never did see anything he wrote. It all came about much more easily than I had imagined it would and, I suppose, if I had only spoken to him before I'd have learned that much sooner, for once he started talking he told me all about it.

One night he came up as usual and, as usual, I was sitting staring with glum dislike at my typewriter. The green-shaded lamps, dangling from the ceiling, made bright but bad-on-the-eyes light over our two rows of desks, but, beyond, it was all very dark and filled with the scurryings and creakings that are a part of old buildings.

On this particular night I looked up just as he sat down and inserted his first sheet of paper. Our eyes met sharply and challengingly, disconcerting the casual nod I had begun to give him.

He smiled in a quiet, inoffensive way and dropped some inanity about the weather. I made an incoherent affirmative.

"I like to write up here late at night," he volunteered. "One seems to be away from everything." He made a vague gesture with one hand.

"Yes," I said.

Then we both said together: "You're a writer, aren't you?"

Well, after that it was easy. We laughed and established one of those startlingly quick spirits of camaraderie. I disposed of my pretensions of being a writer with a few deprecatory sentences that weren't meant to be believed. Then, "What about yourself?" I asked.

He sighed. "I wish I were a writer." He looked at his typewriter. "I have a lot to say and I find it difficult—"

I thought he was planning a descent into a bathos of false-modesty and hurriedly cut in with: "You're writing a novel, aren't you?"

He looked genuinely surprised. "Why no. What made you think that—oh, you mean because I come up here every night and type?"

"Yes . . . "

He looked uncomfortable, cleared his throat. "Oh, no. These are letters I'm writing."

Then he seemed to sense my consuming curiosity and realized that he couldn't leave it at that. He was really very well-intentioned.

"You see, I'm writing to ah, a lady," he stammered. Quite suddenly he spoke with a rush, as though he were afraid to stop for fear of being unable to continue.

He was in love. Quite madly in love. But she was married. Those were the first sentences. Then he went on more slowly but still with a sort of staccato violence that at first didn't lend itself to coherence.

I sat listening, at first embarrassed by this flood of confidence. But my sense of embarrassment was short-lived; it was soon obvious that the man was not speaking to me or to any audience in this world. He leaned a little forward, his eyes not on my face nor on the darkness beyond but fixed somewhere in the infinite with a sort of idiotic ecstasy. He spoke as he had typed, and his hymnal came forth with a quick sibilance as he unfolded the story of his strangely barren, if not unrequited, love.

They had met here in Denver, a

neutral enough city for a romance. That had been three years ago. Apparently he had fallen in love even before the introductions were completed. "She is not beautiful as beauty is generally measured," he said. "But there is in her, and exuding from her, a beauty that is far finer than can ever be portrayed by lines or words. It's in her every posture but mostly it is in her soul so that for me it is immaterial whether she be young or old, white or black, wrinkled or smooth-skinned." He paused impressively. "It is because of that that I can support the waiting."

"I don't think I am what is usually known as a romantic man," he went on. "I don't mean that I have ever disliked women or been indifferent to them but before this they have not been a thing of signal importance to me. Now, though, it is another matter. I watch all women, hoping to see in one of them a movement or an inflection or a likeness—no matter how caricatured—that will recall my dear one." He sighed. "That's all there is left to me now—to see her mannerisms reflected in strangers."

He called her his dear one but the words didn't sound nearly as silly as they appear in print. At any rate, she was married when he met her, seemingly contentedly and satisfactorily married. The little man wasted no time in deception. He went to her and told her of his love. As he described it she was not terribly surprised or upset, but only indescribably saddened. She explained her position as she saw it. She loved her husband, she felt that she owed him a definite loyalty and she would never consider an extra-marital affair. On the other hand she quite frankly admitted to an attraction for our panting Tristan and were she unmarried or a widow . . .

The little man went to the husband and spoke again frankly and to the point. The husband—apparently pretty puzzled by it all—was, nevertheless, courteous. Did his wife reciprocate this passion? Did she want a divorce? No? Well—and here I could almost see him shrug in bafflement—what did the little man expect him to do?

"I don't expect anything," the linotyper told him. "It's just that my love for your wife is so great that I want nothing tawdry or underhand about it. I wanted you to know how I felt so that if you ever hear rumors you will know they are untrue. I promise you on my honor that nothing will occur to shame you and I ask you as a gentleman not to bar me from your house."

I tell you that's how he spoke, with that sort of archaic grandeur, and yet it did not appear mere sound, signifying nothing. His phobia rode him hard, that was evident, and in his speaking was the same desperate sincerity as in a child's prayer.

"Where is she now?" I asked.

"Her husband got a transfer two years ago. To Chicago. He is afraid of me for he knows that his love is a small thing compared to my own. I would have followed but she told me to stay here until she sent for me. I do without question whatever she says. Since I can't see her I write to her every night."

I registered incredulity. "How can you find enough to say?"

He smiled embarrassedly. "You may have noticed how fast I write—"

I said with emphasis that I had.

"Well, it must sound silly but when I write to my dear one I sit as though in a trance; my fingers move and I write whatever happens to pass through my mind. And I write about her as I imagine her to be after two years and I tell her if I have changed and how. Very often in re-reading my letters I can see that parts of them often make no sense—or wouldn't to the ordinary person. But it makes no difference. I want her to know every bit of me, every vagary and imagining that courses my brain. Then when her husband dies and I go to her I will not be a stranger."

His obvious certainty of the husband's dying before either of them chilled me a little. He made the statement with the calm assurance of a man remarking in a rainstorm that it was apt to sprinkle some time yet.

"Does she write to you every day too?" I asked.

His gaze came back from its contemplation of the infinite. He regarded me with a stricken gaze. "No," he said.

He turned his eyes to the paper curving away from the platen and his fingers leapt to the keys. I listened to that determined, frantic clatter for more than a minute then got up and climbed the stairs to the artists' studio where I sat smoking cigarettes and watching a smudge of sky above the hotel rooftop until the faint metallic banging of the typewriter below me ceased. I waited another twenty minutes in the dark studio and when I went downstairs he was gone.

I saw him only four or five times after that for within the week I was fired—it doesn't matter why. Anyway I was glad because it gave me an opportunity to go home—I always miss my home when I'm away and dislike it when I get there—and also because I dreaded the constraint of my meetings with the little man after his confessional. There was nothing more he could tell me that wouldn't be in the nature of an anti-climax; neither could we, after so great an outpouring of his soul, chat glibly about the weather.

I can't give you the ending of the story. I don't know whether his great patience and confidence were ever rewarded. I don't know his name or the name of the woman he so greatly desired. And it's probably just as well. I am happy, as only a cynic can be happy, that I'll never know. #

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Botany Ties are featured by good dealers everywhere at $1 and $1.50. If you fail to find them, write Botany Worsted Mills, Passaic, New Jersey...and we will direct you to your nearest dealer.

Production No. 5

Continued from page 94

siders the funniest he has ever made, a man pulls a lever and is shot into the cams and wheels and gears of a vast piece of machinery, and cannot extricate himself; the blueprint of the mechanism has to be brought to show him how to get out. It is superb satire as idea, but it is properly presented as grotesque comedy with a typical moment of Chaplin's imagination when, with the man caught in the machine, the whistle blows, Charlie goes off for his lunch, and then feeds the hapless worker as if he were an irritable convalescent in a hospital bed. In a scene which to my mind is funnier, an automatic feeder is tried, a machine to shove soup, meat, and dessert down the gullets of miserable workers while they continue their labors at the belt. Read your papers and you will say that this is only a faint exaggeration of reality, but look at the picture and you will receive all your emotions through almost unendurable laughter, witnessing again the one added touch which no one but Chaplin could invent: an automatic napkin, like one of those curved blotters, which rhythmically slaps across Charlie's face even after all the feeding machinery has gone wrong. The insulted and the injured, the dispossessed, the despoiled and the put-upon, find in those moments, on Chaplin's face, the expression of all their suffering—and it is funny to the point of tears.

There was a time when people thought X, Y and Z (why bring up their obscure names?) were rivals of Chaplin, because they made a lot of money, and I have heard that Chaplin was once asked about them and answered, "They're all right, but they don't even know what I am trying to do." If he said it, he said no more than the literal truth. They did not know because they were putting together little "bits," setting them off like firecrackers under you, for an instant sensation, and Chaplin, all the time was creating. They are in the past tense; he has the present and the future.

It would not surprise me if this new picture were the last Chaplin made for himself. He is scheduled to produce a talking picture with Miss Goddard who, having all the qualities of an actress, has had the inestimable advantage of learning to act under his direction in a silent picture. A great deal depends, naturally, on the reception of "Production No. 5". It should be the most successful of all his long pictures, for beyond its humor and inventiveness and pathos, it has something approaching nobility, or perhaps it is grandeur. Yet even if it is a great success, Chaplin may never do another. (Let me repeat that this is a private opinion, not based on anything Chaplin has said or implied.) He has worked nearly two years on this one, invested over a million dollars in it, and for the first time has had to write down, in elaborate detail, every moment of the film (it would have cost twice as much if he had improvised it all). He may discover that he can come to terms with the talkie-mechanism provided he himself does not have to talk—he tried that and found that if he talked he could not mime, becoming stiff and operatic in his gestures. It is the great possibility of the present pictures that Chaplin, as director, may restore acting to the screen. Half a dozen individuals now have some conception of acting; the rest occasionally move from one corner of a room to another.

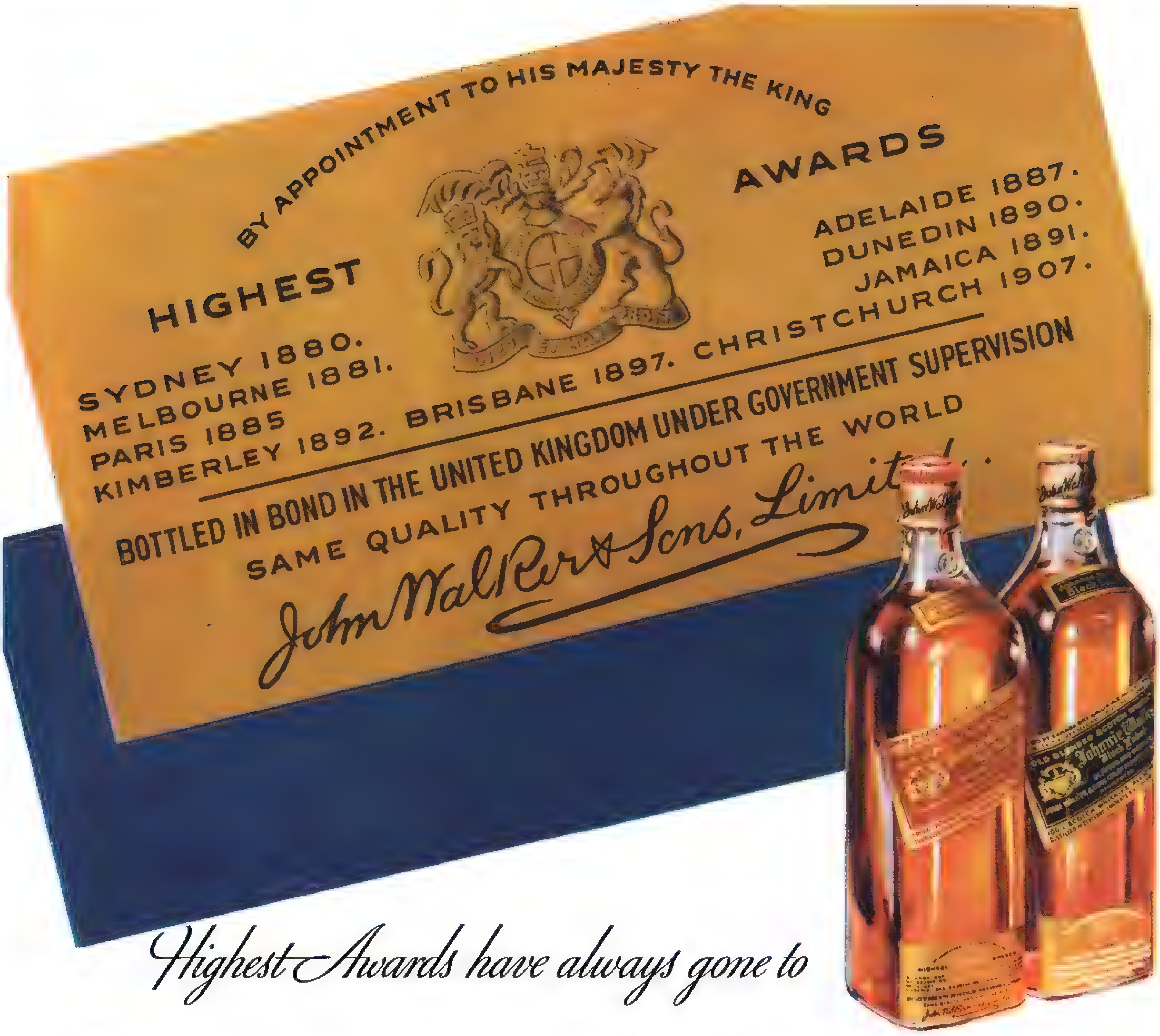
Chaplin's work is acting, is creating before your eyes a being of another world. With the photography of men and women illustrating a plot, he has nothing on earth to do. There is an instant difference to be noted even in the physical aspect of the film: it is taken to move faster on the screen. That is, in a way, a good thing, even if it will vaguely puzzle spectators at the start, because it will openly signify that we are not to think of this picture in the terms of the current talking picture at all.

If Chaplin completely expresses what he has to say without speech, then to use it would be an error. Our own habit of five years of talk may mislead us for an instant; Chaplin has anticipated that by using sound effects and mechanical speech (dictaphone and radio, for instance) and given himself a strong musical background. Once you are caught up in the stream of his creativeness, you miss nothing; because he has put everything in.

I said, above, that I had not seen the picture, but in a sense I have. I heard Chaplin describe it, from beginning to end. When I think back on that occasion I do not want to call it "an unforgettable experience," but the fact that I forget not a moment of it, as I forget not a moment of the high spots of his pictures, is the proof, I am sure, that Chaplin is so great.

He gives you the kind of instant pleasure on which you can think back with satisfaction; what he does becomes a part of your own life. Think back on the movies you have seen, the songs you have sung, the books you have read, and consider how few actually remain in your memory, especially if you consider those which were sensational and thrilling and popular; and then consider how few of Chaplin's works you can forget.

It may be said, after the picture is shown, that it is Chaplin's salute to an art that has vanished. That is not precise. It is a gallant and loyal salute to a method and a medium which Chaplin alone keeps alive, but the art of which it is a notable manifestation is, like Chaplin, imperishable. ⧺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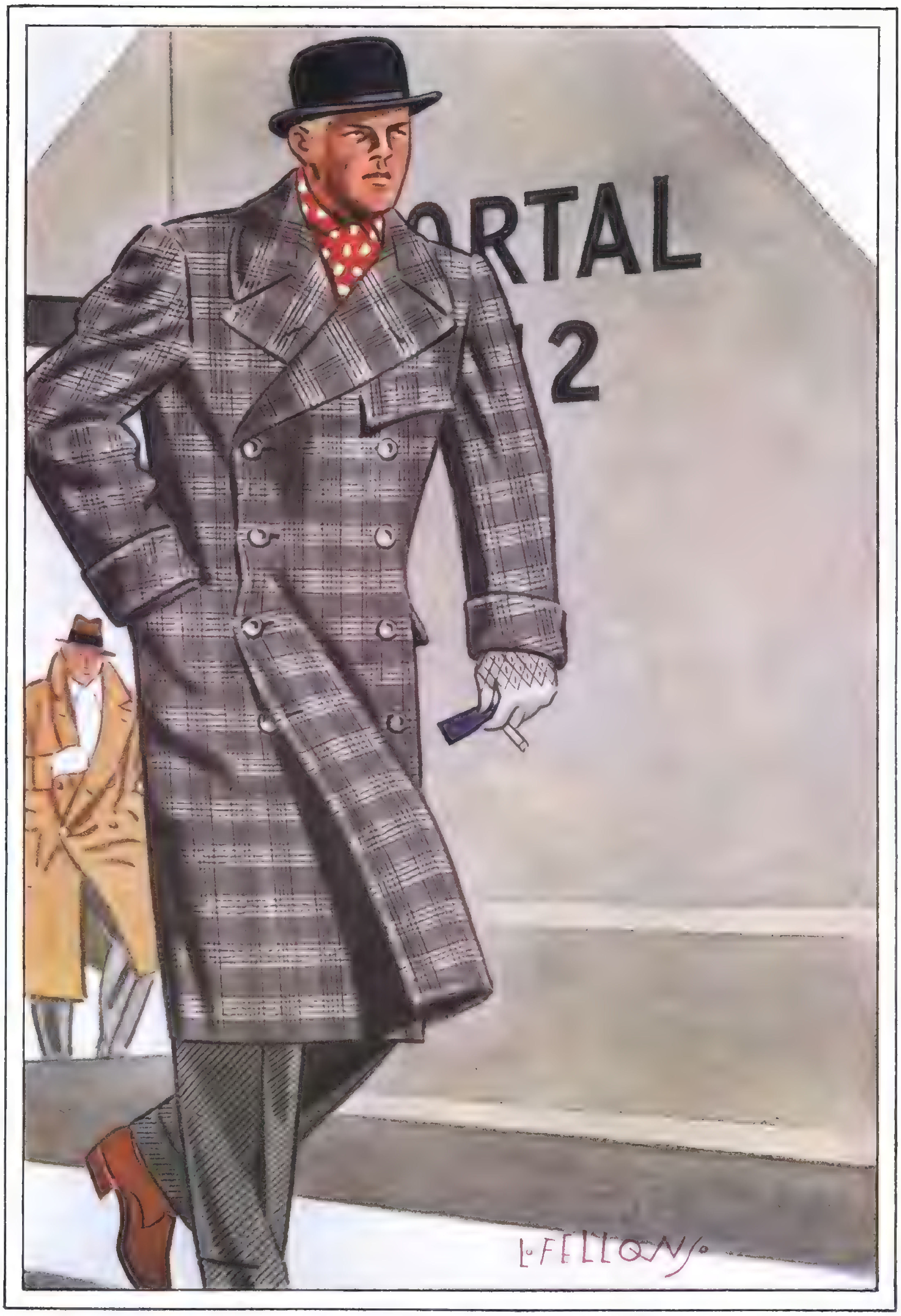

THE BIG PARADE OF MEN WITHOUT WOMEN

We have just now noticed that there are no women in any of the fashion drawings this month. We don't know why. In this instance, we deduced that there was supposed to be a lady but she failed to show up. First, the man is obviously late for the game or there would be a crowd. Second, he has a ticket in his hand—an unused ticket, too, or it would be a stub. The inference is clear. The young man got stood up. This is doubly unfortunate, because it is evident that he dressed up for the occasion with extreme care. His ulster is the last word. Both in model and in the distinctness of its patterning it is plainly of this year's vintage. The muffler and the Scotch knit gloves add gayety, though carping conservatives might complain that the pattern of the coat were gayety enough. So the plain colors of the gray diagonal suit and black bowler serve as noise absorbers.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Bachelor at Home

Continued from page 109

aluminum strips. The rugs are of llama fur in meadow green. They are of skins cut in rectangles and sewed together.

The cream-colored leather of the sofa and chairs and gaming table top is water-proof and, even more important in these times, liquor-proof. It is washable. The end tables and coffee table are of holly wood, the end tables inlaid with aluminum while the coffee table is inlaid with ebony. The tops are mirrored.

An important note in maintaining the architectural purity of the room is the structural look of the window curtains. The straight up and down lines are accounted for by the fact that the curtains, although fabric covered, are pleated on metal angle irons.

The indirect lighting, just back of the curtains, sends a shaft of light directly downward. This is dramatically bright, although avoiding glare, when the curtains are open, and gives a soft diffused light, making a very interesting effect, when the curtains are drawn shut.

Indirect lighting is used at the cornice in the dining room also, the lights around the cornice being so arranged that they can be turned to three different colors.

Except for the cork and metal lamp on the desk, not a single lighting fixture is visible. Where spots of direct light are needed they are afforded by aperture lights in the ceiling, a thin pencil of light coming from an opening so tiny that it is never noticed. There is one over the piano, sending a ray that illumines the music rack and keyboard. (Incidentally, it is a regular stock piano, made to fit in with the rest of the furnishings by the use of inlaid aluminum strips, chrome rods, and refinishing that leaves the wood in its natural color.)

A word about the entrance hall as pictured on page 109. You will notice that it is in two units. The second unit may be seen reflected in the mirror.

Another mirror and wall seat, just like those seen in the picture, are on the opposite side, outside the photograph. The two facing mirrors give an illusion of almost infinite space, although the hall itself is very small. The ceiling is also mirrored, giving an illusion of great height. The walls are wood, the floor rubber, both inlaid with aluminum strips. The panels finished in satin ebony.

In a subsequent article the treatment of other rooms in accordance with the prevailing standards of modern comfort and convenience will be depicted and described. And, lest the proud owners of antiques feel too resentful—at least one room will be built around eighteenth century furniture! ##

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 106

everybody knows that, in the bathroom, someone has made a mess.

Here is the story of *Annapolis Farewell:* Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell are room-mates in the naval academy. Tom is a hard boy who intends to steal his education from the government, and drop the navy as soon as he gets out of school. He tries to prevail upon his brother, who is an upper-classman and a star on the football team (incidentally he looks as much like a football star as Shirley Temple) to give up the navy and cash in by going professional in football. Now, in the town of Annapolis is a retired Commodore, admittedly the town bore, always butting his way into school affairs, bothering the academy heads, waylaying the boys to tell them about his maneuvers at Manila. He spends the rest of his time making a model of the ship he once commanded, and pacing on the little square of flooring, made from the deckboards of the old ship, which he has inserted into the floor of his room. As a portrait of the futility of a military career, the wastefulness of such a life, and the helplessness and stupidity of the characters who can find nothing to do with themselves after having been dismissed from that type of service, this part of the film is thoroughly convincing. The Commodore is a bore that is a bore.

Comes commencement day. The football hero is graduating. For the exercises, some boats are towed into port, among them the Commodore recognizes his old ship of command. Then he learns that it is to be used as a target in the commencement maneuvers. All day he pads from one office to another, getting the royal runaround, trying to save his ship from this ignominious end. He even tries to see the President. All night he paces the deck-flooring in his room. Finally he makes the great decision.

You guessed it.

So when the exercises are on, and the guns go boom boom (how many thousand bucks a shot is that, boys?) the Commodore stands on the old deck, seeing the phantoms of his officers pass before him, issuing his commands as at Manila, and mean-boy Tom Brown finally makes the hit that sinks the old tub and her old Commodore.

And then? Bugles. Flags. More bugles. Bands. Deep sorrowing voices. Flag-draped casket. And speeches, speeches. What a hero! Greater than Dewey! Greater than Jones! Such is loyalty, such is devotion, such was the great deed of this old man, who knew no greater glory than to go down with his ship, amen!

And the mean boy wipes a tear

Continued on page 150

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Designed for men like you, who want the best. Faultless style, rich, handsome colorings and fittings of gold plate and luxurious satin to complete this Paris masterpiece. Well worth $1.50

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Mr. Cole, that merry old soul, is all in a lather about something new:—the superlative *Fougere Royale shaving soap* in a handsomely turned-out wooden bowl. This natural wood bowl is the ideal keeper of the Royal soap, a joy to handle, and an economy to use. The soap inside is *tops*, with the added distinction of the *Fougere Royale* (Royal Fern) fragrance.

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Fougere Royale Talc is a luxury that immediately becomes a necessity to the man who abhors the coquettish odeurs of ordinary talcum. Skin-tone, natural in effect, supreme in quality. *55c.*

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FOUGERE ROYALE

by HOUBIGANT *for men*

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 106-149

from his eye, and snaps to attention beside his good boy roommate, and their hands clasp, and a patriot is born!

Sure, dismiss it with sarcasm. Pure drivel.

But remember *Flirtation Walk?* Remember *West Point of the Air?* Remember *Devil Dogs of the Air?* Remember the thousand and one drill-shots of Annapolis you have seen in the news-reels, until you think that camera and sound are in constant attendance on that parade ground?

And do you know that our own sweet and lovable Dickie Powell is right now completing another one of those drivelling drooling candy wrappers with an Annapolis background, to be called *Shipmates Forever?*

And were you at the movies that week when the newsreel consisted of (a) naval maneuvers in the Pacific for the benefit of school children, (b) a new army bomber, (c) a beauty pageant, and that was all? Except for the *March of Time* on the same program which showed you how the army was built? And the new *March of Time* tells you how disciplined and military-smart are the 600,000 boys of the C. C. C.

And do you know what picture won the grand prize, the gold medal of gold medals, in Italy's recent world-competition for films? None other than that sweet, innocent little picture about children playing war, called *No Greater Glory.*

Yes, sir, boys! The army is holding full peace-time maneuvers, limbering up, showing it has the stuff.

But it's not only the guns that are being oiled. The division of propaganda is taking some first-class exercises, proving it is ready to shoot right into war-time gear. There have been no pictures like *Annapolis Farewell* since 1918. What can be the reason for making such a picture?

Most of the footage is devoted to showing how gay, clean, zippy is life for the student at the naval academy. Remember that sweet scene where the boys all march into the dining room, mark time behind their chairs, and slam down onto their seats at a barked command, and begin eating at a barked command? I have seen this sequence in several other pictures, only those pictures were located in jails, and the mark-time eaters were not instructed to grin happily. And then there is the sequence showing what a swell time the boys have at the annual ball.

Can it be that Annapolis is so badly in need of recruits that it is necessary to make a whole sequence of movies glorifying military life, in order to advertise the place? This would seem to be the purpose of these films.

But of course, if a boy can't crowd into Annapolis he can get into the navy, anyway. And don't forget, navies are almost invariably used in defensive wars.

Yes, we have got far away from the domain of the motion picture reviewers, but alas, pictures of this sort get far away from the domain of motion picture entertainment.

There were a lot of war pictures after the war, but this is no *What Price Glory.*

Take the argument that war is inevitable, and that pictures of this type will be "necessary." Ask any man if he wants to fight and he says, "No." But all over the place they are declaring, "war is inevitable." We aren't at war yet and we won't be at war until the popular will, numbed, intoxicated, drugged by such poison as *Annapolis Farewell* consents to such a war. Then it will be treason to come out and say what we honestly think of this kind of picture. No sense in saying the picture doesn't mean anything and can't harm us now because we aren't yet at war. The time to stamp out that type of propaganda is now. No war is inevitable. It is just in these innocent-seeming stages that a war is prepared.

It is no accident that such butter-faced boys as Richard Cromwell and Dickie Powell, hitherto singled out with loathing in this column as among the weakest representations of manhood to be found on the screen, are the heroes of these propagandistic films. I will come right out and say that everyone who had anything to do with this film, from the authors, Stephen Avery, Grover Jones, Wm. McNutt, and Frank Cravens, through the director, Alexander Hall, and the entire cast, to the camera-man, Ted Tetzlaff, should be ashamed for having earned a few hundred dollars at the expense of truth. Some of these people, like Sir Guy Standing, are talented, show sensitivity. To me, they have recorded themselves as traitors to whatever art they possess, large or small. I think, Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell, that you should have refused your parts in this film.

The cinema is indeed a great instrument of propaganda. If there were such a thing as a true cause for war, the cinema would have no difficulty in convincing people of its need. But a sloshy and premeditated attack upon the so-called patriotic emotion is outside the bounds. Films of this type will appear with increasing frequency unless the public makes known its negation of their message.

So far, they are being made as private ventures; they must pay their way. There is one effective place to meet them, and that is at the box office. It is necessary to do more than merely to stay away from such pictures as *Annapolis Farewell.* Keep others away. ⧺

One Hair on the Head

Continued from page 97

part of a very intricate cellular system. No matter how hard you pull hair, all you pull out with the hair is the lining of the follicle. Moist or dry, the bulb at the tip of the hair is not a root. The bulb is not the source of a regeneration of hair from the follicle. The new hair comes from a vital strand which is an offshoot of the old hair. If that vital strand has been attached to the follicle during the life of the old hair, withdrawing the old hair will not interfere with the growth of a new hair at the same site. Counterwise, if the vital strand has not had time to attach itself, the loss of hair from that follicle is the end of hair growth from the site. This is a very different conception from that of hair root. You find the word in the books. Technical books which should know better use the word root when describing the hair, and too often it doesn't mean what it should. There is use for the word root in hair descriptions. The proper hair root is that portion of the hair hidden within the skin. It is that portion of the hair which lies beneath the surface of the skin. It has no function which compares with the root as of a blade of grass. Despite examination of the withdrawn hair, despite bulbs which are dry or moist, thin or fat, there is no clue as to the renewal of hair from the site of such withdrawn hair. Consider the other side of the picture. When you want a hair to stay out, pulling doesn't make it stay out. A new hair grows.

The idea of root, and plugging roots because of infrequent washing, does not hold. It may sound right, but it isn't. There are many people with scaling which they do not or cannot remove from the scalp. They have kept their hair. There are many persons with a scaling disease of the scalp who are rarely free of extensive scaling, but they have hair. The four per cent of all persons with skin disorders who have psoriasis have scaling of the scalp which is thicker and more persistent than the scales of dandruff, but the hair stays in the scalp at the scaly areas of psoriasis.

Since the physical presence of scale alone does not explain loss of hair, another culprit had to be found. Bacteriology came to the fore. The professors could not agree as to which germ was the cause of hair loss through dandruff because there are three main contenders. It may be that the three are the same germ in different phases, or it may be that they are three kinds of germs. But it did make germs the cause of baldness. How did people acquire the germs? By trying on hats which other infected people had tried on or had worn. By using a pillow, or a comb, or a brush which had been contaminated with the germs. By frequenting barber shops.

The last explanation was very good because it explained why women didn't lose their hair as often as men in those days. It was because they didn't attend barber shops which spread the dandruff. Attendance at beauty shops has caused women to lose their hair. This is the argument. Women went to have their hair made into boyish bobs. It has become as much a habit for a woman to attend a barber shop as for a man. Women lost their hair. It came through the germs acquired at the barber shop or the beauty parlor. Anyway, it is usually accepted that women are losing their hair nearly as often as men. And the germs are supposed to have something to do with it.

It all fits in with the theory that washing the head too often or too infrequently has something to do with hair loss. Either women washed it too seldom and saved their hair, or they didn't attend sources of infection when they kept the hair long. Cutting the hair brought them into contact with the opportunity of acquiring infection, and the short hair let them wash it often. In either case, washing frequently is supposed to cause hair to fall, and washing infrequently is also supposed to cause hair to fall.

Loss of hair goes on practically at all times during life. We find lost hair in the wash bowl after shampoo. There is hair on the brush and between the teeth of the comb. This hair loss is accounted for by breakage or loss of old hair which has been loosened from the follicle by a new younger hair. There is another loss of hair in sickness.

General disease causes loss of hair. The condition of the person has some effect upon the scalp, and the retention of hair. Long ago, they cut the hair of girls with typhoid fever. It was supposed to save their hair and permit a regrowth after the fever went down.

It is true that certain general body diseases cause loss of hair exactly ninety days after the height of the fever, or height of the diseases. Three months after other changes in body states, as when a baby is three months old, the mother has a loss of hair. That loss of hair is a sign — a symptom. That kind of hair loss is replenished. Whether anything is done about it or not, the hair lost after changes in physiology comes back as plentiful as before.

There is another type of hair loss due to local disease of the scalp. If the local disease results in a scar, no hair will grow. If the local disease heals without a scar, hair should grow. Some diseases

Continued on page 152

The sun never sets on
MARTINI & ROSSI
VERMOUTH

Martini & Rossi literally covers the globe. Its list of branch offices and warehouses reads like an atlas—begins with Adi Cajeh, ends with Yokohama. It has become the world's standard vermouth simply because its secret formula has been perfected for *blending*. In fact, it blends so much better that you'll be doing yourself a favor if you specify it when ordering cocktails.

These citizens of Cairo, Egypt are drinking "Mixed Vermouth" —½ Martini & Rossi Italy, ½ Martini & Rossi Dry.

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One Hair on the Head

Continued from pages 97-151

have so slight a scar that hair does not grow from what seems to be unscarred scalp.

Some people have tried to include nerve strain, whatever that is, among general diseases causing loss of hair. The explanation is often advanced that "nerves" caused the hair loss. The ordinary concept of "nerves" is not accepted as the cause of hair loss. There is only one form of hair loss which is supposed to be due to a reflex action of the nerves. It is loss of hair in limited patches, very rarely the whole scalp, and even more unusual, all the hair of the body is lost. The hair comes out without warning. The skin beneath is without redness or sign of disease. This type of hair loss is known as *alopecia areata*. It means loss of hair in areas or spots. It has had that name for 2000 years. And for those 2000 years, guesses have been made as to the cause of the hair loss. Nobody really knows. We blame nerve reflexes from bad teeth, tonsils, or ears. Nothing has been proved.

Celsus, the Roman, who wrote about *alopecia areata*, also recorded that if the loss of hair was in a band at the border of the scalp, there was less chance of regrowing hair than if the hair was lost elsewhere on the scalp. This observation which is more than 2000 years old is the building block for a theory of hair loss which does withstand criticism and which is subject to experimental evidence.

I will try and explain pattern nerve baldness. It may explain why you lost your hair, or why you didn't lose it. The first point to make clear is that men lose their hair differently from women. A glance at the mirror and at a member of the other sex will disclose these changes. A man has a high forehead. Over each eye, there is an indentation. Women do not have those two indentation areas of baldness. Those two indentations may later merge into one shallow bay of baldness. Women do not have that, either.

The man with baldness or threatened baldness has a fringe of hair around the edges of the scalp at the sides and back. The hair at these edges grows, and grows faster than hair elsewhere. This is very different from the loss of hair at the periphery of the scalp which was described by Celsus. But those two things are related as we shall see.

Let us review this hair at the edges of the scalp. We have said that the behavior is different. In youth, if the hair from the periphery is lost, it doesn't grow back. Later, if the hair is lost from the top of the head, the hair at the periphery grows faster and longer (amounts to the same thing). Over at the home for feeble-minded children, there was an epidemic of ringworm of the scalp. It is a nasty, long, lingering affliction among children. It is spread quickly in schools and hospitals. Normal children are cured by preliminary removal of the hair through X-ray and applications of curative medicines. The feeble-minded children do not keep still long enough to have the X-ray applied. It is necessary to use other means of removing the hair. There is a drug which does this. It is very powerful, but if great care is exercised it may be given on a physician's order. The amount given depends upon the weight of the patient. The name of this drug is thallium acetate.

Thallium salts have been much in the public prints recently because of the death of a mother and four children through taking thallium sulphate. The father was charged with murder. He worked in an import house which had thallium in stock. The records of the hospital to which the dying children were taken showed that some of them had loss of hair.

The thallium acetate which is ordered to remove hair in the feeble-minded children with ringworm is given by mouth. It gets into the blood through the stomach. It ultimately reaches the nerves which control the retention of hair in the scalp and the hair-bearing skin elsewhere. In proper concentration or dosage by weight, all the hair which is under the control of the sympathetic nervous system falls out! The sympathetic is the nerve system which controls involuntary actions. The glands of internal secretion are under the charge of the sympathetic nervous system, as are other autonomic actions, those beyond control of the will. Thallium acetate properly administered causes the ends of the sympathetic nervous system in the scalp to be poisoned and as a result the hair under the charge of the sympathetic nervous system falls.

A strange thing happened over at the hospital for feeble-minded patients. Those patients who were under the age of puberty and who were given the thallium salts lost ALL the hair from the scalp. The hair at the front, at the top, and at the edges—all the hair was lost. It was evidence that the hair of all the scalp was under the charge of the sympathetic nervous system. In time, the hair grew back again. This is accepted, at least it is offered, as proof that the hair in the pre-puberty age group is under the charge of the sympathetic nervous system, and that such hair if lost through toxic action (as of thallium) will regrow.

But, there were other feeble-minded patients treated with the

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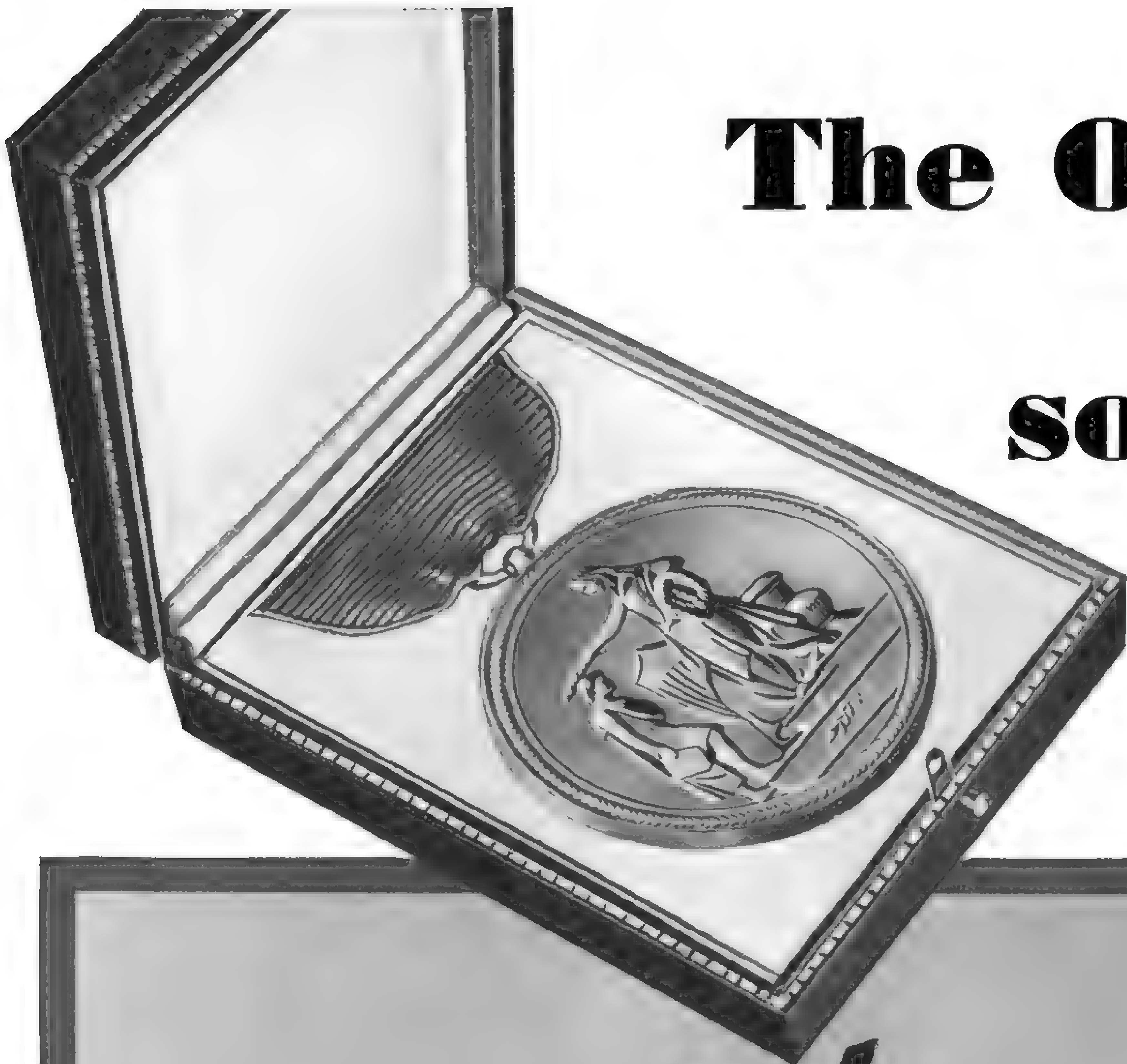

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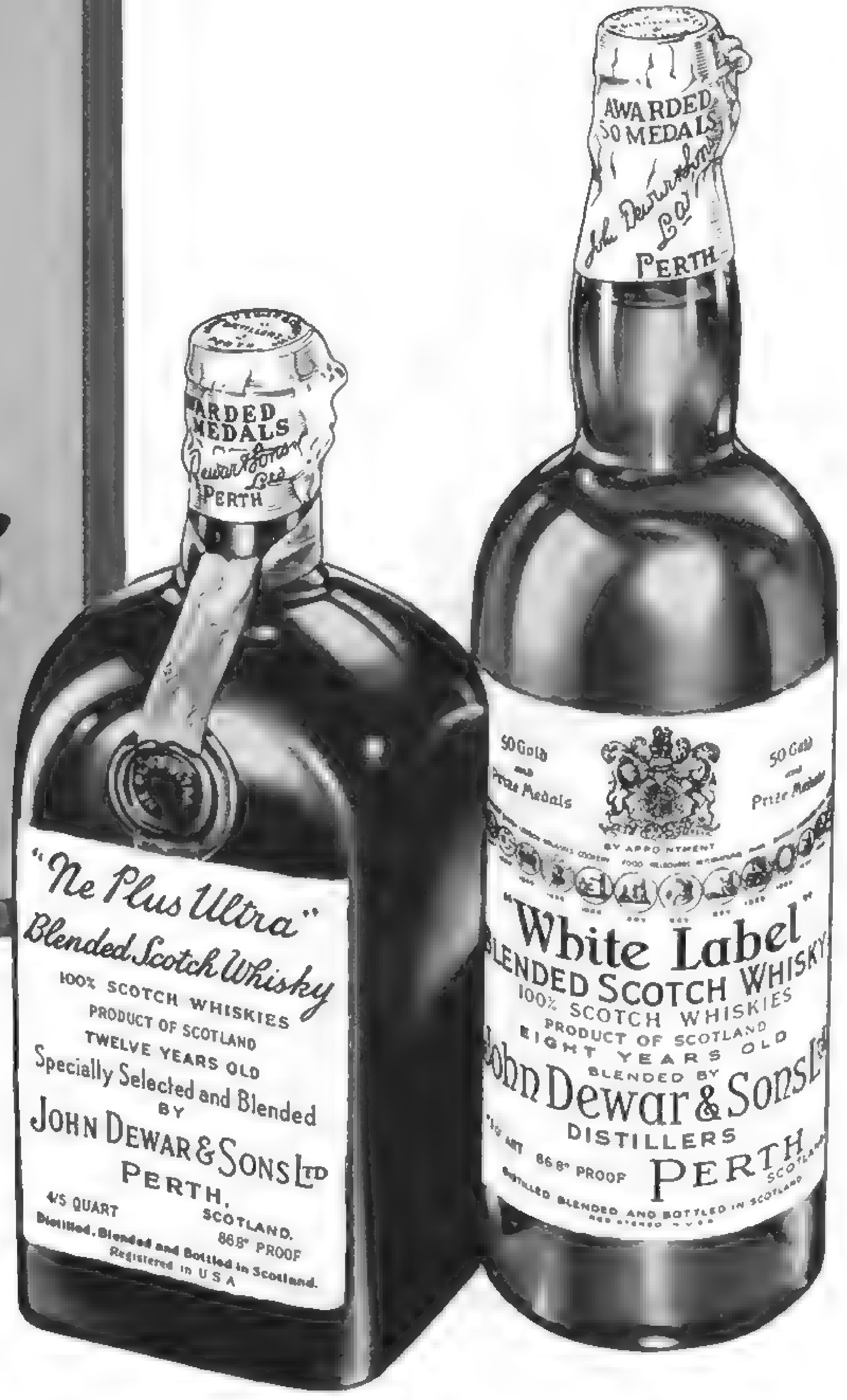
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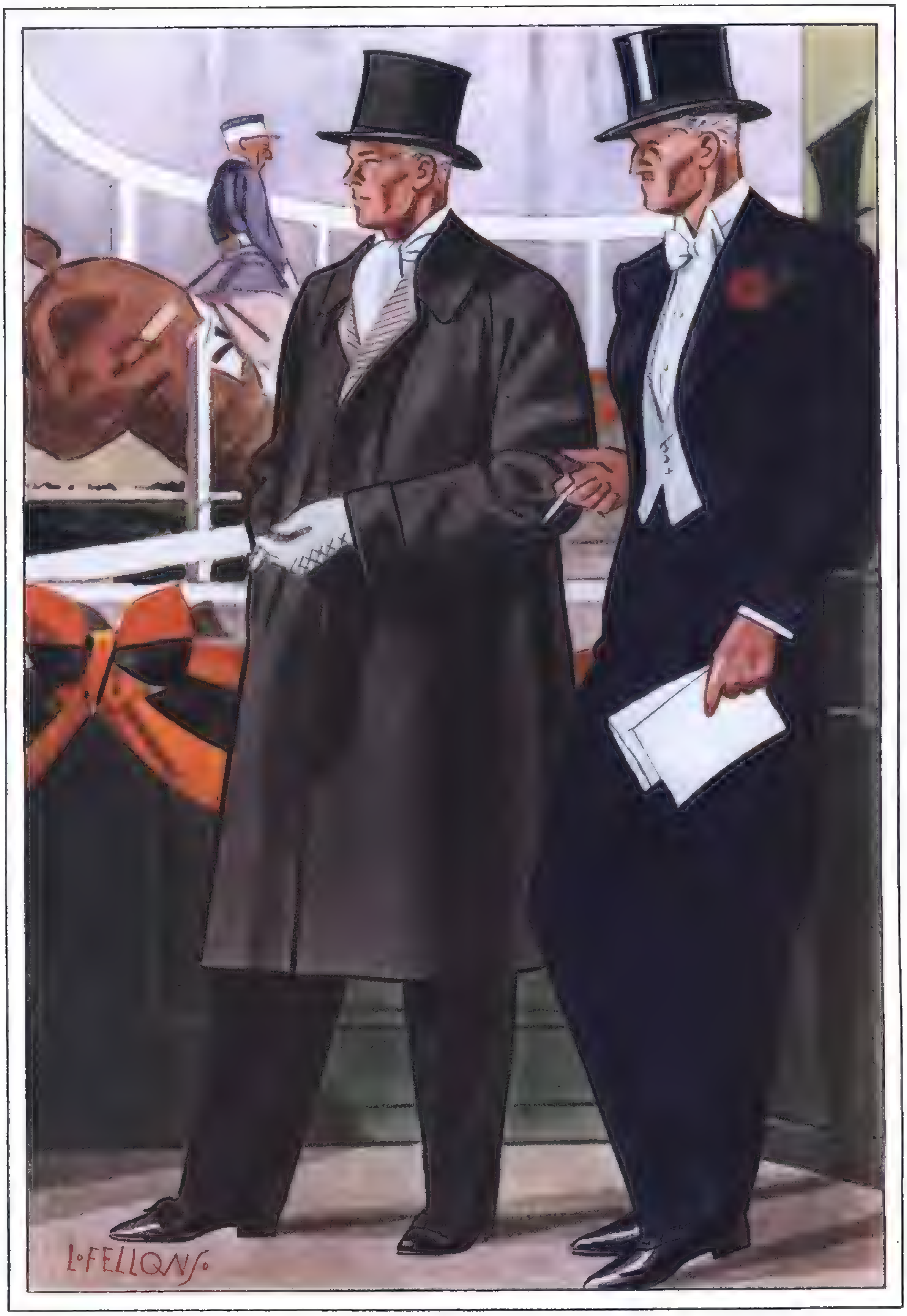

FOR THE SECOND WEDNESDAY IN NOVEMBER

The opening of the horse show at Madison Square Garden is really the start of the season of tails and toppers, so here, against appropriate background, are the new formal fashions. At the right is the latest version of the midnight blue tailcoat, with short stubby lapels covered with dull ribbed silk, and the breast pocket conspicuous by its absence. Note that the collar points extend beyond the ends of the tie, that the shirt is the two stud open front type, with dull gold stud, that the waistcoat is of a new wide ribbed pique, and that the tails come to a point just below the back of the knee. The very newest in formal outer wear is shown at the left. The coat has a fly front, raglan shoulders, military collar and a lining of dull ribbed silk. It is destined to achieve the popularity that the old Inverness cape once had but never could recapture. Notice the white string knit gloves.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

One Hair on the Head

Continued from pages 97-151-152

same care, and with the same drug. They did not lose ALL the hair of the scalp. They lost the hair at the top of the head. The hair at the borders of the scalp was not lost. These patients were like old men. The top of the head was bare. The hair at the sides and at the back was retained. Investigation showed that these patients were beyond the age of puberty. They were adults.

We will reconstruct the picture. Until puberty, the hair of the head is under the charge of the sympathetic nervous system. Poisons affecting the endings of the sympathetic nervous system, as thallium acetate, cause hair to fall from all the scalp in persons who have not arrived at sexual maturity. In the person who is sexually mature, thallium acetate causes the hair to fall only from the area of the scalp which remains under the control of the sympathetic nervous system. That area corresponds to the pattern of male baldness in most adults.

Bald men are not all poisoned by thallium salts! Some widely distributed toxin must be responsible. The chances are that the causative toxin or poison to the sympathetic nervous system endings is the product of over or under action of a related gland of internal secretion. The fact that women and men differ in the type of hair loss, offers the possibility that the sexual hormone situation is the deciding factor. It may not be a direct control. It may be through the presence or absence of histamine or some product of histamine. We will only say that mature women do not lose their hair in the male pattern. Sexually immature males, eunuchs, for example, do not lose their hair in the pattern nerve baldness type. Certain of the more primitive races also do not show pattern baldness at any age.

We are not equipped as yet to measure internal gland activity in pattern nerve baldness. There is evidence of the control of the hair through internal glands in isolated instances. There is the evidence of success in isolated cases of growing hair with antuitrin or with thyroid-products of internal glands. Antuitrin does not work all the time. Thyroid does not work all the time. This only proves that we do not know which gland is at fault, or whether the fault is one which requires administration of gland products. If we had delicate tests for gland activity, we would be enabled to tell if a gland was overactive and if some associated impeding gland was needed.

Despite our ignorance, we must insist that normal pattern baldness can best be explained on the basis of changes in the physiology of the glands of internal secretion. The evidence indicates that the glands which make a youth into a man are responsible. These gland changes cause some unmeasured reaction on the stimuli to the nerve endings which ultimately reach the scalp.

There may be lapses in the theorem. But, it offers a clue to the failure of hair tonics, scalp washes, massage, sunlight, electricity, and each and everything which the ingenuity or the cupidity of man has offered for loss of hair which falls into the class of pattern nerve baldness. The theory explains why some people retain their hair. Our explanation is that the portion of the scalp which in the adult has come under the charge of the central nervous system (as the periphery is normally) does not lose the hair either through thallium salts or any other toxin within the body. If the physiologic changes from youth to adult existence is accompanied by central nerve encroachment of the entire scalp, there is no baldness of the pattern nerve (sympathetic) type. If the changes from youth to adult life are accomplished without change from sympathetic to central nervous system, the hair from the top of the head falls on any irritation of the sympathetic nerve endings. Where the scalp control is under the central nervous system, as at the sides and back of the scalp, hair grows long after the top is bald.

The cure of pattern nerve baldness in males awaits selective measurement of gland activity and therapeutic knowledge in the future. According to the theory, we must find a rational preventive or even cure for the upset in the sympathetic nervous system which is at fault.

For many years, one drug has been offered which may be worth further trial. That drug is pilocarpus. In experiments, it is supposed to have the opposite effect of thallium salts on the sympathetic nerve endings. It may be that pilocarpus affects the glands of internal secretion. It may be another drug or gland product which will be uncovered by future investigations. In the meantime, this theory of pattern nerve baldness explains the failure of conventional hair preserving and hair returning measures offered up to now. It explains the difference in baldness of men and women. It explains the lack of baldness among children. The reason for the retention of the hair in persons who defy all the usual rules of hair and scalp hygiene and still retain their hair can be found in the explanation of pattern nerve baldness.

Despite the pessimism attending all our efforts to cause hair to stay in the scalp, or to grow where it once was, the future may solve the riddle. Somewhere in that solution will be the retention of the sympathetic nervous system control of the scalp after puberty as an explanation for pattern nerve baldness! ⵌ

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The Now Sainted Huey

Continued from page 44

soul, the emotional drive of a chronic rebel against all authority was clearly discernible. Huey was a farm boy who hated bitterly the deadening discipline of endless, gruelling days in the cotton-field. He ran away from home twice before he was thirteen. He was brought back each time in disgrace and he never afterward forgot the greeting of his older sister, "Come in, tramp!"

At thirteen, Huey found the tedious toil of a printer's devil an agreeable release from still harder work on the farm. But he escaped the printing shop, too, when he could, and auctioned books to pay his way through high school. It was a matter of experiment with Huey—he was unconsciously trying to find some outlet for his ego which was not guarded too strictly by superiors with whom he had to comply. He found this outlet in talking—Huey shone as a debater in high school, and won a scholarship to the State University. But the prospect of supplementing this slender stipend with grubbing, money-earning work to pay his way through college was too much for Huey—he quit school and secured a travelling salesman's job at sixteen. He labored under the delusion that he could work when and how he pleased, as long as he sold goods. But his boss had other ideas and when Huey refused to obey the boss's orders he was promptly fired, despite an excellent sales record.

So Huey slept in freight-yards for a while, making the unpleasant discovery that his reputation as a fellow who wouldn't mind the boss was always one jump ahead of him when he applied for drummer's jobs. Finally, he decided to go to law school. With this as a motive, he managed to comply sufficiently to secure a part-time selling job. With three nickels in his pocket, Huey walked thirty miles to his sales territory and spent the fifteen cents for breakfast. Then he sold a car-load of potatoes, but found that his employer would not accept a twenty-five cent telephone call collect, to take the order. So Huey talked a stranger into lending him five dollars. Again, his tongue had served his ego without the necessity of kow-towing to the person who gave him money, and he was launched—though he didn't yet realize the fact—on a great career. Huey learned all he could of a three-year law course in one year, then verbally high-pressured the Bar Examiners and the Supreme Court into giving him a special examination and permitting him to join the Bar at the callow age of twenty-one. From first to last, Huey Long skipped the rules and beat the game—with his larynx. His major satisfaction was not in the results accomplished but in the way he accomplished them—without complying.

"Crookedness" may be defined as profiting at somebody else's expense. Disobedience of social rules, refusal to obey a boss's orders, or disregarding accepted forms in accomplishing one's purpose may or may not be "crooked" according to the results produced. In Huey Long's case, the results of his political short-cutting were, in the main, beneficial to Louisiana voters who supported him. Huey wasn't "crooked" from their point of view. He obtained for them benefits which politicians who complied more readily with established authority failed signally to do.

The individuals who suffered, of course, from Long's methods, were his political opponents. But the only issue to determine now is not whether Huey was pure as the driven snow — anyone who entertained such a notion about any practical politician would himself be subject to psychopathic examination. The issue is whether or not Huey Long was more "crooked" than other politicians — an explanation frequently given for his success— because he conducted his raids openly and defiantly, glorying in his dominant disregard of all rules. Assuming that Long's enemies were trying to do under cover the same things that Huey did openly, the principal effect of Huey's ripping the lid off was greater honesty rather than increased crookedness. While Huey delighted in calling himself a thief, his comrades in cajolery will go on covering up what they are really doing under a meaningless mask of conventional compliances. Because Huey Long discarded this outermost veil of dishonesty, enjoying with impish glee the shock which his immodest exposure of his own political chicanery produced in the minds of beholders, we must rate the man one degree less crooked than those who do the same things he did and cover them up. There is a certain charm about self-confessed rascality which made François Villon a beloved hero-villain of ballad and story.

I asked forty-two intelligent people how they accounted for Huey Long's success. Their verdict was unanimous—"Long is a smart politician." But Long wasn't a politician in the psychological sense and what political abilities he possessed he made little use of. Political ability is based upon compliance, which is the one trait Long never indulged in. His success in politics was actually due to his lack of political ability.

Politicians are primarily undercover men. They make deals— you do this for me and I'll do that for you. They compromise. They persuade, they do not dictate. They depend principally upon their shrewd perception of the way the wind of popular opinion is blowing, and their ability to trim their own sails instantly to catch the political breeze.

The only one of these standard political accomplishments which Long might have seemed to emulate was persuasion of the voters. Yet even this essential of politics was approached by Huey with a distinctive technique. Long was an entertainer rather than a persuader. He made the Louisiana farmers like him and then told them what horrible catastrophies would happen to them if his opponent were elected. Huey belonged to the Abe Lincoln class of public pleaser, forever telling stories.

With the Senate sleeping through his all-night filibuster on the NRA extension bill, but with the Senate galleries jammed full of wide-awake congressional circus fans, Huey told a story in that darkest hour just before dawn. "I'm like my uncle," he piped, slipping milk and sandwiches sideways into his mouth between words, "he was the best man that ever lived." Another swallow of milk. "He was always a-helpin' somebody else. One time he heard that a young feller was a-goin' ter lose his job as bartender 'cause he couldn't mix drinks right. Well, my uncle went down there and he put his foot on the brass rail and he said, 'Son, I'm a-going to stay here until you learn to mix these drinks.' He stayed there all that day, teaching that boy and sampling the drinks, and by closing time the feller knew how to mix 'em. That's the kind of family I come from, and I'm willing to stay here from now on until this Senate learns to abide by the Constitution."

Huey wasn't trying to persuade anybody that the bill shouldn't be passed—he knew that was hopeless. Huey was entertaining the galleries, and he was telling the American public that his Senatorial opponents were bringing about the collapse of the Constitution.

Long was doing another thing, too—he was employing that dominant unpolitic method so typical of all his career. He was trying to hold up the Senate and the Roosevelt Administration by a one-man filibuster until they consented, not to drop the NRA bill, but to let the Gore amendment stand. This would have given the Senate power to pass upon all executive officials who drew more than $4000 a year. Power! That's what Huey Long was after. And he was trying to obtain that power not by political persuasion but by force, by threat. Had Long possessed physical stamina to keep on talking until the original NRA bill expired, Administration leaders would have been compelled to give Huey what he wanted. That is the hold-up method that was typical of Huey Long—it was carried only once to a greater length of one-man filibuster, and that was by the late Senator LaFollette who possessed many personality characteristics in common with Huey. The Big Stick method also was used by the incomparable T. R., than whom there was none more dominant. It is a method of force, used habitually by men engaged in politics who are not politicians.

In his autobiography, *Every Man a King*, Huey boasted about using the political hold-up method twice in the course of putting one bill into effect. These political incidents are illuminating, coming from Long's own pen. The bill in question was Huey's first bid for local popularity after he became Governor, an act providing that free text-books should be furnished all children in the State. Money to pay for the books was to come from Huey's pet taxes, imposed upon the big oil and gas companies. At the last minute, just before the schools were to open, the banks refused to loan money for the school books on security of the forthcoming taxes, on the ground that such loans made to the State Board of Liquidation were illegal.

"Our attorneys feel that way about it," said the bankers. "We must be guided by their advice."

"Then I shall be guided by your attorneys' advice too," said Long. "Did you know that the State owes you $935,000 on Board of Liquidation Loans now?"

"But that has been ordered paid by the last legislature."

"Yes," agreed Huey, "but it hasn't been paid yet. And what's more it ain't going to be paid. Your attorneys ruled those loans illegal, and if it's illegal to make them it's illegal to pay them."

Whereupon Huey strode out of the bank to a hotel and ordered a sandwich. The bankers came hurrying after protesting that they were ready to make the loan immediately. Huey sent back his sandwich and ordered a steak.

But after the school-books were bought, the local officials of Huey's home Parish of Caddo refused to let the children accept them. The Mayor of Shreveport declaimed that his was a rich section of the state and he wasn't going to be humiliated or disgraced by having it advertised that Caddo Parish children had to be given their books free. Now the "regular" political method of meeting this dilemma would have been to make an issue of it before the people, with popular persuasions and oratorical fireworks. That is obviously what the good Mayor expected. But he didn't know Huey. Governor Long looked around the Parish woods for a whacking big political club, and found one. The United States Government had selected an airport site near Shreveport. To quote Long, "It was a fine and needed improvement for the Parish of Caddo." So Huey held it up. The Government needed 80 acres owned by the State of Louisiana to complete the airport site, and Governor Long refused to sign the deed. "People so well off that their children don't need free books," said Huey, "don't need an airport, either." The Caddo authorities

Continued on page 158

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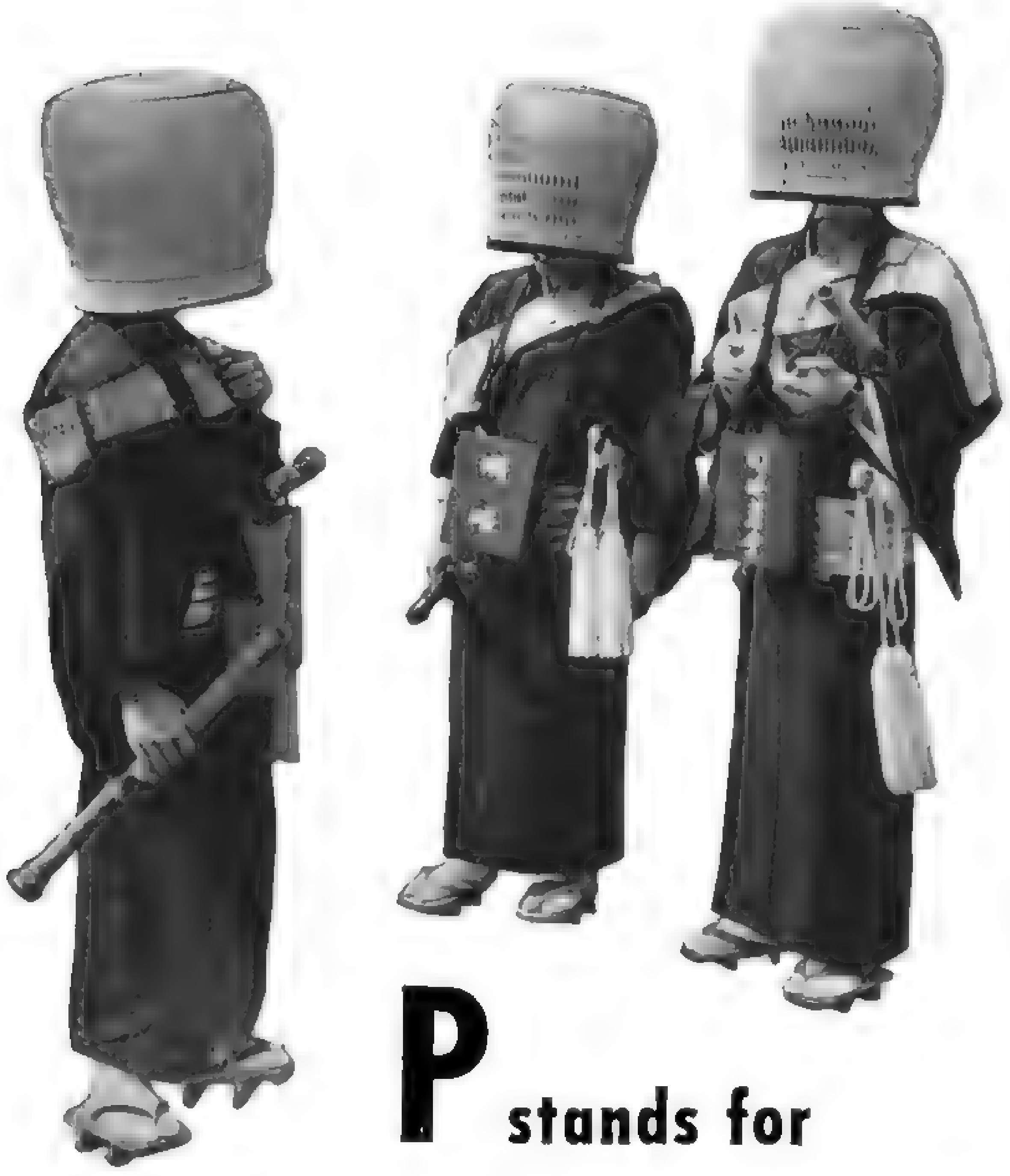

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DOLLAR
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The Now Sainted Huey

Continued from pages 44-157

consented to distribute free books.

The political hold-up method produces quick results. But the point is that this method is not really politics, and the man who uses it is not, at heart, a politician.

Prognosis, in the sense of saying what he might have become, is more difficult that diagnosis. He galloped to the top in Louisiana at the head of a ragged army of small farmers and laborers bitterly oppressed by big corporations who valued a workman's life at $300 total compensation, and by the "New Orleans Ring" of politicians so corrupt that they made Tammany under Boss Tweed look like unsoiled lilies. Huey Long made considerable money himself, at one time, acting as attorney for the big corporations. But true to his fundamentally controlling yen for power, Huey never forgave the associated oil companies the slight which they once put upon him by refusing to pipe his independent oil, and at the first opportunity Lawyer Long traded his lucrative employment for leadership of the People's Army whose battle-cry was, "Make Standard Oil pay Louisiana's bills!"

Huey won that Louisiana war because of a special situation. His battleground was a relatively small, homogeneous stateful of voters, distinctively different in racial tradition, law and economic condition from any other state in the union, with the highest percentage of illiteracy (before the Long free books and night-schools) and the lowest percentage of resident millionaires. Huey's disciples were slaves of absentee Pharaohs, making children and homes without money, ready and rarin' to be led out of Egypt into the chosen land of relative ease and comparative luxury. Those easy-going, soft-spoken, hospitable Louisiana natives had no objection to an Emperor—why should they, if His Kingfish Majesty shared with them the spoils taken from big, foreigner corporations? The French, whose Gallic family names permeate Louisiana like pungent spices in a rich fruitcake, were always crazy about Napoleon—the more the outside world clamored against him, the more ardent they became in his behalf. So it was with Huey Long in Louisiana, the only state whose basic law is derived from the Code Napoleon. Huey was emperor at last—his "golden dream of politics," the nightmare of his opponents, had come true within local limits. On July 7th Huey's rubber-stamp Louisiana legislature had enacted the last of his twenty-six "dictator bills," giving Long complete control of every non-elective office in the state. He was Supreme Lord of an empire within a republic!

Then what? Huey P. Long quite frankly proposed to organize a national People's Army and move on Washington as he moved on Baton Rouge. He had rephrased his battle-cry, but its purport was still unchanged—"Share the wealth!" He was organizing a "Share Our Wealth Society" throughout the country, claiming a membership of seven or eight million people. He was still using his circular method of propaganda, so effective in Louisiana, a method which is both cheaper and far freer from restraint than trying to reach the people through newspapers and magazines. Huey sent me a circular with a personal letter—if he didn't send you one it was because he hadn't your address in his files. Huey's circulars were clever—one of the last contained a quotation from the corporate agreement of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth: "That at ye end of ye 7. years, ye capitall & profits . . . be equally divided betwixte ye adventurers."

Will we now, asked Huey, be cheated of this heritage by the 600 families who control the wealth of America and who have forged chains of slavery around the wrists and ankles of 125 million free-born citizens?

Huey P. Long would have brought to this new battle the same quick wit, the same engaging frankness of green pyjamas for formal occasions, the same physical inadequacy, compensated by body-guards, and a keen, untiring legal mind, which won for him the Sceptre of the Swamp Lands. He was driven by the same insatiable yearning for power. Could he have done it again? Could he have put Wall Street on the same spot on which he put the organized financial interests of Louisiana? Vain questions, of course.

But it seems to me that Huey was up against a very different situation in national politics from that which he faced—and mastered—in Louisiana. The selected group of voters which gave full scope to his Napoleonic talents has no counterpart outside Huey's own home state. The wealth massed against him at Baton Rouge was only a child's spending money compared with the funds that were available to fight him at Washington—the recently successful anti-Roosevelt utilities lobby is proof enough of that.

Most important, perhaps, a clear majority of Americans, rich and poor alike, fear and detest the imperial idea. Strangely, perhaps, they choose to leave 59% of the nation's wealth in the hands of a smug 1% of the population, according to U. S. Federal Trade Commission figures, in preference to placing the nation's political power in the hands of a single individual. Too many Americans are as Huey was himself—they are willing to ride the rods and sleep on the soft side of a pine board but they are not willing to do what a boss tells them. That, I believe, is the one thing that would have stopped him, if he had lived. ⧺

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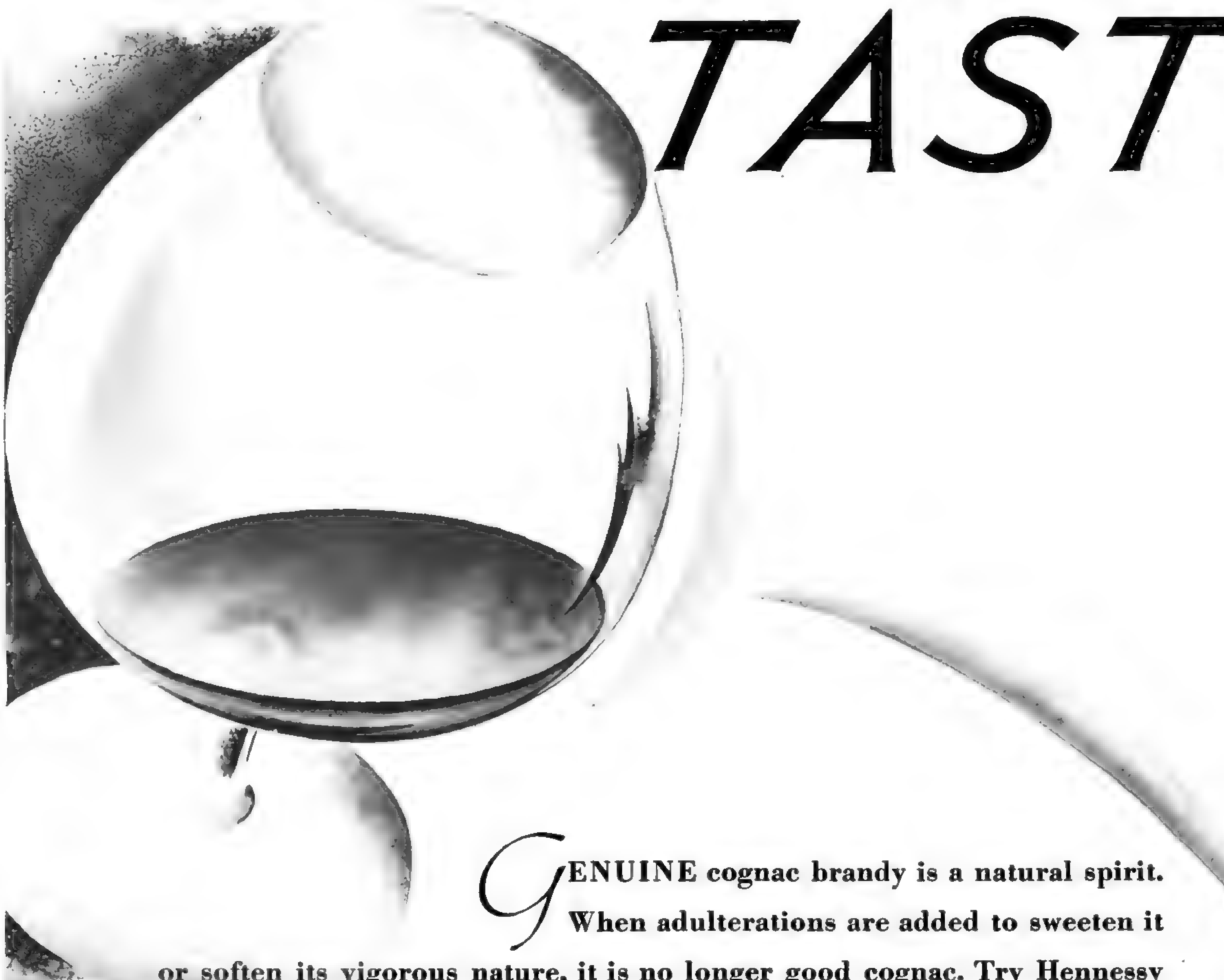

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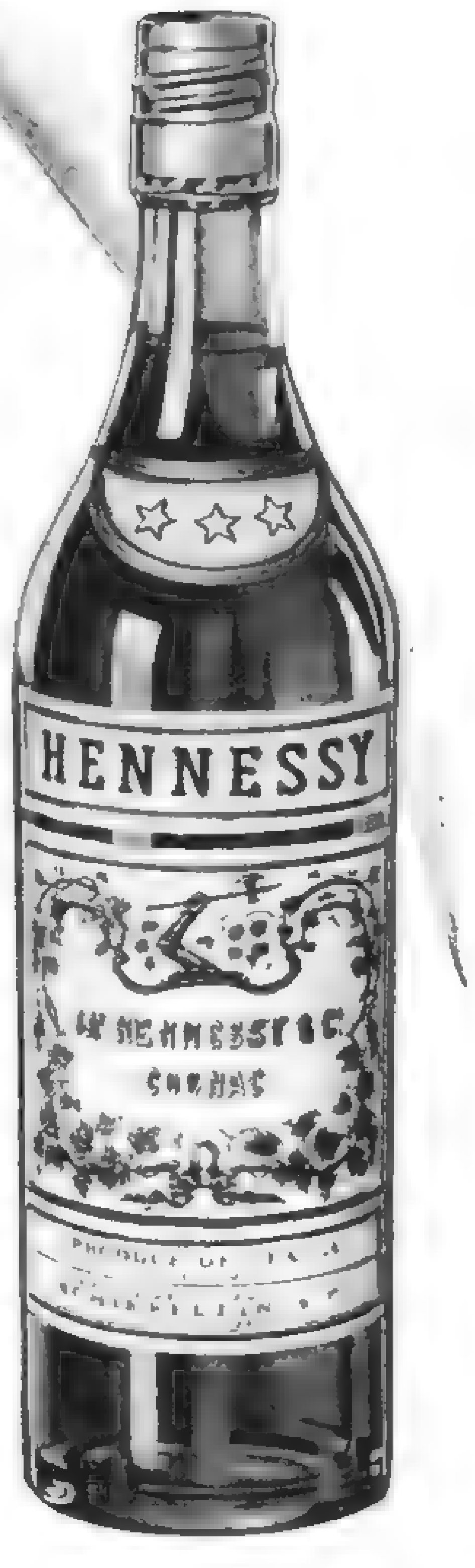

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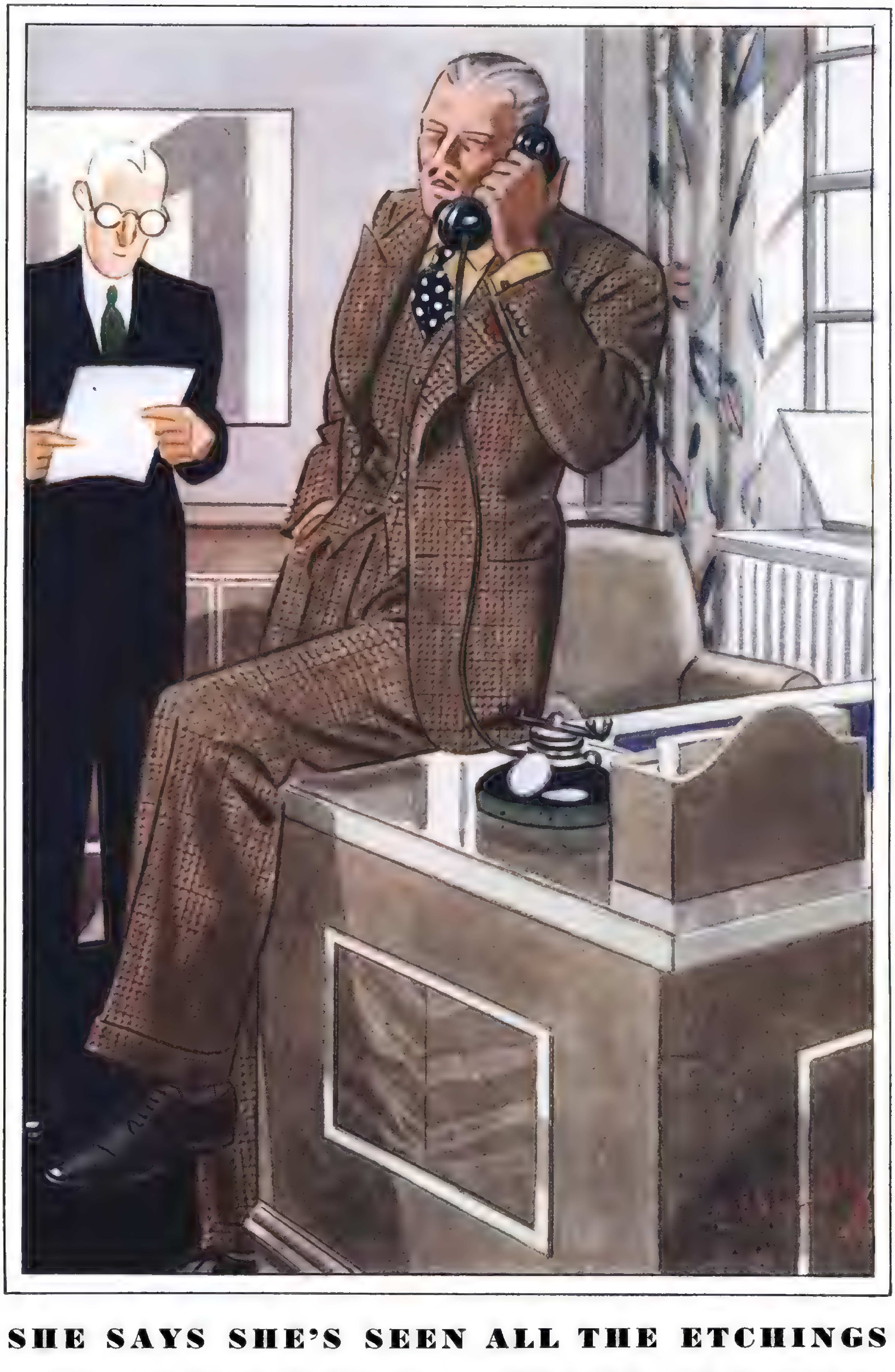

SHE SAYS SHE'S SEEN ALL THE ETCHINGS

The utter absence of femininity in this month's fashion pages has apparently roused one attempt, already, to see what can be done. He's trying to persuade one of his little two-legged friends to come on over and get into the picture. She misunderstands. She thinks he wants to show her some pictures. She says she promised her mother she wouldn't look at another etching. He says she misunderstands, he didn't say etching he said fetching, referring to the way he looks since he followed ESQUIRE's tip last month and has gone in for black and tan. She says it doesn't sound quite decent. He explains that it is the newest thing and all the best people are doing it. Black tie with tan shirt. Black shoes with brown suit. She says it sounds dreadful. That's just what he expected her to say, because that's what she said when he first wore gray and brown. Sad, huh?

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Yatanga Naba

Continued from page 43

ways, were completely cynical, contemptuous of red tape and official drudgery, yet of inestimable value to the government they deviously served. Also, they were derisively fond of each other, and made no bones of it.

So that, arriving at Courtot's administration compound in Ouiagouia on precisely the afternoon before the Yatanga was scheduled to "disappear," Briolle had insisted that we drop over to the palace to see the old comedian and cheer him up a bit.

"He'll be too drunk by now to recognize you," Courtot had said, trying to dissuade us.

"If he is," Briolle answered, "We'll wake him up and get tight with him all over again. But I won't drink that damned sweet stuff. Is there any brandy over there?"

"No. We never send him anything like that. It would have killed him long ago. And we can't afford to lose him. We only send him vermouth and sweet champagne."

"There's some *Courvoisier* left in the truck," said Briolle cheerfully. "We'll take our own bottle. We'll have our own apéritif with His Holiness. I haven't seen him for nearly two years."

So we had gone and had found the old Yatanga in the state I have described. He wasn't really very drunk. He had only consumed a part of the third bottle. But he was so down in the mouth, so fed up in advance with the mummery he must connive in, that not even Briolle's jeering, witty sympathetic presence could jar him out of it.

We drank for a half an hour or so, while the harps strummed pleasantly. New dancing girls, acrobatic, whirled, leapt, walked on their hands and turned somersaults. But His black Holiness, like Queen Victoria, was not amused. Finally Briolle, snarling a string of sympathetic but disgusted Malinké phrases which made the Yatanga prick up his ears, said, in French, which we all understood:

"See here, friend and Majesty, swilling all that sweet stuff is going to make you sick. This brandy, *au contraire*, is fiery and unpalatable, but will act as strong medicine. It will restore you. So I pray you, drink with me."

The Yatanga stared uncertainly at Courtot, and for a moment, despite his immense size, age and royal panoply, was like a perplexed schoolboy. But Courtot evaded his glance. The eccentric Briolle ranked him in the Colonial administration, and Courtot was washing his hands of it. What difference did it make anyway? Merely that the Yatanga would be blind, ossified drunk when his priests carried him away that night to hide him. Courtot looked at his wrist-watch, rose politely, and said he must be going. Briolle poured out a half a tumbler of raw cognac for the Yatanga. I'd have loved to have stayed, but said I'd better be going too, and went away with Courtot.

It had turned dark, several hours had elapsed, and we were half through dinner at the administration house, when Briolle appeared, grinning, a little tight himself, hungry and apparently vastly pleased with the world in general.

The Yatanga?

Why, the Yatanga was feeling fine! The brandy had been an excellent stimulant. He was ordering his priests all over the place, bawling out everybody in the palace.

How much of the brandy had he drunk, name of a name?

"Well," said Briolle, "we finished the bottle."

We were awakened the next morning by the rattle of musketry, howling, wailing, beating of drums, the town over yonder in mad pandemonium, and a mob already in front of the administration house, shrieking,

"The Yatanga Naba! The Yatanga Naba!"

"He has disappeared!"

"He is gone!"

"He is lost!"

We stood on the upper veranda in our pajamas, while the mob waved, screamed and pleaded for our aid.

"They're doing it quite well this year," said Briolle.

"No, it's always about like this, always about the same," said Courtot, "They get carried away by their own hysterics. Even the priests. They are good actors. They get emotionally worked up, though it's only a game. It's always like this. We'd better have some coffee and get dressed. The priests will be over shortly with their procession to inform us officially of the disappearance."

We shaved and were having coffee when three motor buses arrived from Ouagadougou where there was a European hotel, loaded with tourists and families of local whites, to see the annual show. The official notification by the priests was always made the occasion for a superb palace procession, and people came from a hundred miles around to see it. Private motor cars also began parking in the parade ground in front of the administration compound, so that by the time we strolled out to sit on the platform which served as a grandstand, there were a couple of hundred whites grouped near it, with thousands of howling natives massed opposite, held back by the *tirailleurs* who kept a lane open for the procession to pass. A dozen or more petty French functionaries from neighboring towns, with their wives dressed for a holiday, were invited to the platform by Courtot.

Toward nine o'clock there was a rolling of drums over toward the palace, and a lone Mossi

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The Yatanga Naba

Continued from pages 43-161

horseman in flowing cape of scarlet leather, with a white pennon streaming from his lance in sign of mourning, came galloping full-tilt, reined his horse to its haunches before us and held out a piece of paper which a *tirailleur* brought to Monsieur Courtot. Monsieur Courtot, lending himself to the charade in all mock solemnity, pretended to read it, arose, and said in a loud voice:

"The Yatanga Naba has disappeared!"

He shouted this in French and after drawing breath raised both arms to the mob of suddenly quiet natives and shouted it again in Bambara:

"*Knou Tounouné Yatanga!*"

The mob broke into wailing, shrieking confusion, began letting off muskets in the air, seizing each other and screaming in each others' faces, "He is lost! He is lost! He has disappeared!" Like children, they rushed about looking for the Yatanga under the motorbuses, up in the foliage of the gigantic baobabs, even under the platform where we sat.

Gradually they grew quiet again. The procession appeared in the distance. First came the war-drums, beating a preliminary wild alarm, and then a solemn funeral measure. They came slowly but were finally abreast of us and passed, followed by a groom leading the Yatanga's caparisoned, riderless horse, while two more grooms, just behind him, trundled the "made in France" stepladder which he habitually used to get into the saddle. Then came black ministers and chamberlains, robed in white and scarlet, bearing variously the Yatanga's scepter (which was a glorified silver hoe signifying that he was Lord of the Land as well as spiritual ruler), his gold-mounted calabash drinking bowl, followed by a porter who bore on his head in its Marseilles crate, what remained of the case of vermouth sent by the benevolent administration; others bore aloft the Yatanga's iron two-handed sword; and other paraphernalia. The women came next, wives, harem, dancing girls, all swathed in white, their faces covered, stooping as they dragged themselves along, to pick up handfuls of earth and smear themselves. Last came the priests, praying, chanting, making their incantations, and last of all, the High Priest, a pompous, solemn, fat old fellow who dropped off from the tail of the procession to mount the platform with us. Gravely he and Courtot shook hands. Gravely he said:

"The Yatanga Naba has disappeared."

Gravely Monsieur Courtot expressed deep concern, assured him that telegrams would be immediately dispatched, that the great French administration would do all in its power to help find the Yatanga.

Briolle nudged me and grinned maliciously, as if it were all some kind of a joke. It was a theatrical pantomime, of course, a game, a sham, but everybody knew that, and I couldn't see that it was particularly humorous. I thought it was impressive and pretty grand. Briolle who never let himself be impressed by anything, seemed to think it was funny.

Well, that was the end of it for the moment, so far as we were concerned, though, for the natives, the nine-day hullabaloo had just begun. We went back to the office with Courtot, who immediately dispatched the usual official telegram to Ouagadougou, which would result in the sending of the troops ostensibly to help find the Yatanga, but really to keep order in the district. This done, Monsieur Courtot sat down at his desk to clean up the real routine official administrative business, while Briolle and I were planning to go and work on our magneto, when the doorman came to say that His Excellency Guan, the Yatanga's prime minister, was outside requesting to see Monsieur Courtot on urgent business.

"What could he want, do you suppose, this morning," asked Courtot, looking up impatiently from his papers. "We might as well let him come in. He is generally a bore, but sometimes amusing."

Outside, through the windows, still came from all directions, distant shouting, "*Knou Tounouné Yatanga!*" "The Yatanga is lost, the Yatanga is lost." Everywhere, for a hundred miles in every direction, by now the whole Mossi nation was shouting it, spreading the news, which was no news, as the Russians go about shouting "Christ is risen" on Easter.

The prime minister came in. He was a little fox-faced man with a goat beard. He spoke, crisp, perfect French. A new mob passed near the compound shouting. He said:

"I have a piece of confidential information for the administration."

"All right," said Monsieur Courtot, "these gentlemen are in my confidence, you may speak."

The little prime minister said:

"The Yatanga is lost."

He stood there flat-footed without cracking a smile as we all burst out laughing.

"Are you drunk this morning?" asked Courtot suavely, "that you come here to tell us that?"

"I am not drunk," replied the prime minister, "but the Yatanga was drunk last night—and he's not in the hut where he ought to be this morning."

Monsieur Courtot was not a stupid man. When Guan departed, he turned quietly and said:

"*Eh bien*, Briolle, exactly what happened last night when we left you alone with him—with that bottle of brandy?"

"Nothing," answered Briolle,

"Except that we drank it and he became more cheerful."

"By the way," Briolle added after a moment, as if searching his memory, "I do seem to recall teasing him a little. You know we are old friends. I believe I suggested that since he was so sick of pretending, it might be amusing, just once, to do it really. But, of course, it was only in fun."

"My God!" ejaculated Courtot, "So that's it. And you think it's funny. Why the damned bush is swarming with carnivora. He could no more survive than a baby. There's going to be hell to pay for this. You have carried your comedy too far."

"I'm not so sure," said Briolle. "The Yatanga has drunk too much slop in these last years, but he's a stout fellow. He'll have no trouble finding water, and as for food, he'll end by killing something, if he doesn't get killed himself. It will do him good to go hungry for a day or two. It will make him courageous."

"It's a hell of a thing to have done to a man you called your friend," said Courtot, "but he may be still alive. I must telegraph Ouagadougou."

"You have already telegraphed Ouagadougou," said Briolle sweetly. "You have already telegraphed that he is lost. What are you going to telegraph now?"

While Courtot was calling Briolle various sorts of a camel and wondering what he *could* telegraph, the High Priest waddled in, puffing and still pompous, but whereas, earlier that morning, in the simulacre, he had carried his dignity well, he was now simply what my Georgia friends would have described as a badly scared nigger. He rolled his eyeballs and dropped his dignity:

"He is fat and old and the lions will eat him! The jackals and hyenas!"

"He isn't as fat as you are," shouted Briolle, "and you forget that he is the Yatanga Naba! Lice would eat you, but you forget that the Yatanga himself is a lion!"

Briolle began whistling, lit a cigarette, and dragged me off with him to tinker for the rest of the day on our ignition. When he returned toward evening, Courtot had just come back from Yatanga's palace, more worried than ever. He had learned what little there was to learn from the bewildered priests and servants. The Yatanga had permitted himself, at midnight, just as he had done for thirty mortal years, to be put in the closed hammock and jolted off to a hut hidden in the bush. Though full of brandy, he had not seemed to be drunk. He had been angry, rather, and had demanded two or three times, as if asking his servants, or asking himself, "Am I the Yatanga Naba, or am I not?" Three priests had accompanied him, guarded by a handful of men with spears and muskets. He had been sulky and refused to converse with the priests who walked beside his hammock, except when he demanded to know whether he was indeed the Yatanga.

When they had reached the hut, the Yatanga had grunted that he was sleepy, had lain down immediately on the couch which had been prepared for his enormous bulk, rolled over and told them to go away. Soon he had begun to snore, or had pretended to snore, and the priests, after cautioning the servants to prevent the old man from getting too drunk the next day, had taken their departure.

The servants and guard had soon gone to sleep, of course, too, and when they awoke in the morning, the Yatanga had disappeared.

They supposed at first he had been drinking in the night and had wandered outside to be sick. But they could find no trace of it, and returning to the hut discovered that though the Yatanga had lain down fully clothed—the nights are cold in the high Volta—that now all his clothing, robes, boots, scarlet cap and cloak were thrown in a disordered heap on the earthen floor. A check-up showed that he had left behind, in addition to the French medals and decorations, all his own leather amulets and *grigris*—even the small dagger he had worn in his belt—everything except the lion's paw, the old ancestral *grigris* handed down from the Yatanga Nabas who in ancient, more heroic days, had really disappeared into the jungle, naked and unarmed, to prove themselves.

I said to Briolle:

"You know, its rather magnificent, if he wasn't so drunk he didn't know what he was doing."

"He wasn't as drunk as that," said Briolle, "he knew what he was doing. He's a stout fellow. Look at friend Courtot there worrying his head off."

Courtot said:

"Please be reasonable. It may be magnificent, but it isn't funny. If the Yatanga is not found alive, it will destroy a policy and system we've spent years establishing in the Volta. All day at Ouagadougou, they merely filed my successive telegrams one on top of the other, supposing it was all part of the comedy, but finally this morning I got onto the Lieutenant-Governor with code and at last made them understand. There's a battalion of mounted Senegalese on the road already, white officered, and we're going to find the Yatanga alive or dead before sunset tomorrow. And then we'll have to hide him again, alive or dead, until the damned crescent moon comes out, unless we want a tribal revolution."

Monsieur Courtot was really worried, and with reason. "It's about time for an apéritif," said Briolle cheerfully, "Come on, Courtot, you're our host. No more you can do about it today. Let's go on the terrace and drink to the Yatanga and forget it."

A boy brought the Pernod and water jugs, but Courtot couldn't

Continued on page 164

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The Yatanga Naba

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forget it. "The worst of it is," he continued, "that apart from the troops that will be coming from Ouagadougou, we are up against the same thing now that the men who guarded the hut were when they came back yelling to the palace. They wanted to tell the high priest. But they couldn't even get in! The procession was about to start. They made no impression at all, and it will continue to be the same way. The whole Mossi nation will go around shrieking, tearing their hair, and pretending to hunt for him, shrieking he's lost at the top of their lungs, with nobody believing it. It's ludicrous, I'll admit, but it isn't funny. If he's still alive, and survives this coming night, you can bank on the Senegalese. They'll find him tomorrow."

Briolle poured himself another shot of Pernod and said slowly: "I wonder."

Well, the Senegalese arrived, officered by veteran white colonials. They combed the region competently in widening circles day and night, day after day, but found no trace of the Yatanga.

On the fifth day the Lieutenant-Governor motored over with a carful of stuffy functionaries. They were foreseeing political consequences of the most unpleasant sort, since it now seemed certain that their old pet potentate was dead and his bones picked clean by driver ants and jackals.

The last day of the nine passed finally. Nothing happened except that the Senegalese brought in the bare bones of a recently-killed native who had been larger than most—but they were not the bones of the gigantic man they sought.

That night—the Lieutenant-Governor had gone home, Briolle had taken out the truck to test its repaired magneto, or so he told us—and we were waiting dinner for him on Courtot's veranda, when twilight fell and the new crescent moon was hanging there in the purple sky, behind the baobabs.

"I am not superstitious, God knows," said Courtot, "but if he isn't found tonight, he never will be."

We finally had late dinner, without Briolle. The truck had perhaps broken down again. We sat until after midnight, then went to bed and slept. We were awakened at early dawn by a new and most ungodly racket. It was like a hundred drunken Fourteenths of July plus the battle of Verdun. All Mossi are permitted to bear arms, but I hadn't dreamed there were so many old muskets and blunderbuses in West Africa. In addition, the Senegalese battalion which had its camp out yonder in the parade ground, was letting off its rapid-fire rifles like mad. Surging toward the compound, all around the compound, coming in waves from every direction, were what must have been a hundred thousand howling, shrieking, crazy natives, men, women, brats and dogs, all howling.

In our pajamas we went down, and the mob opened a way for us to the parade ground platform.

"He is found! He is found! He is found!" they were shrieking, and then a great silence fell through which came the roll of drums. From the palace, over yonder across the flats, emerged a second disordered mob. It was a mob rather than a procession, but at its head, mounted on his warhorse, rode the gigantic Yatanga.

As they came nearer, in what was curiously now a cathedral silence, we saw that he rode superbly naked, save for a grimy loincloth. And we saw that one side of his vast belly was ripped clear across, but not too deeply, by a claw-wound which had been cauterized by fire and smeared with ashes. Dangling above it as he rode, on the same leather thong from which still hung the ancient Fetich—was a new, blood-clotted, monstrous paw, on which black flies were swarming.

On a smaller nag, ambling like a bad little boy close beside the for-once authentically magnificent, immense Yatanga, rode little Briolle, the Administrator of Man, bareheaded, in his greasy, dirty overalls, grinning like an ape.

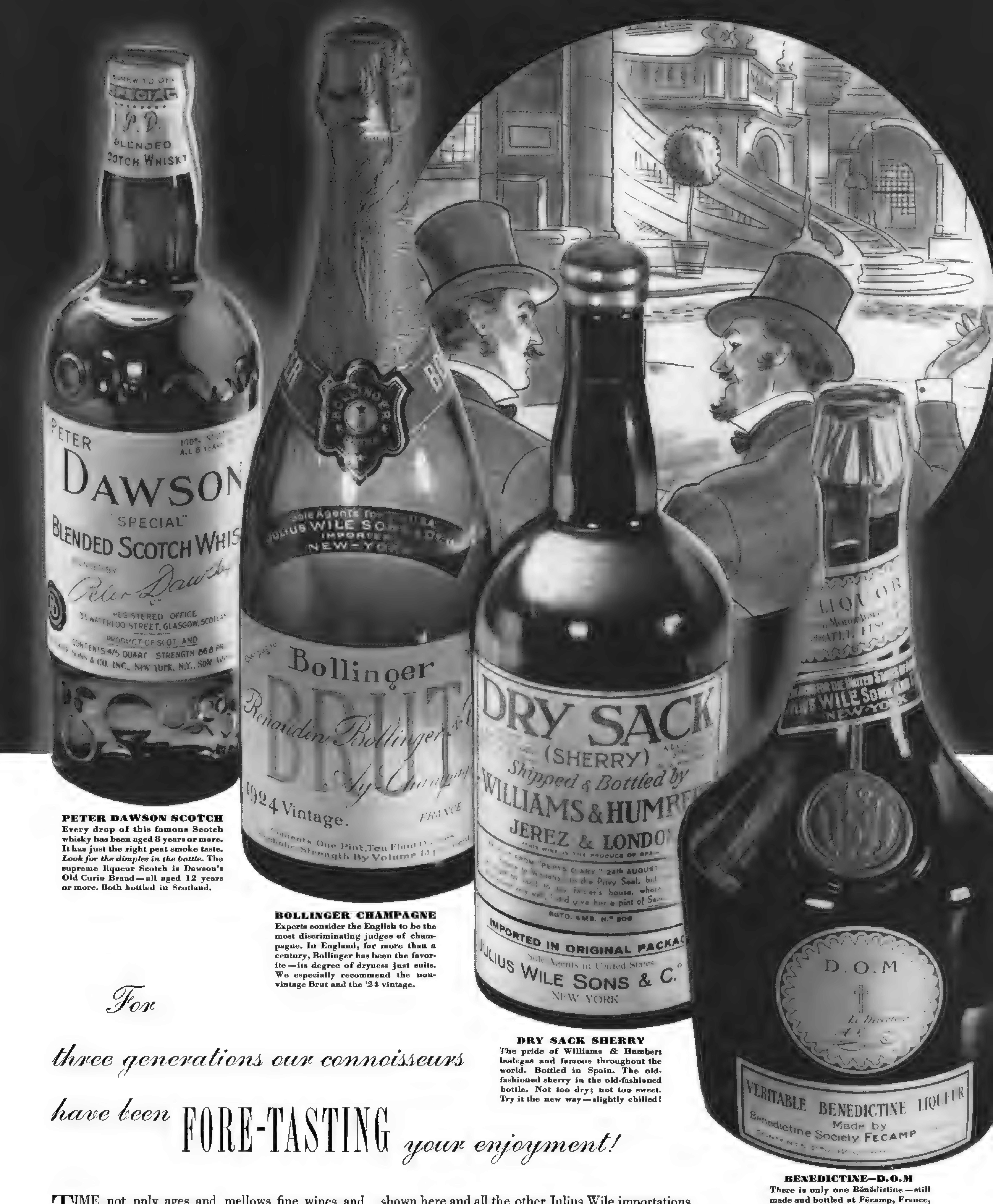
As they halted and we rushed down from the platform, the Yatanga, edged his horse closer to Briolle's, beamed down at him in an excess of affection and patted him on the shoulder.

To say that the crowd went mad again, would not exactly describe it. There was some more howling and shouting, but it was almost as if they were awe-stricken, and they were shouting a new thing, presently chanting it rather than shouting:

"He is indeed the Yatanga Naba."

Well, it was all over, and again the old Yatanga lolled on the huge couch of crimson leather in the great hall of the palace, surrounded by his dancing girls, guzzling vermouth again, but no longer bored or melancholy. The official ceremonials were ended and we had come, informally, to say *au revoir*. We talked in French, but he wouldn't say much about how he had killed the lion. He had had a lot of trouble, the first few nights, he told us, with another lion which finally went away, and with a panther and some hyenas, which wouldn't go away. Finally he had taken one of their caves, and then it had been better. He wouldn't tell much about it, but as we were leaving he turned to Briolle, and said, in the Bordelais argot which friend Briolle had taught him:

"It wasn't fair, you know, to ring in those Senegalese."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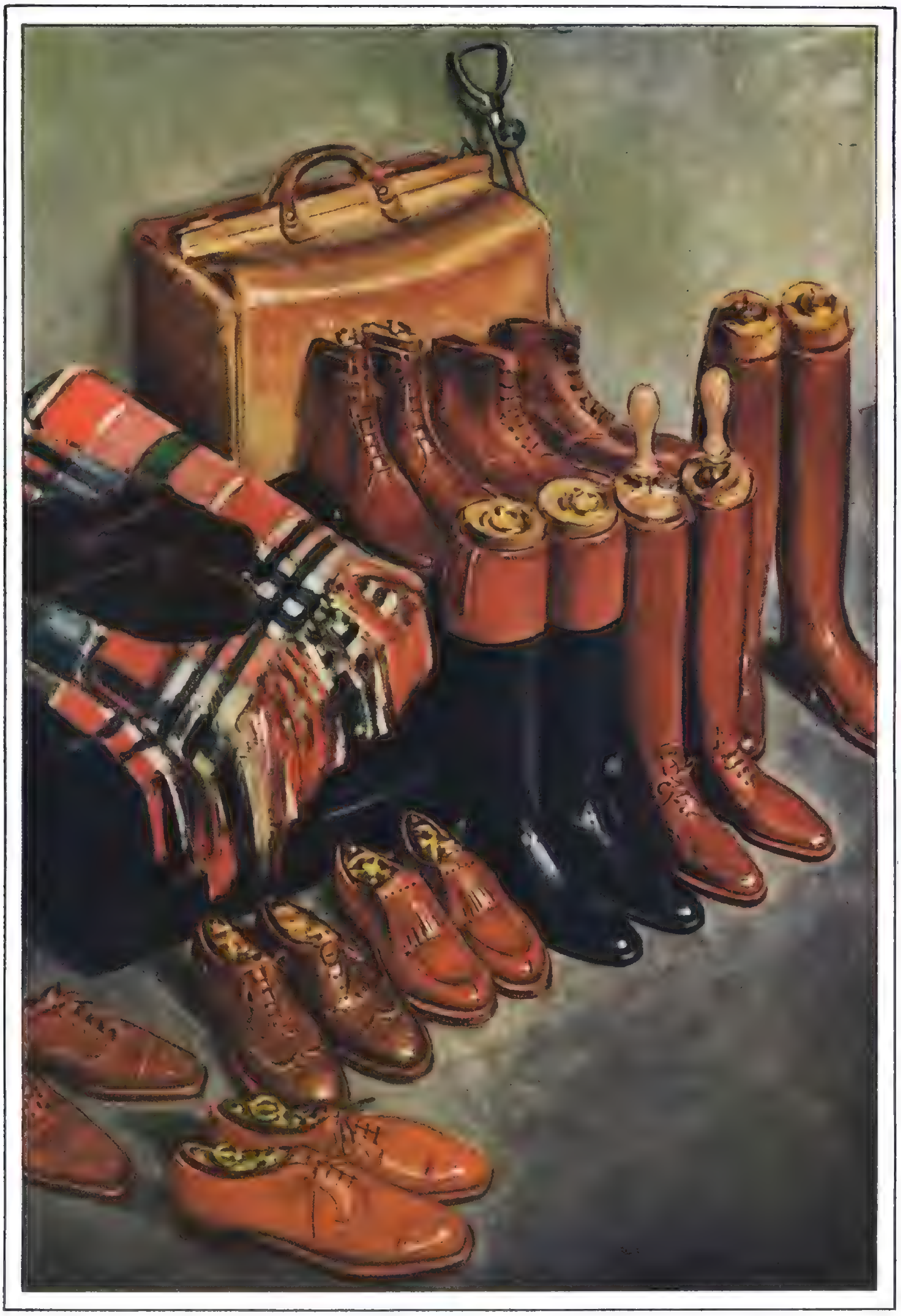


APPROVED FALL FASHIONS IN FOOTWEAR

The virtual absence of black prevents our calling this a complete shoe wardrobe, particularly in view of the current fashion for black shoes with brown clothes, but here at least are the salient features in the season's best models. Beginning with the slippers at the upper left and reading in a clockwise direction they are: beaver velour type treated sheepskin slippers with leather soles, Russia calf riding shoes, oil grain hiking and shooting shoes, calf polo or hacking boots, calf field boots, black hunt boots with mahogany colored tops, oil grain waterproof moccasins, calfskin brogues, long grain blucher calf shoes with imitation stitched tip, and brown reversed calf semi-brogues with square custom toe. With the addition of evening pumps and one or two pairs of black shoes on a town last, plus a pair of patent leather dress oxfords, completeness is attained, in case you care.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Music-Box Review

Continued from page 99

just like the Boston "Pops" Orchestra playing *Carioca* and *The Continental.*
VICTOR RED SEAL—No. 4287

* * *

From *The Big Broadcast of 1935* come two tunes by Ray Noble and his Orchestra, *Why Stars Come Out At Night* and *Double Trouble.* The former is refinement personified . . . scoring, playing, vocal chorusing by Al Bowly and recording. The best part of *Double Trouble* is the vocal section done by *The Freshman.* I can't give in to Noble when he goes hot because there are so many bands to do such things better. He should stay in his own idiom where he is tops.
VICTOR—No. 25105.

* * *

Can you imagine *Miss Otis Regrets* as done by Cab Calloway and his Callowaiians. This fragile, sophisticated lyric loses all sense of the satirical by becoming a real "Hi-de-ho." Calloway's vocal methods are a throw-back to the "ring-shout." Miss Otis "regrets" in her loudest and wildest manner and she is "unable" to the hottest accompaniment imaginable. The chorus following the first vocal is a grand bit of beautifully rhythmic playing and near the end Calloway assists Miss Otis over the border very reverently, after which the band puts its official stamp on everything with a Harlemesque postlude.

There is also *Nagasaki* to ponder on. Here is something really elemental with atmosphere in the vocal passages that sound as if it were done by the husband of Frankenstein's bride. The solo trumpet and solo trombone go out on their own and tear into some stuff that leaves you gasping. An item not to be missed by Calloway collectors.
BRUNSWICK—No. 7504. ⧺

Men, Bullets and Scalpels

Continued from page 41

forehead. To the early men of India who developed the Hindu method, and to Tagliacozzi and his Italian method, present day plastic surgery owes an immeasurable debt. Instruments are more cleverly designed today; conditions surrounding the transplantation of tissue are more favorable (especially because of the use of anesthesia and asepsis), but the technique remains much the same, despite the fact that new contributions were made during the war. The thousands of surgeons who will be needed for active service in plastic surgery during the next conflict will have to be taught these ancient, as well as the newer, methods. But how is this teaching to be done adequately by the few plastic surgeons now practising?

In the next war the terrors of conflict are likely to strike civilians and soldiers alike. In fact it has been remarked facetiously that the safest place during the coming war will be at the front. Civilians actually may be in greater danger on account of air raids. Within a few hours the skies above London, Paris, Berlin or Rome could be darkened by enemy planes, which could shower the capitals with explosives and cripple them almost instantly. Women and children, as well as men, will be the targets of mass bombings. Hospitals will be filled with the injured.

Those soldiers and civilians who are not killed outright by explosives, gas bombings and germs dropped from airplanes, may be crippled, burned or deformed. The gloomy picture of war is made more gloomy by the thought of the disastrous effect on adolescents and children. It is conceivable that there may be a generation of unfortunates whose only escape will be in merciful death.

The French *poilu* whose face has been seared by the fire of a *Flammenwerfer* will be in much the same condition as little François who has been trapped in the flames of a burning building after an air raid over Paris.

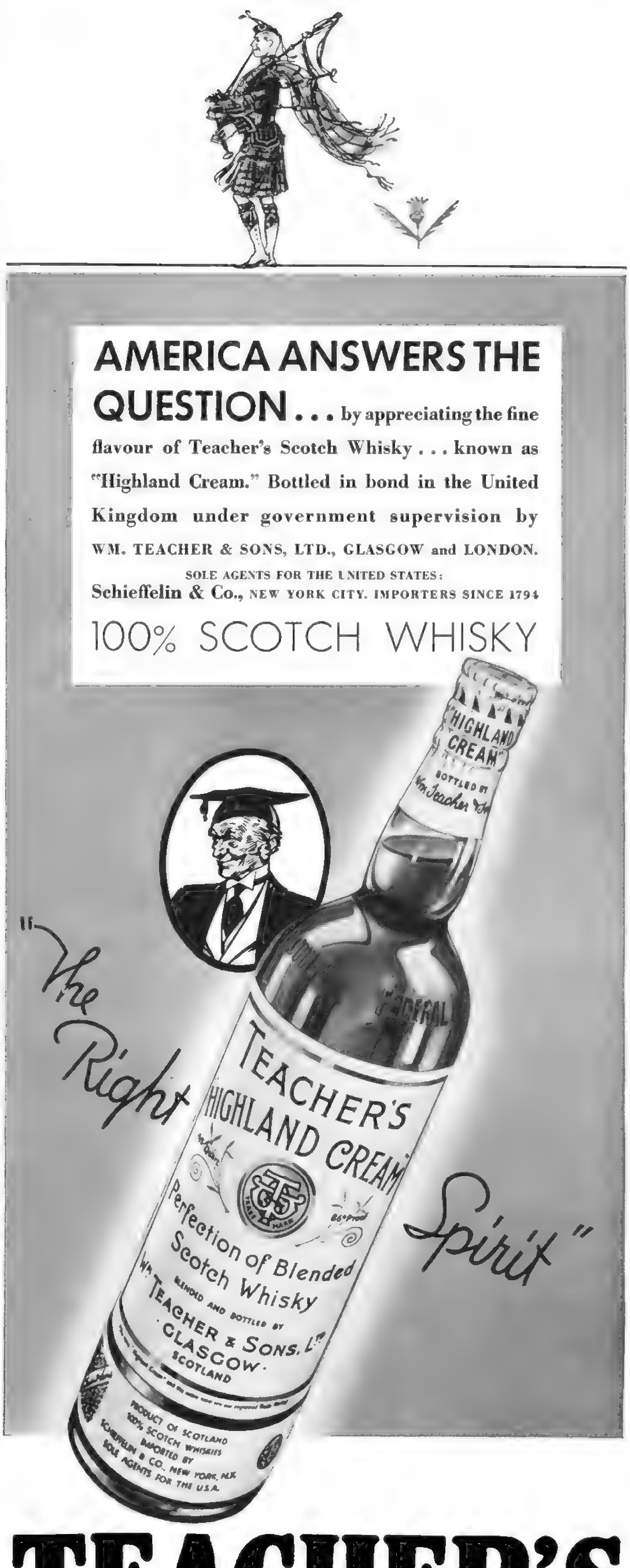
The case history of François and his treatment may all too easily be described. When he is brought to the hospital, his chest, his arms and his face will be seared with scars. The scar tissue, which will run from the lower lip and the left cheek down the neck, will have contracted and will pull down the lip so that the teeth will be constantly exposed. The expression thus imparted involuntarily to his face will be something between an old man's cynical leer and a child's pitiful, but repulsive fright.

The boy will survive the constitutional effects of the burns, but the effect will be catastrophic upon his character. He will have been changed overnight from a carefree, happy child into a morbid, prematurely aged adult for whom the whole of life has taken on the semblance of war's inferno.

The plastic surgeon who will handle this case will see that François' body scars are of no great importance. They will not impede the motion of his arms and can be concealed, even by a bathing suit. But the ugly facial scars will prevent the proper functioning of lips and chin. In photographs, the right profile will be perfect, but the left will be repellent.

An operation offers the only remedy for flesh and spirit. François will be given nitrous oxide and then ether. Strong overhead lights in the operating room cast no shadows. Here is perfect cleanliness. It is absolutely quiet except for the hissing of the gas, the click of instruments, and the sur-

Continued on page 168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Men, Bullets and Scalpels

Continued from pages 41-167

geon's incisive orders.

"Knife." "Sponge." "Clamps." "Gauze."

The surgeon will outline the periphery of the scar with the back of his blade. The tissue of this scar will be firm and resistant, but the sharp blade will do its work. Quickly and carefully, the whole scarred area will be detached from the skin of the cheek.

After the disfiguring scar is removed, a remarkable thing will take place—the lip will return at once to its normal position. Then will come the transplantation of tissue from the arm to the cheek. Hot sponges applied to the transplant will leave it pink and glowing. Vaseline gauze. Dressing.

Little François, victim of the Second World War, will be on the way back to a normal life—normal both physically and mentally.

He will be only a single victim from among the countless battalions of warriors—and civilians, too—who will pass unceasingly through base and civilian hospitals when the war madness again comes upon the world.

Surgeons learn by experience. Scores of cases like that of Hans Müller were handled after 1918. In the next war, Hans Müller (or Maurice Lefèvre), an officer in one of the contending armies, will be brought to the plastic surgeon with face hideously distorted. A bullet will have entered behind the right angle of the lower jaw. The jaw will have been broken and several of the front teeth will have been carried away. The upper lip will show the exit wound of the bullet that has seared straight through the head—and the soul—of Hans Müller.

Hans will be a typical example of the lasting results of modern warfare. He will not be able to face a critical society with this grotesque face.

Operations to correct conditions of this kind will be relatively numerous for they are simple and effective. Each radiation of the scar will be excised. Each of the little flaps will be prolonged to a slight extent by incision. Then they will be interlocked, one above the other.

When the stitches are removed, the scar lines will be plainly visible, but Hans will grow a mustache which will cover these. He will be brought back in time to perfect normality and be able to take his place in a world that will not suspect his unfortunate war wound.

His case will not be quite as serious as that of the gallant officer, who, as he leads his men across a hotly contested sector of no man's land, will be wounded by a bullet which will burrow its way into his left cheek. It will fracture his lower jaw and destroy much alveolar bone.

Surgeons at the base hospital, overburdened with an endless stream of war wounded, will do what they can to patch up the once handsome face of the officer. They will quickly note that two pointed ends of the lower border of the bone remain in close proximity in the bottom of the wound. They will decide to operate.

Between these two points scar tissue will be excised. Later, dental splinting and necessary extractions will result in bone union. But when the wound heals there will be a large depressed scar, which will reveal all too clearly that the officer is a victim of the madness of war.

Further plastic surgery, however, will in time remake his face completely. Fat grafts obtained from other portions of his body will be rolled in toward the center of the depression. The skin will be undercut and drawn over the fatty prominence. It will be sutured carefully with interrupted stitches of horsehair. Just as if he were a sculptor in flesh, the plastic surgeon will fashion the officer's face into its original contours.

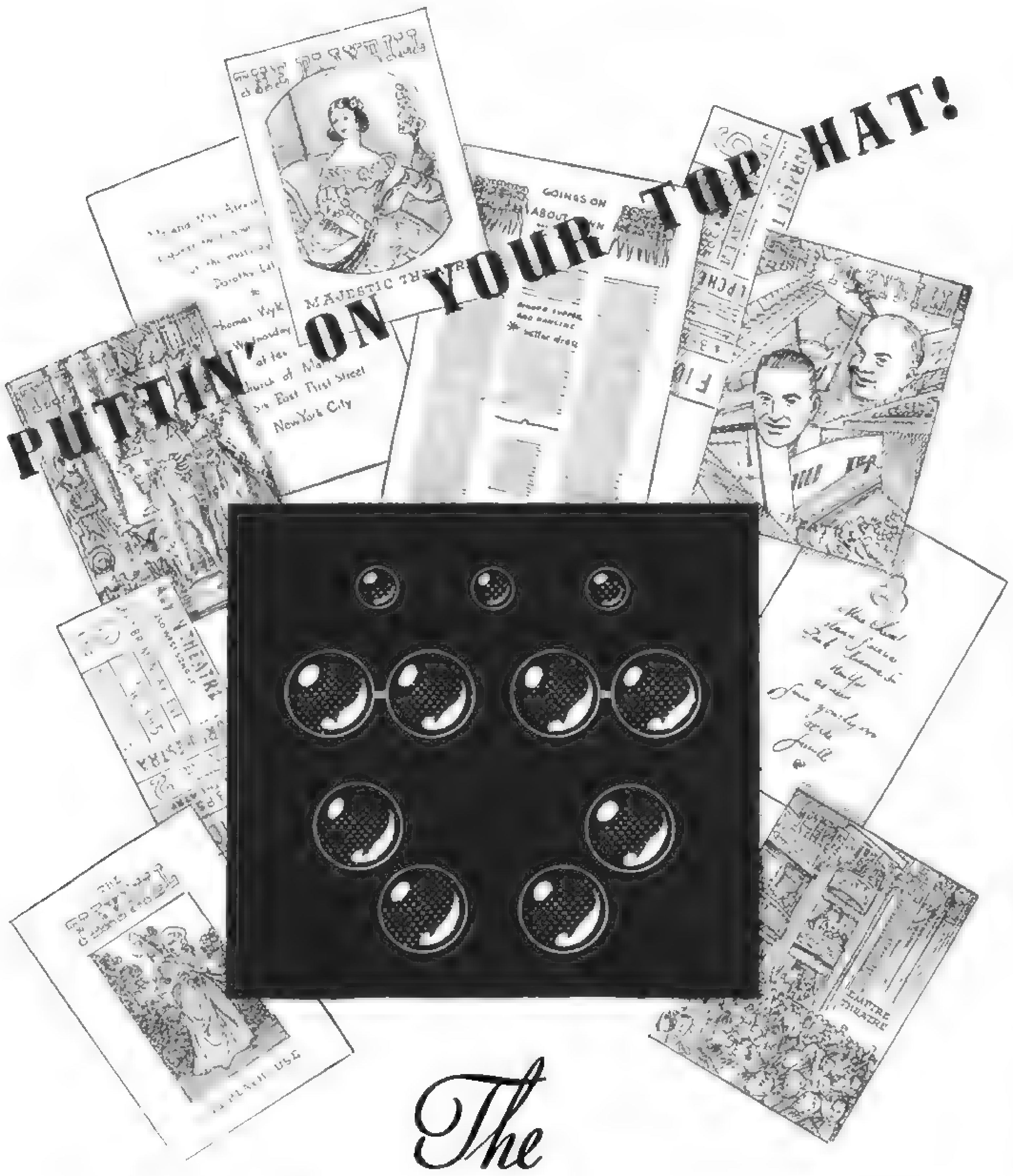
What will be done with the unlucky soldier who may have the upper half of his nose shot away? Plastic surgery will make the repair and do it well. There will be three distinct stages in rebuilding the nose, and a modification of the Hindu technique will be used.

After the gunshot wound heals, the first step is taken. Cartilage of the thickness needed to correct the loss of nasal framework is procured from a broad plaque of tissue on the right side of the chest where the seventh, eighth and ninth ribs fuse. This is transplanted under the skin of the forehead which is destined to become the new nasal covering. Either a flap of skin from the frontal region, supplied with nourishment by the artery between the eyebrows, or a flap from the side of the forehead, nourished by the artery of the temple, will be used.

A few weeks later comes the second operation. The patient is put under a general anesthetic. The edges and depth of the nasal wound are freshened, and, by means of sterilized tin foil, the size and shape of the defect are measured. This pattern of tin foil is placed over the cartilage-bearing skin of the forehead and the flap is cut with its base either between the eyebrows or on the side of the temple. It is swung downward onto the nose at the point of repair and sewed into place with interrupted stitches of fine silk, while being still attached to the forehead by means of the pedicle which nourishes it.

Two weeks later, after the skin has grown into the nose, the final work is done. The flap is then severed from its nourishing pedicle and a few stitches cover the small gap in the nose. The pedicle is returned to the forehead and the defect of the area used is covered with a skin graft from the thigh.

In from two to three months the monstrosity that was once a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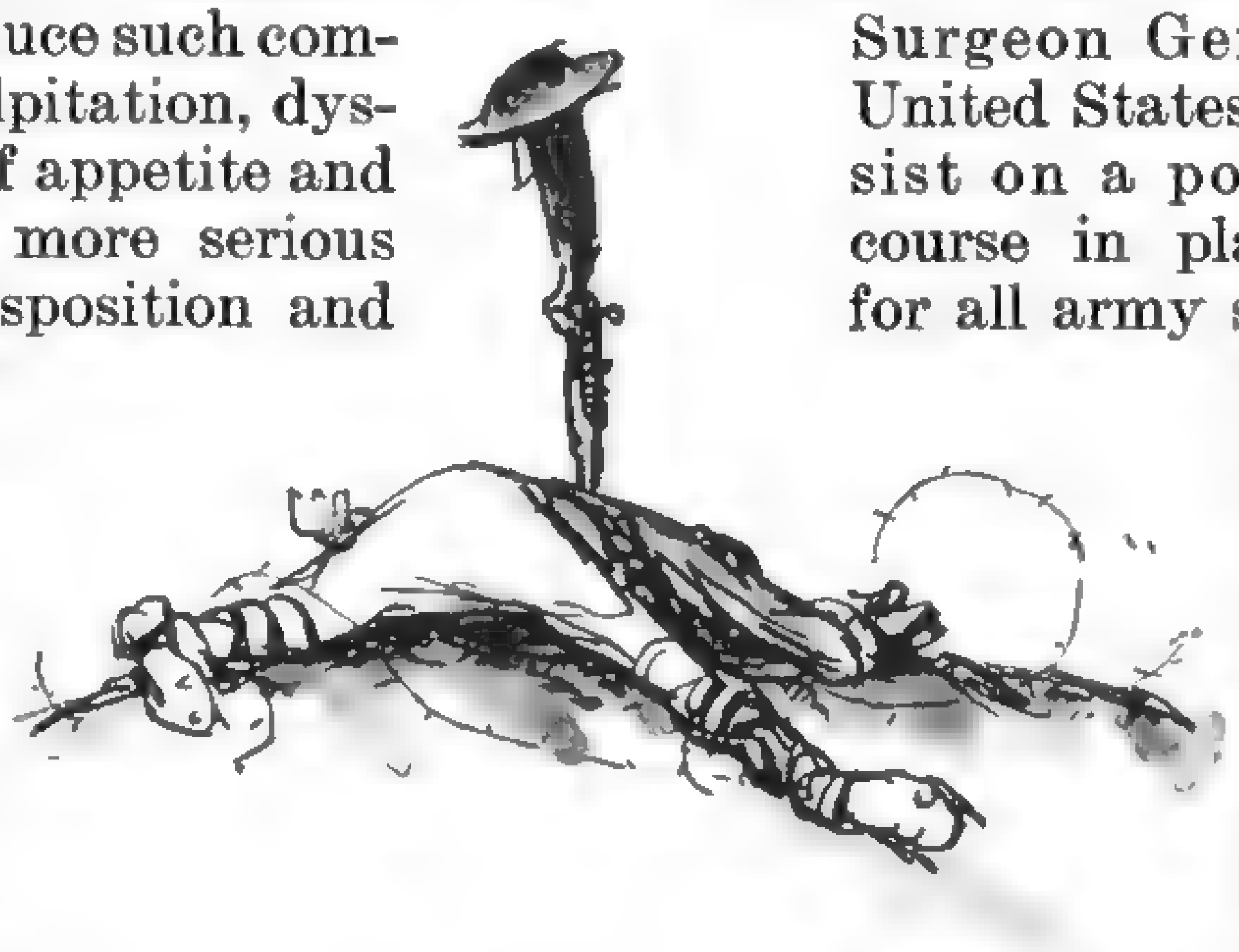
man will be again a man with normal features. It will, in fact, be difficult to realize that half of his nose had once been blown away.

After every outbreak of barbarism in the world a legion of unfortunates is forced to live on in a callous society which soon forgets that it is responsible for the distorted features which it shuns with a shudder of distaste. How then are these victims of the next war—men; yes, and women and children, too—to meet the demands of their fellows for normal appearance in those with whom they associate? The normality on which depends a rational adjustment to life will not be theirs. The benefits of group existence, so necessary even to survival—not to speak of security and contentment—will be denied them because of their repellent appearance.

In an attempt to minimize the disfigurement, some will try to assume positions which hide it. Energy which normally would go into constructive work, will be diverted into hopeless brooding and usually futile efforts at compensation.

Constant mental turmoil, worry and fear will finally exhaust the psychic reserve. Neuroses will develop which will lead to physical as well as psychic disturbances. Strong minds and bodies will be violently upset. Fatigue and anxiety will produce such complaints as palpitation, dyspepsia, loss of appetite and many other more serious maladies. Disposition and behavior will be affected adversely.



Some of these shattered survivors will resent society's discrimination against them so strongly that they will wage personal warfare against it. They will be forced to wrest from life such security and domination as is possible for them at the expense of their fellow men. Some men on the borderline, with latent criminal tendencies, may become active enemies of a society which discriminates against them through no fault of their own.

New problems of association, sex and occupation will face the war-maimed because of their facial non-conformity. Some of the comparatively thick-skinned victims will succeed in living independently, their egos being sturdy enough to ignore expressed or implied criticism.

They may carry on with shattered cheeks, grotesque noses and blasted skulls. But these will be in the minority.

The greater number will face insurmountable economic as well as social barriers. Satisfactory jobs will be hard to find for them. Some will be forced to do menial tasks for which they are congenitally unfit. Those who, before the war, were actors, musicians, salesmen, teachers, or in other professions will find the continued practice of their professions greatly handicapped.

It is difficult to change society. People will always react in the same way to beauty and ugliness as long as the race exists.

Important as will be the role of the plastic surgeon during the course of the next war, even greater will be his responsibilities after the war has run its mad course.

For he will offer the only salvation to those thousands who, were it not for his skill, must accept a lifetime of bondage as their sacrifice to the god of war. With the aid of the experienced surgeon, many of these thousands may be freed of their disfigurements, and, thus enabled to assume their natural characters, they will be returned from the realm of the half dead to the warm circle of the living.

As long as war preparedness seems vital in a world armed to the teeth, America must look at this problem from an utilitarian viewpoint. There must be more specialization in plastic surgery. There are far too few specialists in this field today to cope with the problems that will arise when the United States is forced into another war. There must be more and better trained plastic surgeons.

Would it not be wise for the Surgeon General of the United States Army to insist on a post-graduate course in plastic surgery for all army surgeons as a preparedness measure? The government can readily utilize eminent plastic surgeons to give the course. The services of many more such surgeons could be used to advantage even in peace-time. Hundreds of thousands of maladjusted persons whose unfortunate positions are due to facial deformities could secure from the greater number of surgeons the benefits, derived from rehabilitation of features and mind, now available to only a few.

Now, as in the future, whether with or without another World War, the plastic surgeon is becoming an increasingly significant force in the unceasing battle of human beings for normality.

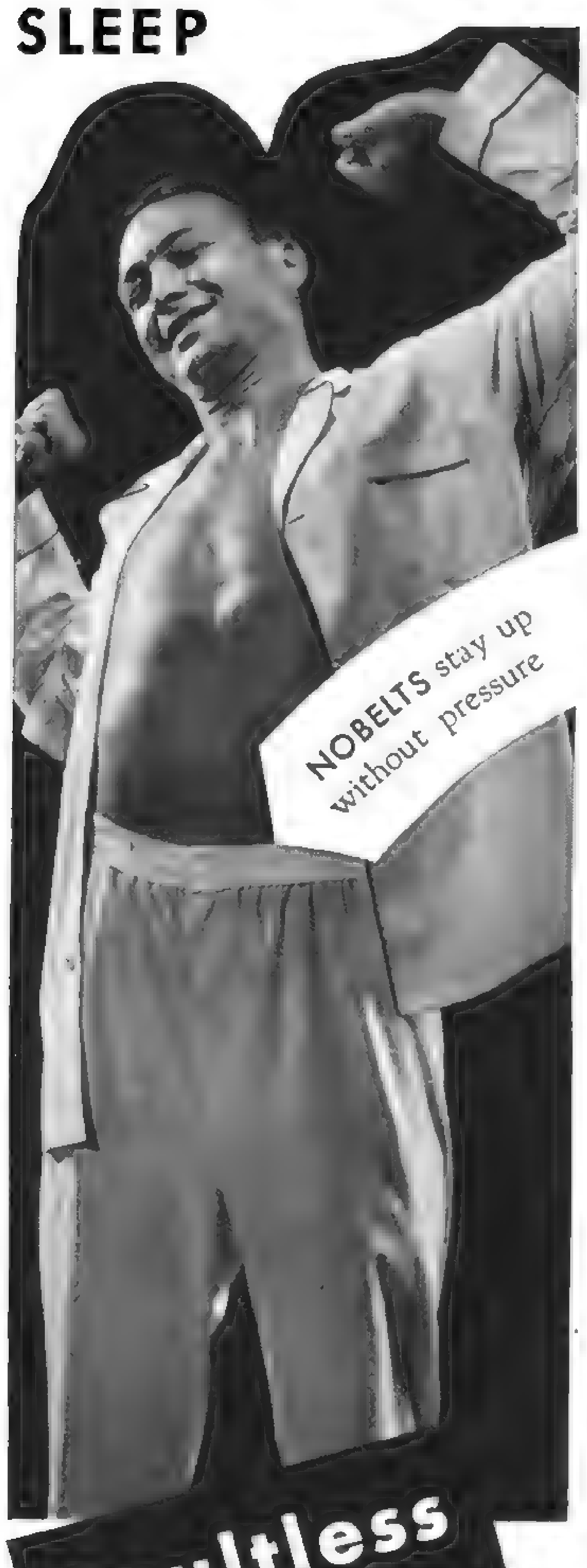
Unavoidable facial deformities arising in civil life from birth or accident are corrected daily in the operating room. Faces and souls are re-made.

But although unavoidable deformities can be reconstructed, must we class those produced by war with the unavoidable? Is it sane deliberately to blow up thousands and thousands of normal, youthful faces only to reconstruct them? ⌗

Wally Colbath

. . 3 times Intercollegiate Diving Champion . . . shows you how to get a

BETTER NIGHT'S SLEEP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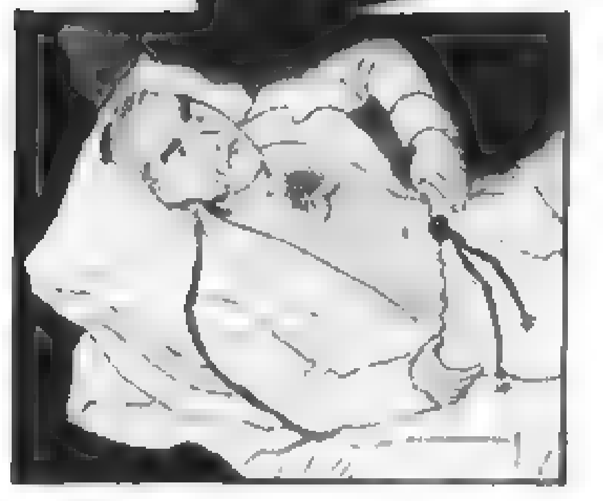

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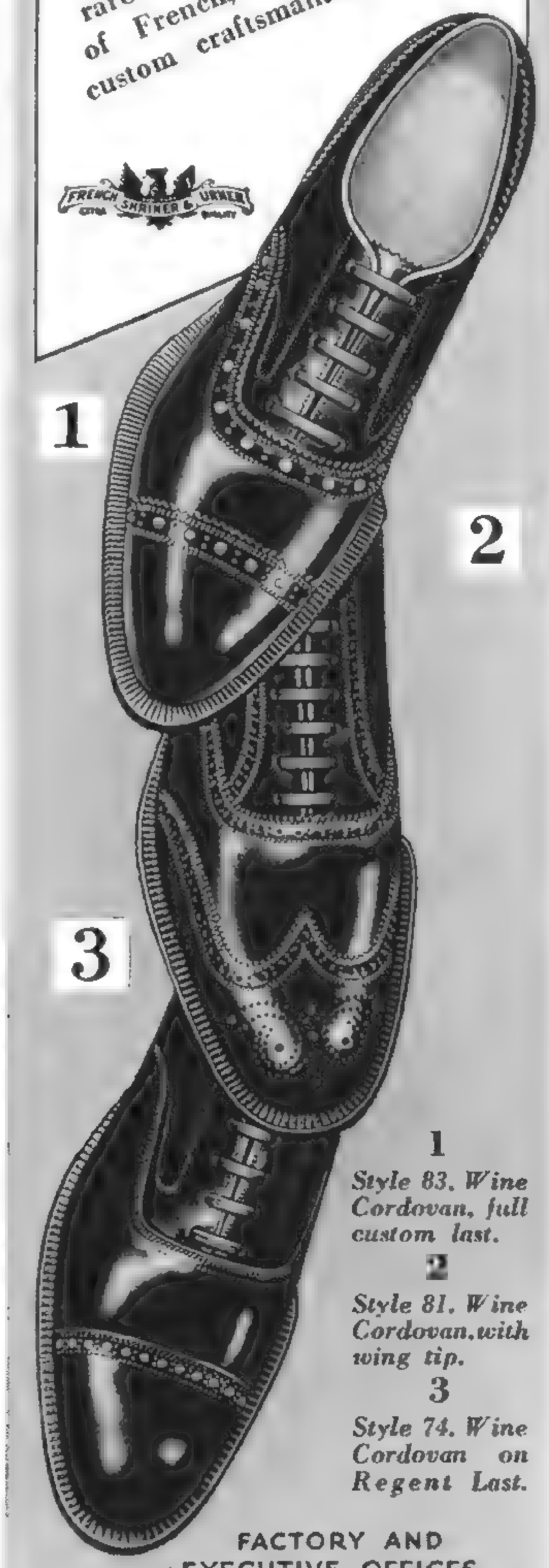

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Style 83. Wine Cordovan, full custom last.
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Style 81. Wine Cordovan, with wing tip.
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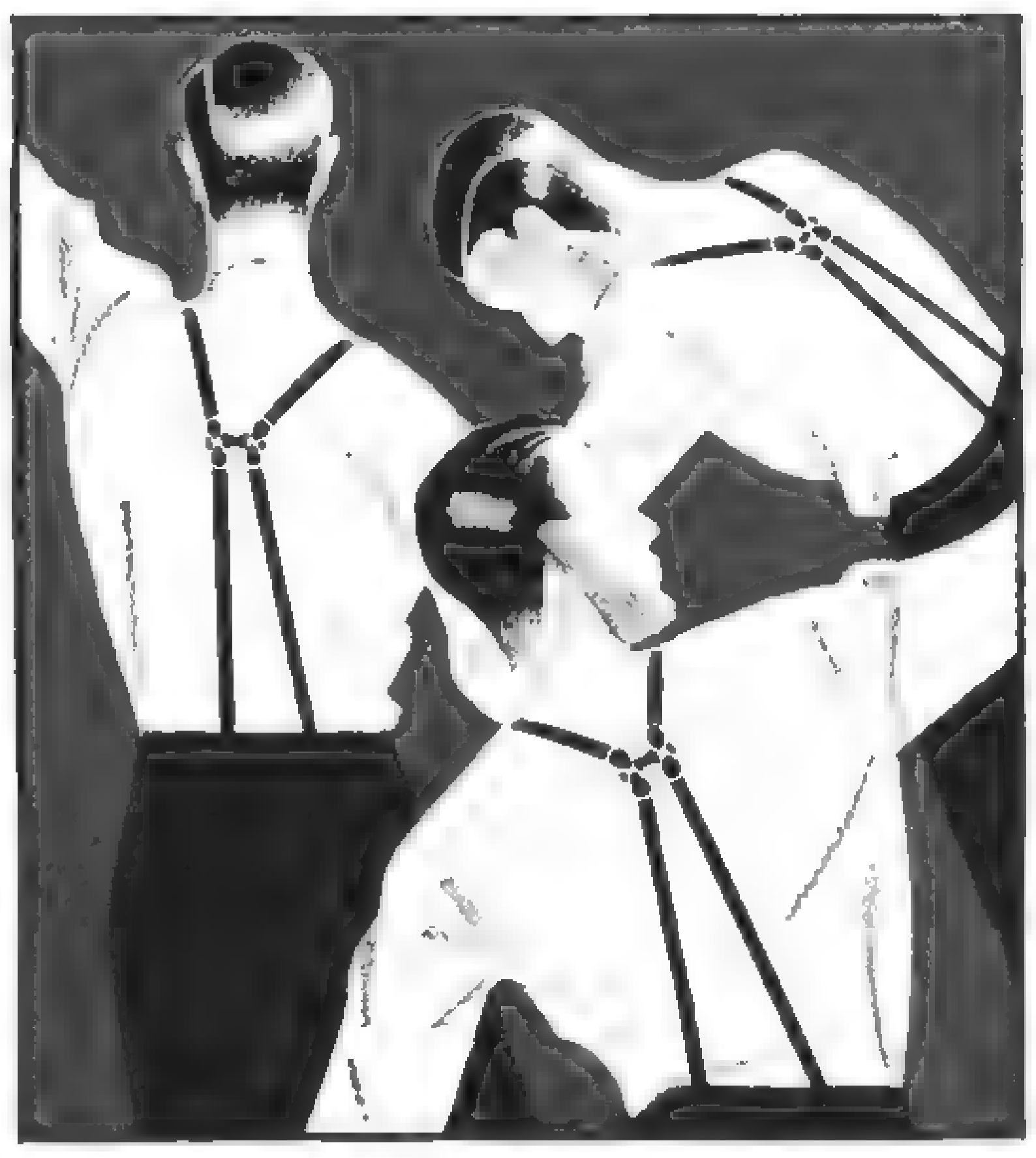

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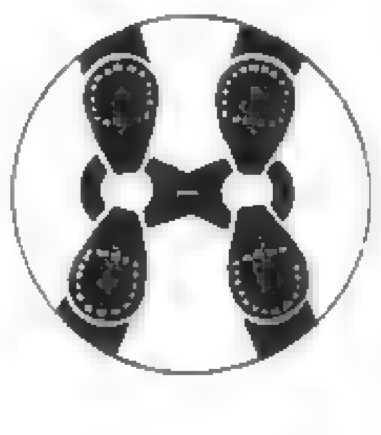

Leather Link Swivel Action Back

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Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 105

the performance was to be repeated in Los Angeles. A 7,000-mile trek just to witness a single showing of *The Taming of the Shrew* seemed a slightly mad gesture; so I made it. And I was convinced. The Coast responds mightily to Shakespeare at present. Some two thousand individuals braved the dew-drenched benches of the open-air Greek Theater upon that occasion, and chortled over a slapstick riot.

I greatly enjoyed the gusto of Mr. Rollo Peters, the dainty dexterity of Miss Peggy Converse, the general festival charm of the production. I suppose I am courting japes by recording any personal satisfaction, but that consideration cannot deter me from admitting that my interest in watching Miss Peggy Wood take wallops, falls and squawk-inspiring jabs from Petruchio's rapier was only surpassed by my admiration for the robust deftness, beauty and rich music of her Katharina. However, what was particularly cogent to The Theory was the composition of the audience. There were few "picture-names" in it; there was a goodish scattering of stage-folk, out there more or less temporarily in film-work; the overwhelming majority were normal, average people, many of whom were manifestly from the laboring classes. They, as well as I, all had a grand time.

The same sort of people, it is certain, will go in crowds to the glamorously boisterous version of *The Shrew* soon to be revealed, after spring touring success, in New York by Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne (whose name, will you and you please try to remember, is pronounced to rhyme with "can," not "Cain"—I don't want to have to speak about this again) and the pattern will further be worked out during the next few months by an extensive tour of Philip Merivale and Gladys Cooper in *Othello* and *Macbeth*—they ought to have enormous welcomes everywhere—and by that ado'ble Leslie Howard, followed by John Gielgud of the Old Vic, both doing Hamlet, though not, of course, in the same production.

I never see Hamlet without remembering Max Beerbohm's review of Sarah Bernhardt in the role. He was appalled by Sarah's apparent confusion in her conception of the Melancholy Dane. Hamlet, he said, is none the less a man because he is not consistently manly; and Bernhardt could be neither understood nor pardoned for presenting him as undisguisedly a woman. "One felt that Hamlet, as portrayed by her," he says in conclusion, "was, albeit neither melancholy nor a dreamer, at least a person of consequence and unmistakably 'thoro'bred'. Yes! the only compliment one can conscientiously pay her is that her Hamlet was, from first to last, *tres grande dame*." . . . By the same token, the ideal Hamlet might be one whose masculinity is tinctured with a dash of the feminine; perfection could thus be found only in one who is *un peu jeune fille*.

As for the other Shakespearean dramas which, according to Dr. Mitchell's schedule, must inevitably come rushing in to round out the Theory, I for one would enjoy seeing such novelties as Paul Robeson's *Othello*, Walter Huston's *King Lear*, Paul Whiteman (who could, I suspect, build himself up again from his present litheness) as Falstaff, *The Merchant of Venice* played as a knockabout musical show with a comic Shylock and a cutie Portia, and *Julius Caesar* with Edward G. Robinson in the title role, Clark Gable as Brutus, and Charlie Butterworth as the lean Cassius.

For the blow-off of that ideal season, I offer a suggestion which long has haunted me. There used to be a person in vaudeville which made up one side of its body as a lady, the other side as a gent. When the female façade was turned toward the audience, the person sang soprano; when the male side was on view, it roared a resounding baritone. Now, good Romeos are apparently impossible to find, while excellent Juliets are in abundance. Any one of several actresses could score the triumph of the century by following the example of that vaudeville artist by playing *both* Romeo *and* Juliet!

Such an achievement would surely give the Depression its *coup de grace*. Surely it might offset any number of dejected and dejecting efforts like those which have so far attempted, without avail, to dent the Rialto gloom. There was, for instance, a humble musicale called *Smile at Me*, which betrayed nothing but its producer's faith in its ability to entertain. There was a thin slumgullion called *Moon Over Mulberry Street*—the manager, I fear, will soon do all the mooning. *A Slight Case of Murder* reveals how sadly astray two experts like Howard Lindsay and Damon Runyon can go.

However, pleasures and thrills are, it seems certain, just around the corner. From Philadelphia come loud praises of Al Wood's approaching murder-trial opera, in which the jury, drawn from the audience, renders a different verdict every evening. From Boston emanate ecstatic yodelings concerning the Dietz-Schwartz revue, *At Home Abroad*, containing such guarantees of joy as Bee Lillie, Ethel Waters, the Six Spirits of Rhythm, and the almost complete removal of Raymond Knight's material. While *Paths of Glory*, just before it opens, looks like another *What Price Glory*, only more devastating. . . . This coming season may be the most exciting in a decade—from which Shakespeare shall finally lead us into a brave new Dawn. ⌗

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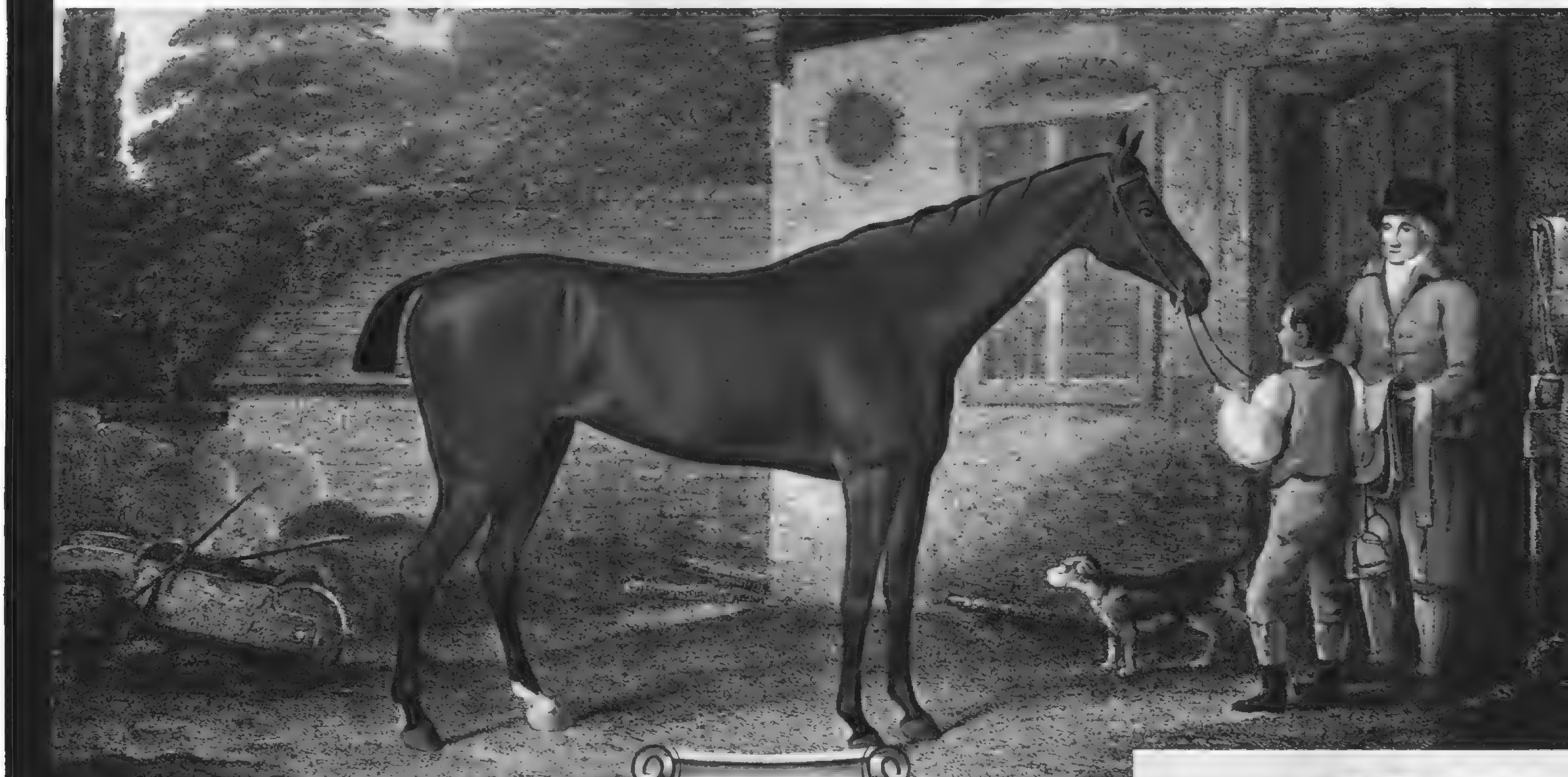

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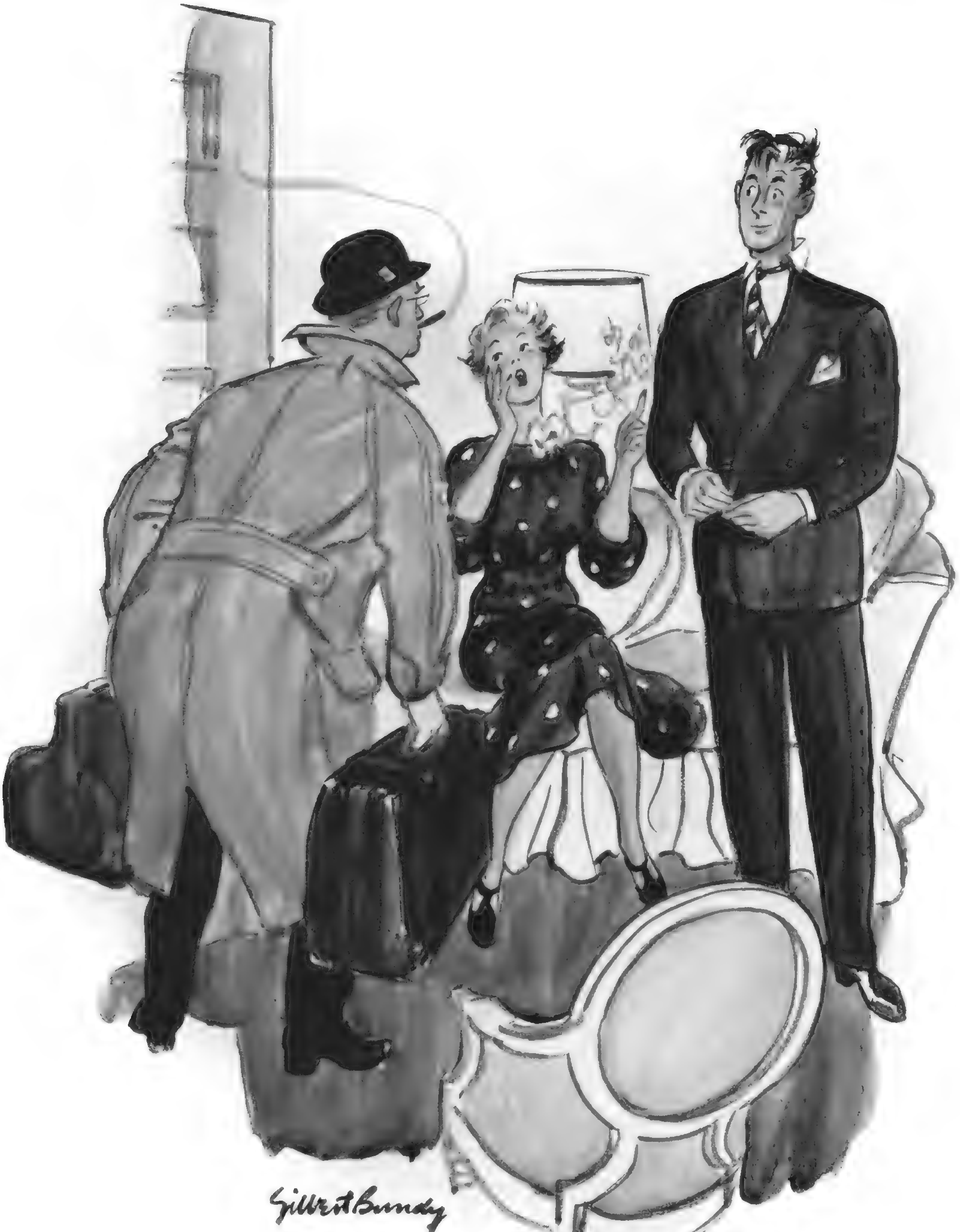

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

THAT BROWN OCTOBER TASTE

I've been holding off writing to you till something really came up that was worth it and here it is.

October number was the best reading of the lot until I hit page 155 and decided to save you from a terrible fate. I even had a dream of women's hats carrying off the Esquire plant—R. I. P. "The magazine for men."

A man can give a woman perfume and get away with it. Some men (?) even use it themselves. So there's an excuse for that. But women's hats! Just picture yourself bringing home a hat to the little woman—words fail me.

Don't tell me you have to eat, etc. You won't starve without the femware ads, and you will, if you continue taking them, for you will have to have fem-articles to get the response, and there goes your magazine for men.

Please keep "the best of them all," the way it was when I started reading it (gawd has it been two years?)

Now for a little salve. One of the best numbers so far, *Rape of Rhona* by Will. F. Berry was an example of finesse in Short Story writing and the best in the book. Let's have more of Bill.

I was hoping you would publish *And Sudden Death*—everybody else has and should.

Your articles were fine with the exception of one on Louis Armstrong. Tell Hymie we speak English and read it. Let's have more of Campbell and Petty. Please publish this and let your readers know that there is someone who is out to save their main pleasure for them—reading Esquire.

Gratefully,
Philadelphia, Pa. Elmer Green

P. S.—Keep this away from the ad dept. till it is in and too late to do anything about it.

BLESSINGS ON A BAREFOOT BOY

I've written one letter to Eskie before but it was a test case. It was a simple and short plug for the mag generally but you guys are so broad minded that you enjoy printing letters from the knockers which seems to be the formula for crashing the *Sound and Fury*.

Many times I've been on the verge of writing in a plug for Hemingway and his fish yarns. I can identify two kinds of fish: (1) the catfish, and, (2) the goldfish, but my ignorance of fish has never diminished my affection for the things that Hemingway writes. As far as I'm concerned Hemingway could write about anything under the sun and it would please and affect me immensely. In the September *Sound and Fury*, Mr. J. M. Sauer of Detroit has placed his finger on the Hemingway secret and he would understand the episode I'm about to relate. Not so long ago I met a man in Washington who lived in Key West. He started talking about Key West and after he had informed me that the actinic content of the sun's rays was greater in Key West than at any other point in the world I interrupted him with, "But what about Hemingway? As far as I'm concerned Hemingway put Key West on the map. Have you ever seen him?" The man had and he said he knew E. H. He even had the temerity to call him "Ernest." He described him and his description jibed with the Hemingway picture alongside the 319 lb. tuna in the August Slap Happy article. He concluded the description with the information that "Ernest" (that's what he called him, with shocking familiarity) sometimes wore no socks when he went walking on the streets of Key West. Later I told a friend who is likewise a Hemingway addict. We both understood and were impressed by the fact that Hemingway sometimes wore no socks when he went walking on the streets of Key West. A third party who heard the conversation thought we were nuts.

I had just made up my mind to write in a letter to *S & F* panning the stale virgins and the unsexed high-school-principal type of men who were panning Hemingway when E. H. took a rap at the Flog Groggies himself.

So I just wanted to let you know that more than one subscriber likes and is affected by Hemingway. I'll be happy if some one in your office reads this and I really don't give a period of horizontal relief whether you print it or not.

Very truly yours,
Hastings-on-Hudson J. C. Barnett

THEY SHALL NOT PASS—THE AD SECTION

I received my October issue this morning. Found out about the women's ads five minutes later. Wrote a very vituperative letter ten minutes later. Tore it up.

BEWARE
OF
WOMEN

This is another of those first letters. Esquire is the only magazine published that I feel personally interested in to the extent of trying to change it. I have read every issue—most of them from cover to cover. I feel this gives me a right to speak.

Your policy of a magazine of men, by men, and for men has netted you an enormous circulation and a great deal more advertising than you expected. Don't you see that printing women's ads is the first step in taking away our magazine? You have enough advertising so that you can refuse those ads without going into the red.

You see, it is not very much of a step to take a woman's ad. Then it is only a slightly larger step to have an article—probably mannish—addressed to women. Then one by a woman. Then you can fire Hemingway, take off the magazine for men byline and hire Faith Baldwin to write you some love stories.

Don't let yourself be dazzled by the money. In the long run it will cost you more than it's worth. People are paying 50c for Esquire because its unique and offers something they can't get elsewhere. Once you lose this quality 50c will soon be too much. People will go back to the old cheaper magazines. Think it over and see if you don't agree.

Now that I've started writing I might as well do a complete job. Don't let anyone bamboozle you into stopping the Hemingway articles. Admitted that they are not as good as what he once wrote—still they are by far the best single feature your magazine offers. Hemingway is far more popular than *Sound & Fury* would have you believe.

Your fiction is very important. You should remember, however, that not all Type III fiction is necessarily good. Some of your stories are the purest imitative tripe — words, but nothing behind them. On the other hand some of them are masterful. Can you get more by Gorky? It's worth the price, whatever that may be. A story or two or fifty by Hemingway would be my idea of Utopia.

The cartoons, of course, are good. The September and October Petty drawings aren't much good. I wish Hoff would sign his stuff.

I wish you took the accuracy of your factual articles more seriously. I think that any brilliance of style or wit is greatly discounted when the facts and details cannot be trusted. Of course, this only refers to the informative type of article. I wish you would resume Ezra Pound's articles. How about some poetry by him? I approve of your policy of having both sides of any controversy, but printing that Sokolsky article was too much. You yourself must have seen that this was the purest tripe. He states as facts and premises the most ridiculous theories. He offers no proof other than his bombastic verbiage. Not one single logical deduction does he make to support his theory. I have never read a more ridiculous article. I'm a capitalist, by the way. But to pit such a man against Sinclair's brilliant article—I can't say any more.

Let's have more Dreiser. More Walter Brooks. More fashions.

A few random observations: Eskie makes a good cover. I'm not much on art, but I don't care particularly for John Groth. T. S. Eliot would be a good addition to your poetry section. Which is really good. Even Cummings.

It's about time for me to sign off. And I wish you'd take what I said about the women's ads seriously.

Very sincerely yours,
Dudley B. Tenney
Bexley, Columbus, Ohio

FOR TING READ POO

While it may be a little bit late, the only excuse that I have is that I have been catching up on back numbers as well as keeping in touch with the current issues.

In the issue of May 1934, I find the story of *Little Angevine* by William McFee a very interesting story, but it is spoiled by the knowledge that the writer knows nothing about the Chinese. He persists in referring to Ting Poo as "Ting". Ting is the family name and no Californian would call him "Ting." His designation would be "Poo."

Outside of that Esquire is the goods and I am for it. Suffice to say that I lived in Chicago and played with Julian Street and his little sister Missie and remember when Edwin Balmer was just a West Side punk.

Yours very truly,
Turlock, Calif. C. A. Bosworth

Editor's Note: *There are times when it seems that a copy of* Esquire, *like England's second Charles, is an unconscionably long time a-dying.*

HEM AGREES, IN PART

It has always seemed to me that if all the people who write letters to Editors were laid end to end it would be a very fine thing because you would then have flat on their backs the world's most contemptible people, in a very nice position to exterminate them once and for all. However, that doesn't put me in a very good light, does it? But let me explain that this is my first offense.

So saying, we will not settle down to the grim business of my complaint, which seems to be the conventional thing for all good Letter-to-the-Editor writers to do. It's this guy Hemingway who bothers me. This particular gent has always been listed as one of my favorites and his *Farewell to Arms* has always been considered one of my most enjoyed books; but these fish stories he's been putting out are just a little too much. I agree with a lot of your other gripers that they could be omitted from your publication and no one would miss them unless it would be the linotype operators, who would give a unanimous sigh of relief.

Wilfred Guenther
Huntington, W. Va.

ANYWAY, THE CHUTE WAS GUARANTEED

I think if Eskie doesn't pull the rip cord soon he will not be in the next magazine.

Long Beach, Calif. Edward Moses
(9 years old)

Editor's Note: *He pulled it just as you looked away.*

GOODBY TO BUSBIES

I am enclosing herewith the page-proof of a story we are running in our next issue. I don't expect you to read the damn thing; but the gist of it and the purport of this letter is this: Your cartoonists are going to have to look around for another subject so far as the English Guardsmen and their hirsute hats are concerned. No longer should you picture the sturdy sentry standing outside his telephone booth (which the French, God love 'em, space at more convenient intervals) explaining that his wife borrowed his busby for a muff, and therefore he was reduced to the wearing of one of Queen Mary's bonnets.

King George probably got tired of seeing Esky picture his Coldstreamers using those fur bennies for everything but thunder-mugs. At all events, on Saturday, August 24th (Happy St. Bartholomew's Day in France), they picked up those animated statues guarding the London Palaces, redcoats, shakoes and all, and carted them away. The Royal Marines are doing the job now (it was about the only job they didn't have, and they had to keep Kipling honest), which will be a great blow to brother Van Buren and others of his guild. The Royal Marines wear a white helmet with a spike on top, but unfortunately the spike isn't pointed, which reduces the possible point of any joke. But I've always found artists to be ingenious fellows, and perhaps they can get around this situation somehow.

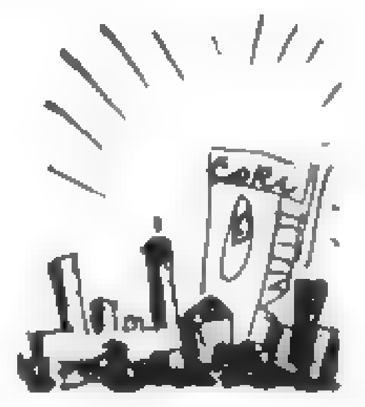
Here's hoping they do.

Sincerely yours,
Frank H. Rentfrow,
Managing Editor
Washington, D. C. *The Leatherneck*

YOU TAKE A BREATH; YOU'RE FLOORED

Take a deep breath, boys! This one will probably floor you.
Esquire Is Giving Us Too God-damned Much For Our Money!

Here's my complaint, and my fellow-sufferers are probably legion in number. I see Jean one night a week (more when she lets me)—I generally knock around during the week-end taking in a play or a movie—and then did it ever occur to you fellows that you're not the Alpha and Omega of literature—that books are being published every day which are fairly screaming to be read.



Well how in hell's a guy gonna keep step with these "little" things in Life when anything as colossal as Esquire looms up on the horizon every fifteenth of the month to overwhelm us with so much stuff?

Many a time, out of sheer desperation, I've dashed your magazine to the floor (at the great risk of inflicting a hernia on myself) and gone back to finish some book which I'd neglected because Eskie had butt in. Then something would happen—I'd remember that I hadn't read that Seldes article, I'd begin to ruminate on the possibilities that maybe Hemingway's a little better this month and I ought to try him—and Presto! I'm back at Esquire again.

God knows I'm not a bloated plutocrat, but you can have my half a buck gladly for a lot less than you're giving us now—all I ask is that you grant us poor guys a breathing spell between issues.

Sincerely,
New York City Louis S. Warshaw

Editor's Note: *We feel fairly helpless in the face of this—about all we can suggest is that you let Jean keep your copies at her house.*

Continued on page 172

. . . YOU'LL WANT ONE *on sight*

This 3-pint cocktail shaker is a beauty, in the modern style—all shining satin-ray aluminum (or chromium, if you care to pay a little more), with contrasting red-and-black bakelite trim. (A handsome gift to keep in mind for Christmas, by the way—the ladies like it too, for cocktail parties.) It not only catches the eye . . . but also makes good in a practical way, with many special features you have always wanted in a shaker.

. . . *and after a week,* YOU'LL SWEAR BY IT

1. Jigger cap measures the voltage. **2.** Non-clogging strainer ends delays in serving; screw-on feature of top says "nay" to leakage. **3.** Extra wide top lets you dash in for thorough cleaning. **4.** Bakelite top and bottom protect your hands from chilling. **5.** The whole combination pours without clogging or spilling.

tipple TUMBLER

The Modern, Practical Cocktail Shaker
$2.95 to $4.50
Packed in handsome gift box.

WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO.
GIFT WARE

Free Booklet on Drinks You Should Know

TIPPLE TIPS is a deluxe booklet of 60 recipes for cocktails, highballs, coolers, fizzes, etc. Present this coupon to your favorite *drug store, jewelry store, gift shop, men's shop, or department store,* for a free copy they will gladly get for you — or send 10c directly to West Bend Aluminum Co., West Bend, Wis.

Name..

Address..

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-171

ESQUIRE AMONG THE VIKINGS' DAUGHTERS

I hereby make the claim of being the first person to introduce Esquire into Iceland. If I'm wrong in this, skip down to the P. S., which I know will interest you, but if not, let me tell you how it happened.

You see, my wife and I were making one of our annual cruises to the North Cape a while ago (the same cruise, by the way, on which Sig Spaeth was doing some tune detecting and Mrs. Sig was editing the ship's gossip sheet) when we came to Reykjvik, Iceland, where we happen to know some charming and sophisticated native ladies—not the proverbial Eskimos, but some Real people—just the kind that go for Esky in the States. After we had entertained these daughters of the Vikings on board we wanted to give them a souvenir of some sort, a gift from home that would be new and different for them. We hauled out the usual cigarettes and French perfumes and fresh salted peanuts and cocktail crackers, etc., and all the other things that we take for granted but which mean so much to lovely ladies isolated in Iceland most of the year around; when Yours Truly had an inspiration: I thought of my new copy of Esquire that I had bought the day we sailed. Well it couldn't have been better. The girls had never seen one before; and if those particular Icelanders had never seen Esquire I am willing to bet that *no one* on the island ever had. The squeals of joy that issued from the aforesaid ladies upon glancing at the cartoons and titles of the articles would have done your heart good. They said they would take it ashore and read it from cover to cover and then start circulating it around among their friends. I'll bet by now Esky has visited every home in Reykjvik. And I'll also bet that everyone of those Iceland folk have seen it and like it as much as we do here at home, for there are some pretty bright people up in Iceland, strange as it may seem. . . .

And so I claim the honor of being the first person to introduce Esquire into a rather remote part of the globe. Do I get a vote of thanks from the Board of Editors and Circulation Manager; or is this old stuff? At any rate,

Skoal,
Howard B. MacDonald
Yonkers, N. Y.

P.S.—Here is my check for a year's subscription and send it to the above address, commencing with the next issue.

Editor's Note: *Seems an artist named Kent took some copies up that way last year, but anyway, skoal.*

TROLLING FOR TOLERANCE

Well it's like this. If some of the subscribers to The Sound and the Fury would go out to sea in a small boat, where they could sit with a trolling rig over side, for a few days in the broiling sun, and do some of the thinking that intrudes on one at such times, they would get themselves a viewpoint that would make them more tolerant, more appreciative and broader minded.

It might just possibly give them more horse-sense as well as to induce them to be more reticent about rushing into print with asinine criticisms. You don't need to print this—I've seen my name often enough (on notes and checks) that it fails to thrill me. I like "Hem"—better as he goes.

I like Major Paul Brown plenty—may he write long and prosper.

The one thing that is the hardest to get a slant on is, why you always pick out some writer or pseudo writer, whose only delight seems to be in the maltreating and distortion of the English language, or in making a thought or lack of it, so damned obtuse that no one but a magazine editor has the slightest idea of what they are trying to say. My conception of the aforementioned editor being that he is a combination psychiatrist, publicity man, and godfather to writers, who through a life time spent among them, knows what they have on their minds, no matter what they say or how they say it.

Hoff is hot—keep him that way. Any one who considers himself wise enough to criticize him should be able to recognize his work without a label.

These Sound and Fury birds all buy Esquire because they like it. Follow their suggestions and none of us will like it.

Lee Bear
Stockton, Calif.

TORQUEMADA PRESCRIBES

Your curiosity-teasing article on Mr. Torquemada of England is one of the best delineations to date of that mysterious personage. For the past year he has been reviewing detective novels and thrillers in the London *Observer;* and in *The Fortnightly Review* for July gives a brief and entertaining summary of his year's findings. *The Observer* for August 18 in its annual listing of the year's recommended books (August, 1934-August, 1935), includes Torquemada's choice of the half-dozen best detective novels of the year. Your readers may be interested in his selections, which are as follows:

Obelists Fly High, by C. Daly King.

Death Follows a Formula, by Newton Gayle.

The Scandal of Father, by G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. Fortune Objects, by H. C. Bailey.

Death in the Clouds, by Agatha Christie.

They Wouldn't be Chessmen, by A. E. W. Mason.

Yours truly,
J. E. Conway-Ayrson
Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

APPRECIATION AND A PREDICTION

Esquire's departments don't get their full meed in *S. & F.* They're swell. Personally, I'm all for extending Rascoe's five minutes to ten. Incidentally, do the ad depts. of book publishers fancy that Esquire's readers confine their purchases exclusively to likker and clothes. And John V. A. Weaver was swell. (Also the Editor's foot note to him.) Ernest Hemingway's *Notes on the Next War* was grand, also his *Monologue to the Maestro.* And those stamp cuts actually bounded their respective matter. I'd long wondered what the stamp ads meant by a "Goya Nude". *Why is a Tenor* is probably October's best article. You just know *Readers Digest* is going to nab *Money In Accidents.*

Only four suicides in Oct. Esquire: the Depression must be lifting. Still and all, something has to happen or there wouldn't be any story. The happiest nations have no history. *Father Forgive Me* was real enough to be labeled Fact; what you call absorbing, gets first vote. *Rape of Rhona, Sour Puss, Old Injun Joe,* more than balance the suicides. Of course you have to have variety, but something more attractive might have been expected from such a good-looking feller as Robt. Tod Struckman. Lajos Zilahy mighty clever and original.

It was a shock to find in Dreiser's *Mark Twain* that the author of *An American Tragedy* (I never read a more impressive novel) had actually "laughed and laughed." But he reassures us that this unseemly proceeding took place at a very early age. Presumably it was a first and only offence of the kind that Mr. Dreiser has been guilty of, judging by his writings. Wilstach's interview with Richard LeGallienne was swell, too. Hope he does some more.

Altamont, N. Y. O. A. Williamson

PUT YOUR HANDS DOWN: YOU SHOULDN'T

Frankly, and without any display of fury against what I consider a mess of drivel you publish regularly, I marvel that you go *on* and *on.* Hasn't it occurred to you by this time through the comment of your readers in the Sound and Fury (a stupid and inane department in itself) that there is *something* wrong with your stuff? Time and again I have read comments on the *good* art work and the general make-up of the magazine and the *poor* lot of things you publish under the cloak of "fiction" or "article."

I've read things so incredibly impossible that the most gullible imagination in the world would stand right up and scream murder at some of the—to put it lightly—far fetched, weird stories, you publish. It seems so futile to continue the practice of "finding" new authors merely to "find" them. Aren't the readers entitled to a break, considering the fact that a half dollar is plenty money to plunk out these days for what should be at least entertaining if it boasts of no other virtue? I've read too, pros and cons concerning the title you display on the cover—A *Magazine for Men.*

I can assure you that I am quite representative of what a "man" should be—and I was pleased to think that a magazine that catered to a man's tastes and steered clear of anything bordering on the feminine was in existence. But for some unknown reason, the editorial staff seems to be of the opinion that a "man" is a combination of a lascivious nitwit and an addle-headed fop who follows the fashions you outline—and reads Hemingway to absorb some real he-man atmosphere. (And Hemingway might just as well tend to his fishing and forget that he never was meant to pound a typewriter.)

And in spite of all this, you *have* some good things, but they are so few and far between that any logical-minded person would hesitate a long time before renewing a subscription and wading through the usual mass of bilge and refined filth in the hope of finding fifty cents worth of worth-while material.

If you are under the impression that I am panning your publication, you're right—but I'm doing so because I think you could make something fine and interesting out of what you have now. Eliminate the things your subscribers have told you to over and over again—and which *I* do now, and then you'll be getting somewhere. This is meant as a constructive criticism in spite of the fact that it sounds like nothing more than a pageful of knocks. I'd really like to subscribe again, but you may picture me holding my hands up in despair and saying, "Why should I?"

Very truly yours,
Roland Wolfe
New York City, N. Y.

UNREFRESHING SLEEP

I am forced out of a seven months' lay-off from writing you by John Cournos' *Second Honeymoon* of your October issue.

The story opens, "Tom Derrick, unrefreshed after a night's sleep. . . ." And then the sixth paragraph begins, "He had passed a sleepless night."

This may seem unimportant to you, but it has become a very troublesome puzzle to me. In fact, I have given it so much thought that now I can't sleep either.

Did he or did he not get any sleep? Or was the guy playing possum?

New York City, N. Y. —Sleepless

ONLY THE KNOWING CAN AFFORD TO BE CASUAL

You and your readers remind me of a pack of kids who have just discovered something they had all the time but didn't appreciate it was there! The way you call one another sons-of-bitches—tripe—spawn—bastards and crap is not even funny — You are just playing at a game that has been played since eternity—only you lack in originality.

My husband and self subscribe to twelve of the higher-priced magazines. A couple are supposed to be humorous —but yours is just plain funny. I really don't get time to read ESQUIRE —too busy trying to keep *au courant.* Get as far as SOUND AND FURY and am exhausted.

I'll try and read your *Washing the Hands* article today. Since it is considered such a classic that your readers clamor to have it bound or framed or something. If you accepted women writers I could tell you one about the over-courteous Frenchman who graciously doffed a well-ironed silk hat to me—when all I could see of him was his head and his feet. His middle, fortunately was hidden from view by an iron band cluttered up with French posters.

Besides our magazines, my husband and self revel in a very worth-while library — containing besides the classics, a long list of first editions (our hobby) and I have read in the unexpurgated originals probably every French, German and English book of any worth—and some translations!!

If your clientele of travelling salesmen had ever read the *Memoirs of Saint-Simon, The Arabian Nights*, etc., etc., they would not get so unduly excited over the salacious and powerastic yarns retailed in ESQUIRE. None of them are new—and none of them gain in the retailing. You might as well compare a Corot with a Bull Durham sign before or after the law stepped in.

Have first editions of Hemingway and knew and liked him before most of your readers probably ever heard of him. In *The Sun Also Rises*, I believe, he painted two eternally beautiful pictures. One where he described drinking out of the skin flagons while on a jaunt over the Pyrenees—the other a trout-fishing scene—especially where he wrapped the luscious trout in the more lush ferns. Haven't had time to read his letters. Maybe he has deteriorated—can't say—but I haven't known an American yet (I'm American) who hasn't prostituted his art for lucre. I really haven't read through an article since Montague Glass died—so I suppose I am not in a position to criticize ESQUIRE. But insist I will read *Washing the Hands* today. Hope you continue making a lot of money—but don't wear yourselves out at the game. Some types of sports often lead to disastrous results.

Very truly yours,
CASUAL READER
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The French, German and English books of any worth—tell us, are there many?*

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

Will you, if you can, explain why Hoff's name was washed out on all of his cartoons in September ESQUIRE? Every now and then, in looking over your cartoons, my good wife says, "That one is too deep for me." Today my five-year-old daughter ups and says, "Daddy, ESQUIRE pictures are too deep for Mother, but they aren't too deep for me!"

Keep up the good work. Esky helps me to forget the Depression and what's wrong with the American Legion.

Sincerely,
Oakland, Calif. LARRY GROSS

WE'RE JUST AN OLD FAMILY CUSTOM

Since buying ESQUIRE my mind is no longer my own. Scarcely an hour passes but that someone comes trolloping around with the eternal question, "May I borrow your new ESQUIRE?" My grandmother will sit in the corner and sulk for hours if she doesn't get the first whack at it. My mother equally as bad insists on tearing out Petty's latest rather than corrupt the family morale. My father is kept busy rooting in various receptacles vainly searching for said copy. My sisters shock the neighborhood continually in attempting to impersonate the feminine concoctions appearing monthly.

Yes all in all it is a sorry scene, and with me alas nowhere in sight. But I live in hope, and who knows perhaps I may yet some day be able to tell my grandchildren that I once read an ESQUIRE magazine from cover to cover—'Tis a pleasant thought.

Yours for fifty-five cents
ROBERT J. R. KERR
Toronto, Ont.

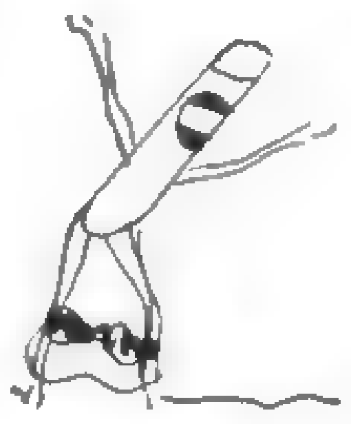
WE SEASON OUR ARTICLES

The wail of Jack Warner, Jr., in *Sound and Fury* in your August issue about my polo article is more or less justified, though I'll have to hang the bird on you. The story was written and accepted in December, not published until June. It was in the interval that the coast schools he mentions began going in heavily for polo. U. S. C. had played before but was not in the U. S. Intercollegiate Polo Assn., on which my story was hung. However, this complaint is really proof of my thesis, which was that colleges everywhere are warming up to polo as never before.

Sincerely yours,
Pasadena, Calif. BOB FOOTE

DEVOTIONALS OF A NYMPHOLEPT

That Lucky Strike gal—with the photographic charms of a nepenthe nymph—how is it she remains to be seen only for Lucky Strike? Where, I demand, are the eyes of Mac and Hecht—of the Hollywood mohicans? Those, you know, are the proverbial lips, in peaches and cream, below melting eyes, framed by curling gold, soft with dew. And only she could have that nose—a nose as thoroughly pug and patrician as an English-Irish bull-dawg's, too. Fur-more, as the camera-eye has seen to tell, the lovely rest of her is not at all only an exquisite bust; and the imagination lingers on, too. Incidentally, she must be the idle-eyed image which Petty almost gets down on paper—except that he has evidently never even imagined her classic face.

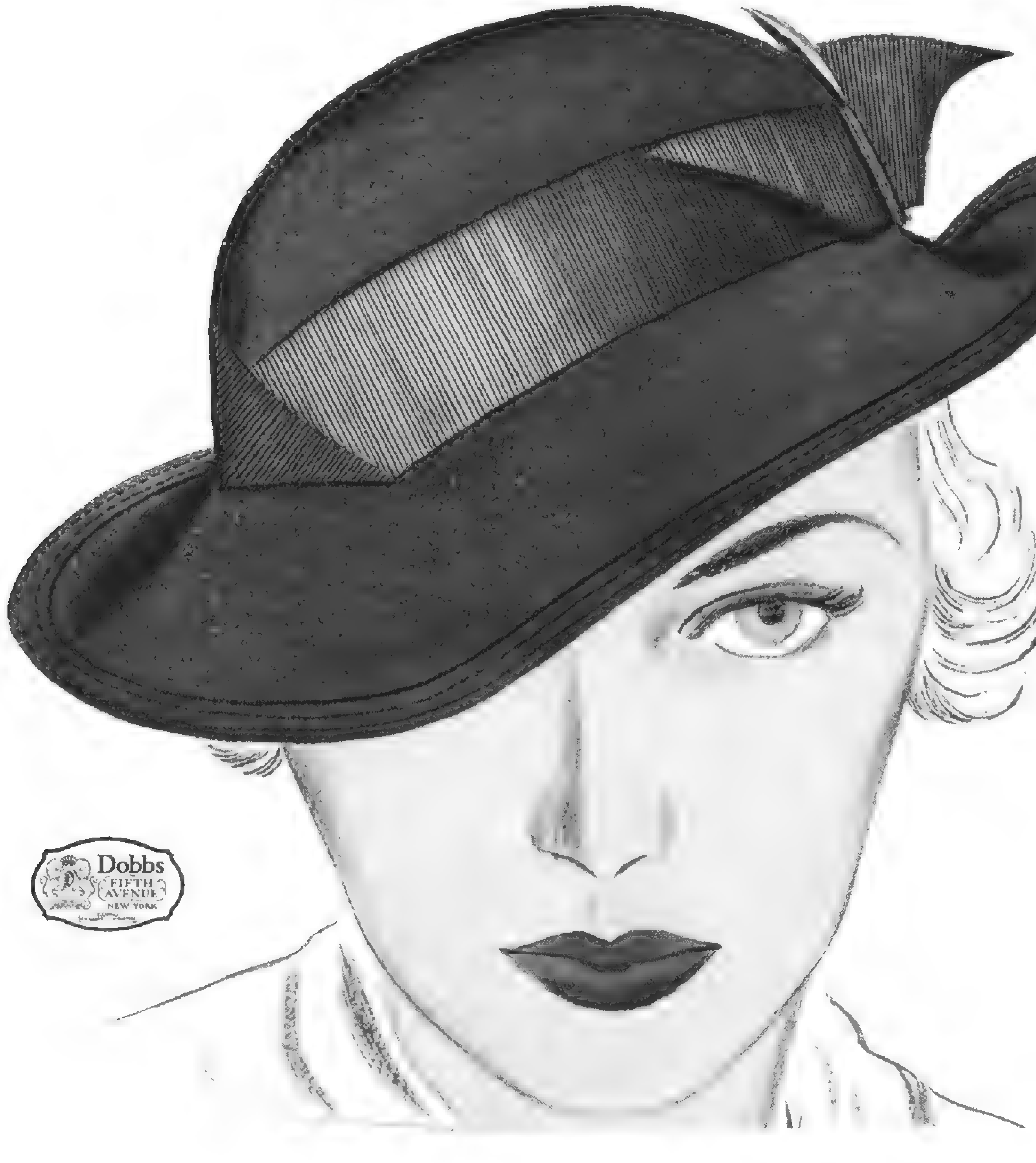


Who was it said the world, at least half of it, takes you at your face value? I, however, for one, am one and for all for putting a more attractive, and less exclusive, valuation on the lass of golden mien, whose lips make me (and maybe you) of rock candy and other sweet stuffs—as she looks in the Lucky ad. Her brown eyes, shadowy, make me think of Keats' whispering of Autumn forests. Only—I know she is more earthy stuff than that. Wagner may have been trying to explain her. But mostly she recalls plantation days, langorous and warm, full of melody. Or a field of ripening wheat. It is all there; you only need to look again.

Reverently yours,
DAVID GORDON
Denver, Colo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If you looked again, and maybe again, do you suppose she might make you think of a cigarette?*

Continued on page 174



DOBBS

"FLIGHT"

"Flight" is a perfect example of the type of hat that made Dobbs famous—the distinctive, yet versatile, hat that can make a wide variety of costumes assume new importance. Smart travelers will choose it to wear both en route, and for important dates at their destination. All new colors. Graduated headsizes. **$7.50**

DOBBS

YOUR ASSURANCE OF DISTINCTION

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-171-173

A HORSE APIECE

We read your horsey article in Esquire and then proceeded to see if "the horse" would appreciate it.

We followed your preliminary instructions faithfully but I don't think we fooled our horses because they remembered us from last time. Perhaps that was the trouble.

Once started, we noted the time, intending to give them the ten-minute warming-up you suggested, but these weren't ten-minute horses. At eight and one-half minutes they started to go, and from then on we had all we could do to keep the $20 bills under our arms.

Mr. Browne, maybe you can lead a horse to water, but how do you ride one there? The sight of the beach started our horses for home, and we had to walk them for half of our ride to get them anywhere near it. Also, it *is* possible to fall off a horse backwards so we advise you, if you ever go riding, not to lean as far back as you suggest. You also mentioned in your article that it was a good thing to talk to the horse now and then. We remembered this when our horses were running away from the beach that time, and tried to talk them into slowing down, but to no avail. Do you think they might have been deaf?

We hope you will answer our questions in your next article to keep us *posted*. Don't forget what we told you, Mr. Browne.

Expectantly yours,
C.B and R.K.

DEFINITION OF A CRITIC

I was sure I had written my last letter to *The Sound and Fury*—but that epistle penned by one F. W. Murrill of Mexico, D. F., which you had the bad taste to include in your October issue; and wherein the said Murrill tries to belittle Meyer Levin's abilities as a critic—well it just arouses the Irish in me.

Meyer Levin is thoughtful, candid, literate. He is more than a critic. He is damned near an interpreter of the modern "Escape" complex as reflected in our moronic choice of "hit" pictures. Levin's only failing is his uncompromising faith in the I. Q. of Esquire's readers—a faith which is sadly unjustified if we are to judge by the incessant squawks, of which this Murrill's is the most recent example. Seems to me we should all be flattered by Meyer's constant subtle implication that he believes he is only anticipating our own judgment in his department.

In this day of almost irritating perfection in every line, in this age when we are all more or less blind devotees of "The Biggest and the Best", you can't very well expect a movie critic to stop and go into a lather over mechanically perfect dance routines, highly polished and chromium gleaming interiors, cock-eyed trick photography, and the deafening rhythms of hopelessly magnified symphony orchestras. These incidentals are so omnipresent that they must be taken for granted. A critic worthy of the name must dig (and I mean DIG) below these trappings to find anything worth three-sheeting. And what he finds, Meyer has been telling you for the last year or so in Esquire in the most unbiased, unaxegrinding reviews in the country.

After all, do you want a critic who could be taken in by *One Night of Love*, wherein a blondined lady exhibits a few somewhat reckless high C's in addition to Hollywood's A B C gestures of naivete, distress, and dawning passion? I ask you, do you? When almost every other reviewer in the land was tossing bouquets in the direction of *The Scoundrel* (due, no doubt, to their uncontrollable awe of those members of the lifted eyebrow clique who joined hands in giving it birth), who came out and called that morass of refrigerated wit, resurrected epigrams, and pseudo-sophistication, by the only name it deserved? It was Meyer and he dubbed it all—Crap! Three cheers. Then that rub-down he gave *It Happened One Night*. That, my laddies, was an exquisite sample of courage under fire. And the finest thing about it all was that underneath the burlesque was intelligent and constructive comment.

Let some director or producer shake off the pale cast of triteness; let them, either by accident or design, achieve in their efforts some small degree of social significance (it would have to be small or the picture would never be released for fear of damaging the Great American Mind) and you will find Levin in the cheering section loud and long. I trust this will silence once and for all the asinine cracks directed at *The Candid Cameraman*. Anyone who has read Esquire for any length of time can't help but realize that Meyer Levin is its chief unlisted asset.

And while I'm tossing these orchids, let me include a rather belated one for our "fixture," Hemingway, and his *Notes on the Next War*. I had long ago formed the habit of quickly turning the opening page of Esquire which always struggled under Ernest's byline, but after perusing the above mentioned piece I have come to the conclusion that Hemingway is still Hemingway. All of which proves my original contention: When Esquire's Godfather is a writer, he's the TOPS. When he becomes a Sportsman, he becomes a PAIN.

Apropos the above article, that certain "John R." of Pasadena—that guy who "resents the imputation that we are a federation of cowards"; who howls when he is deprived of the right of a "lusty scrap"—well, he is just so godamned brave that he decided not to sign his full name. Probably because he had an inner feeling that there might be some residents of Pasadena who would be quite willing to supply the "lusty scrap" for which his valiant soul so fiercely yearns.

Yours sincerely,
Allen McGinnis
Tulsa, Okla.

AS LONG AS THERE IS HAIR ON YOUR EYEBROWS

When the furore is a whisper, and the men who have bodies as well as minds are dead, then . . . I, as in the days before two years ago, will need not stay longer awake than I should several nights after visiting the newsstand and walking away with you under my arm. I shall even miss the uncomfortably comfortable feeling of being thoughtless on the job at moments during those several days.

From time on there have been gentlemen who tend to criticize the story and content for being risky beyond gentlemanly prudence. Now concerning these gentlemen who of course claim to be men, but I wonder, if they are not recklessly prudent. The gentlemen cannot be blamed for wearing a white shirt, but were not white shirts made to be changed?

I commend the editorial policy you follow and which I hope will never be emasculated even by the fine fellows among the movie censors. Man weight, and man size, and for two years at a fair level. May you keep it so.

It had seemed unlikely that writing and art with a rich earthy tang, a real tang, should ever be presented in a purely commercial magazine, yet here we are thoroly pegged to a live feeling for that questionable trait which we often call manliness. And certainly among men there should be no fear of a question, and its answer, tho the eyebrows may be raised. Now, why do you raise yours?

As long as there are beads in your wine,
Truly yours,
Tulsa, Okla. Paul Brandt

SORRY, GUS FORGOT

The October issue of Esquire has just arrived, for which I thank you. However, I was very much surprised to turn to page 103 for Lajos Zilahy's story *But For This*, and find despite our special letters on the subject, the name of the hard working and successful translator Janas Jusztis had been omitted.

The translator, who is also a Transylvanian, is having a first novel in the English language published this summer.

International Literary
Bureau, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

YOU MEAN ESKY HAS NO "IT"?

The only reason I am replying to your letter of September 3rd is that it is the most voluptuous circular letter I have ever seen. The left margin, it is true, is a bit miserly but the engraved heading soon demanded and kept the dancing gaze of these astigmatic eyes. I am a pushover for the raised beauty of engraving but on the other hand, its appearance on a letter head always gives me the feeling that the sender is about to sink the gaff into me for something. Perhaps this is only the result of the association with wedding invitations with the attendant presents or invitations to banquets at ten dollars a plate etc., etc.

Esquire just misses having a personality. This is an elusive quality not capable of being broken down into attributes, but the *New Yorker* has it and the *Mercury* had it until Mencken's arteries turned into pipe stems.

It seems impossible to be more cogent in my remarks than to say that Esquire is just a little precious and lacks deftness. After I have plowed through a copy I have learned little that is new, have not been stimulated to think about anything in particular, and what is worse, I have not been amused. All of your writers somehow seem to carry the feeling that they are showing off and want one to see what very virile fellows they are and the total effect to my mind is a sort of symphony in juvenility. And it is somewhat like a beautiful woman who carries no voltage, it is impossible to point out the precise omission, though I will say, for myself, that every time I encounter your "fashions for men" I belch politely behind my hand.

But there are millions of sophomores who will swear that Esquire is the nuts, so why work yourself into a circular lather just because I happen to disagree? There is no doubt that you are on the highroad to a successful magazine, but not a brilliant one.

Yours,
Cincinnati, O. H. LeBlanc

RIPOSTE TO A WARRIOR

I wish I knew how to put down in this wholly inadequate black and white the rancor that wells up in me when I realize that I am a citizen of the same nation that could spawn a man such as John R. (*S. & F.* Oct.) and let him live, prosper and write letters such as the one I have just finished reading.

The only excuse Mister John R. can offer for his implication that America should enter into another such devastating debacle as our last war, a soul-destroying, morale-shaking maelstrom of hate, jealousy, futility and indescribable sorrow; is that after it is all over, those few who survive can step up out of the bloody maze of their stupidity and, with their thick heads gleaming in the sun, declare faintly, "we ain't sissies, are we John R.?"

I know there is enough youth tingling through the veins of the editors of Esquire to appreciate the appalling concern with which the soldier of the next week or the next year views the machinations of the war-lords of today, and to give those boys an opportunity to express their aversions. They do not feel, as does John R., that war is a great adventure, with a horde of howling, joyous youth leaping gleefully into battle line, singing and smiling in sheer exuberance and nudging each other in the ribs, shouting, "Isn't this the life?"

Any justification for a Democracy at war must be expressed in terms of the desire of the mass comprising that Democracy; and none but that mass should have the privilege (authority) of plunging themselves into personal or national destruction.

Patriotism, and fighting for a principle, are no longer analogous. Too many principles have been manufactured by someone with an axe to grind and those who have long spun the emery with their nose have learned that their lacerations not only are not appreciated, but useless and avoidable.

Of this I am convinced; that American youth abhors the very thought of militarism. But I am not so sure that they realize how swiftly-sure they can, unwillingly, be forced to embrace it. Let's warn them. Let's tell them that they will be the victims of a thousand insidious persuasions to the cause of *war;* that the press, the radio and the theatre will, in one way or another, be subsidized into agencies of controlled propaganda; that they will be told in a thousand ways that war is glorious and the proposed enemy is deserving of instant annihilation!

And to rise up and do battle against those would-be destroyers is not cowardice, John R. It's a kind of bravery you wouldn't know anything about.

Very truly yours,
Granite City, Ill. Austin Huffstutler

ON MODESTY IN THE MALE

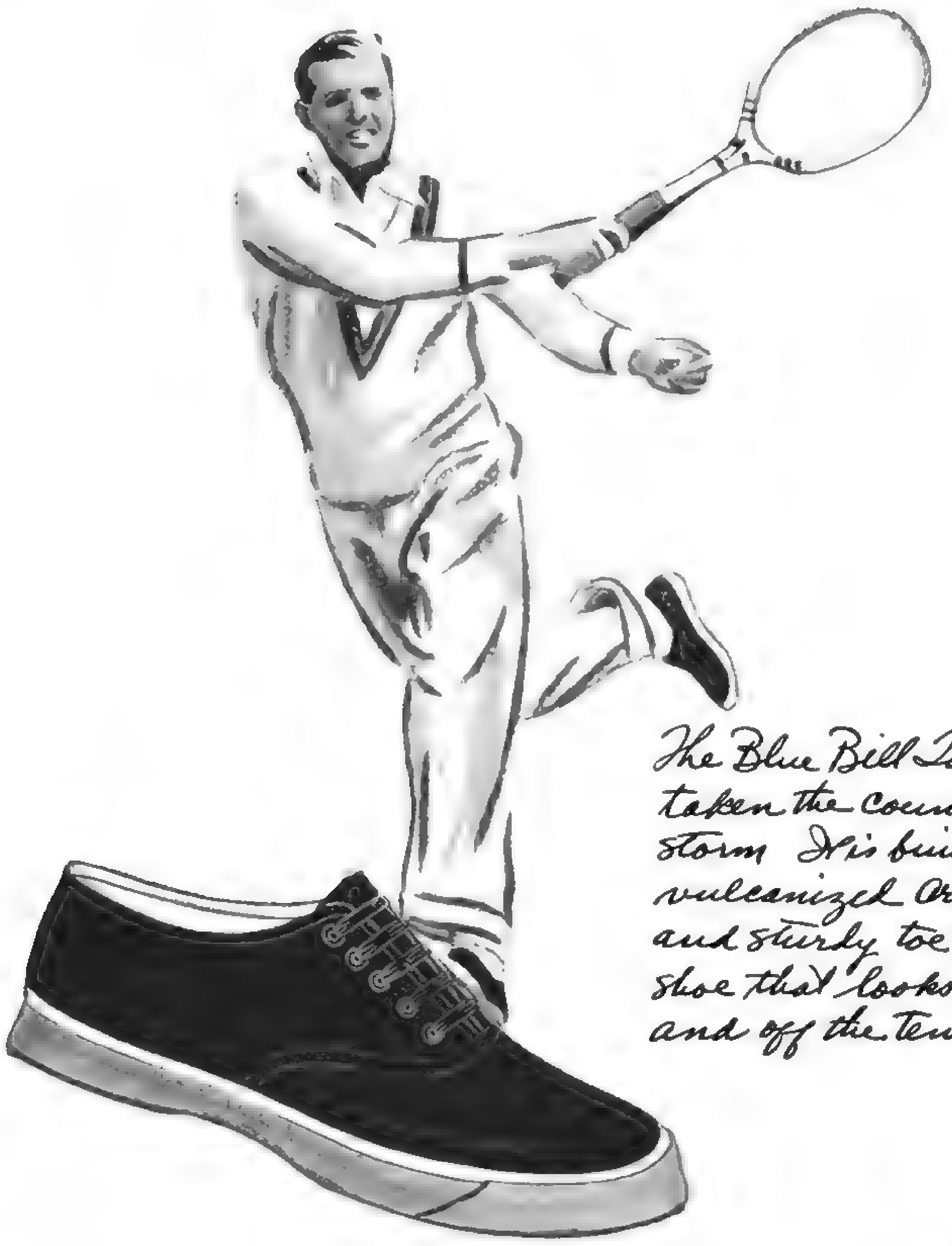
Since the sound and fury about washing the hands has not yet died down, may I offer a female slant on the subject?

I should like to ask these suffering gents why they make it so hard for us well meaning gals by being so damned modest. Must one out and out say, "George, old boy, your hands are simply filthy. Don't you want to wash them?" Isn't it sufficient, upon their arrival, for us to point out the location of the bath room and leave the light burning? Can't they, when they are dummy or during some other lull, simply say "Excuse me," and leave the room, or leave the room without saying anything? No, they must sit for hours, then suddenly have to rush away in the most unseemly haste to "catch a train." Believe me, if it were necessary, a woman would say to her hostess, "Carrie, will you show me where the bathroom is?" and forthwith depart for same.

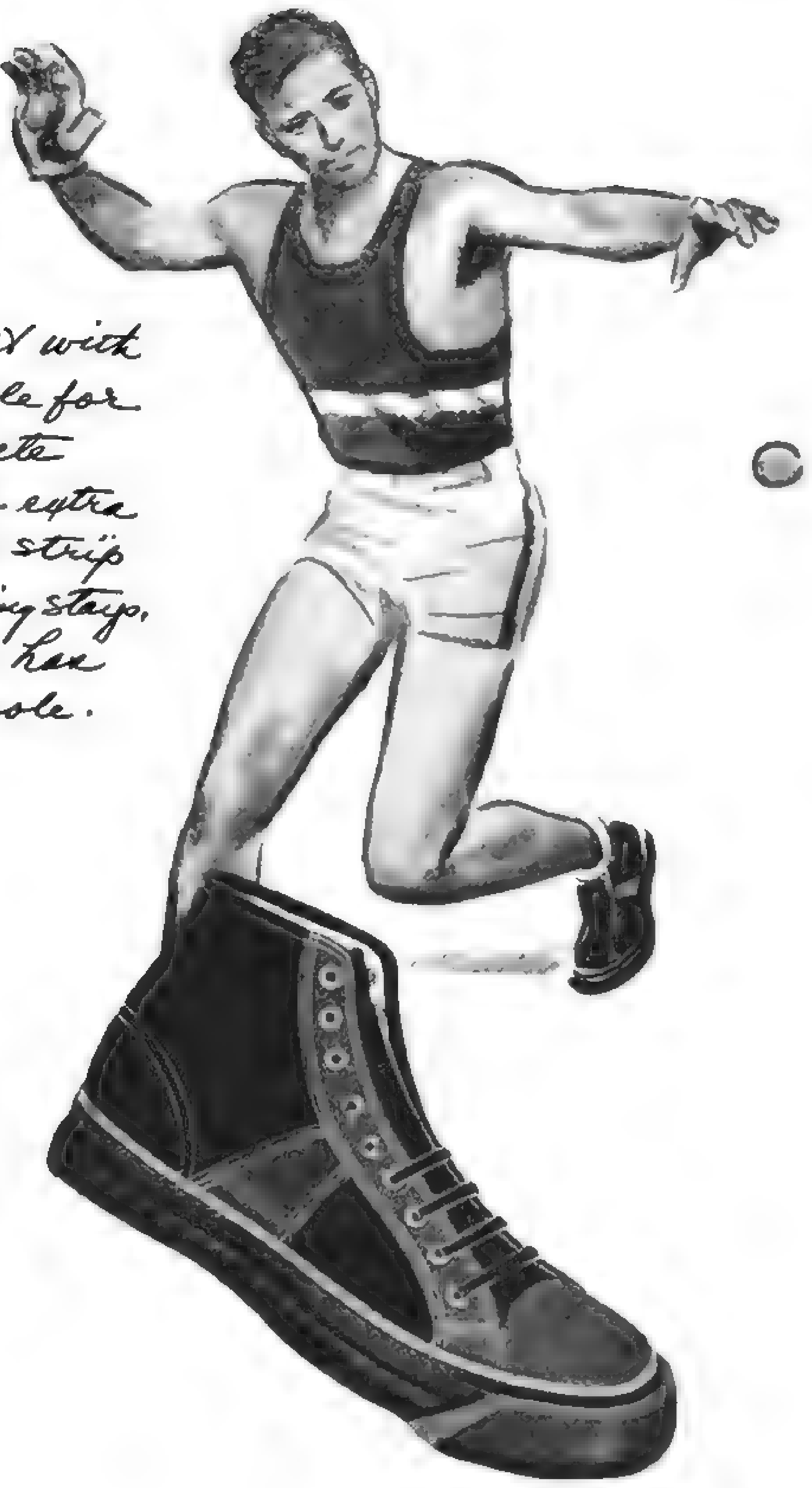
Explanation of women's thoughtlessness, when, as and if any. . . . When we were little we were all taught to tend to our hand washing immediately before we went anywhere, so it does not occur to us that the arriving guest must immediately be rushed to the bathroom; and after that, if we have done our part to the above mentioned extent we figure, at least if he is grown up, that he can carry on alone.

Moreover, we females who read *Washing the Hands* shall never feel at ease again when gents are present. We shall forever worry for fear they are suffering. Recently a friend and I had a gentleman in to play bridge. From 8 till 12 he sat and no amount of pointing out the bathroom (*actually* it is as silly to talk of "washing the hands" as it is to speak of "seeing a man about a Buick" . . . at least one expects one's guests to come with clean hands) could budge him. When he had gone, my friend confessed that she had had forcibly to restrain herself from crying out, "For heaven's sake, George, *will* you go and wash your hands!"

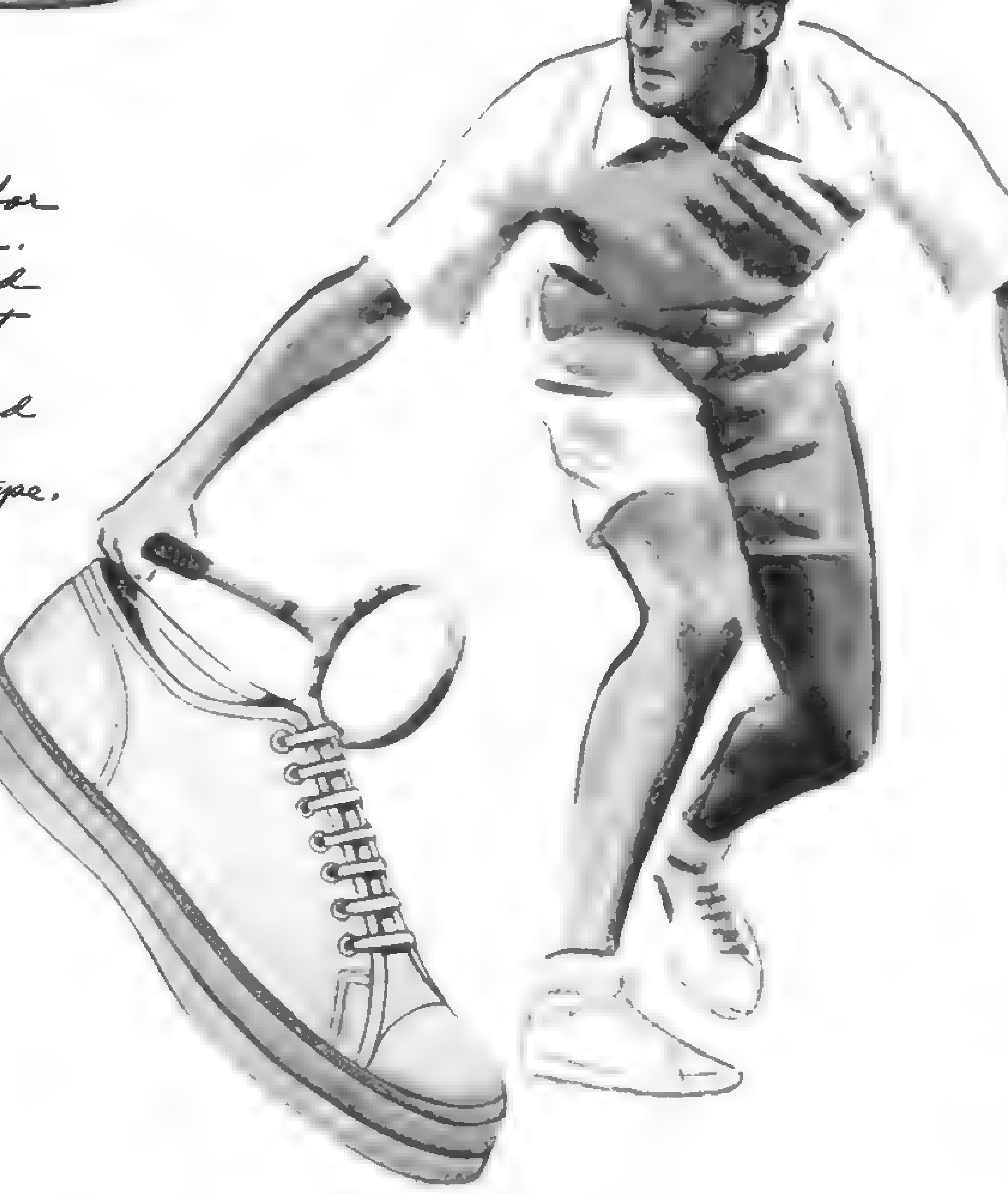
Yours sincerely,
Los Angeles, Calif. M. A. B.



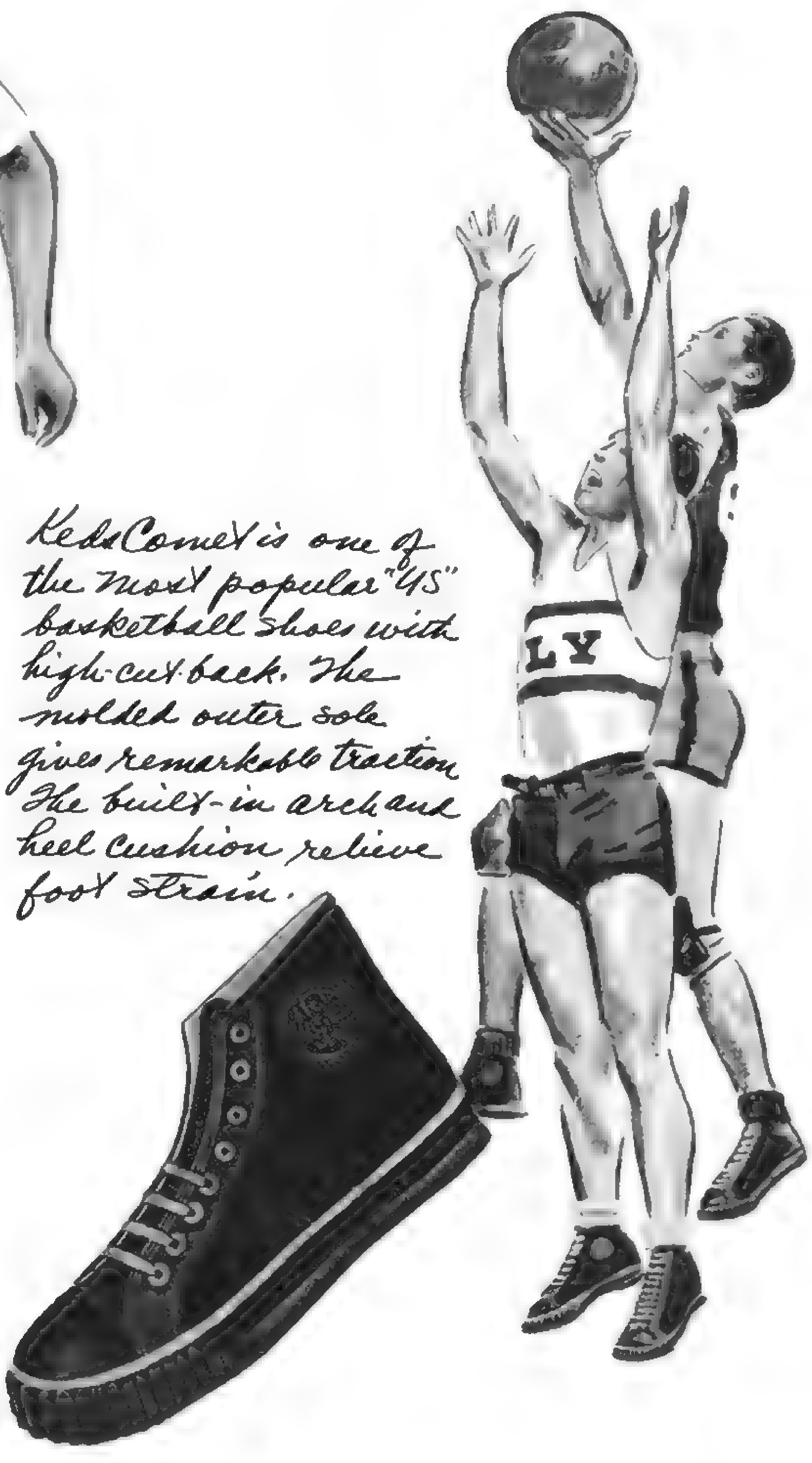
The Blue Bill Tilden has taken the country by storm It is built with a vulcanized crêpe sole and sturdy toe cap. A shoe that looks well on and off the tennis court.



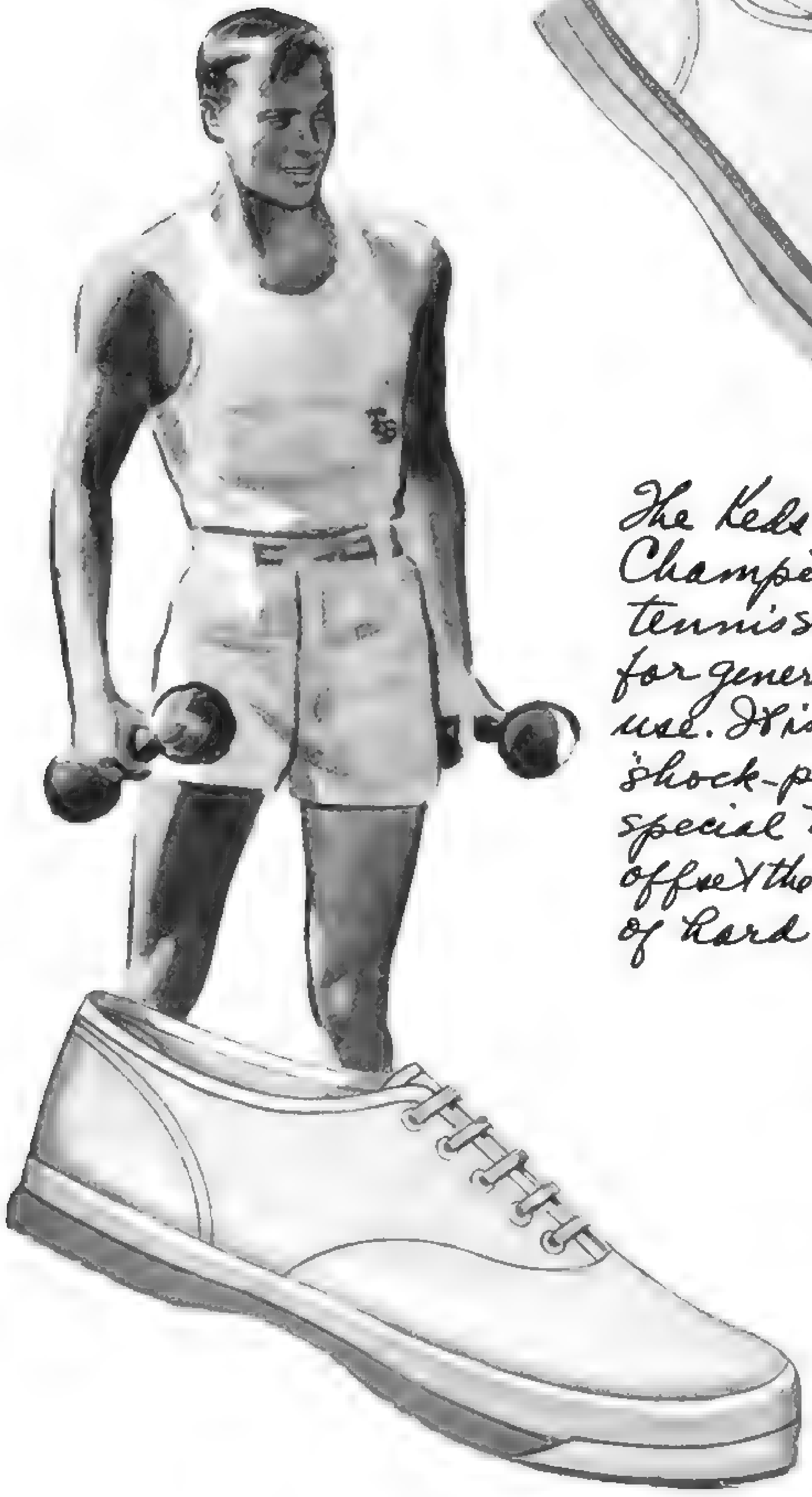
The Baseline is built with extra thick crêpe sole for handball on concrete courts. Notice the extra heavy bumper toe strip and arch supporting stays. This handball shoe has a "shock-proof" insole.



The Keds Majestic is especially popular for racquets or squash. The built-in arch and heel cushion give that additional support which older men find so comfortable. Fully adjustable lace to toe type.



Keds Comet is one of the most popular "US" basketball shoes with high-cut back. The molded outer sole gives remarkable traction The built-in arch and heel cushion relieve foot strain.



The Keds crêpe soled Champion is a good tennis shoe and ideal for general gymnasium use. It is built with "shock-proof" insole and special heel cushion to offset the hard pounding of hard floors.

US

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

TRADE MARK

Keds

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The Shoe of Champions

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc.

For 19 years Keds have been the "shoe of champions." This long line includes a canvas, rubber soled shoe for every athletic purpose. More prominent athletes have trained in Keds than any other shoe. They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe.

A Tyrant in Tears

Continued from page 34A

The Ethiopian Emperor has known for years that the country over which he has ruled for a decade now, so efficiently, was the only prey left to European imperialism. He knew that sooner or later France would attempt to divert the Italian aggression into French colonies where it could do "la grande nation" no harm. He also knew that the only channel left was Ethiopia.

Haile Selassie therefore decided to fight the covetous Imperialists with their own weapons.

Shortly after his coronation, Haile Selassie sent two of his trusted companions in arms, Kantibu Gabru and Lij Malaku, to Washington. These two bearded gentlemen were introduced by the U. S. State Department to Everett W. Colson, a Maine Yankee.

On September 15, 1931, Colson, who had been financial expert to the governments of Haiti and the Philippines, was appointed as "Adviser General" to the Emperor of Ethiopia, whose éminence grise he has been ever since.

Immediately after that, American money began to pour into the country. A New York engineering firm made a survey of the land and received a concession to build a dam at Lake Tsana. A German and English trade mission followed at once and concluded important agreements.

Concession after concession was held under the noses of many foreign countries and one nation was played off against another.

Selassie perfected these tactics to such a remarkable extent that on August 30th, 1935, the headlines screamed the news that the Anointed King of Kings had ceded all exploitation rights of 150,000 square miles of the territory over which he rules, to a consortrium led by the Standard Oil Company and British interests, all of which Il Duce tried to laugh off.

But not only in his foreign policy has Haile Selassie shown his cleverness, but also the internal affairs are administrated by him with a wisdom that would adorn any potentate.

He unified and reorganized the administration of justice, slashed the cost of litigation and decreed that the feudal lords had to appear as equals before the judges.

He also became a militant journalist and published his own newspaper which is printed at the Imperial print, and distributed without any cost to everybody who can read Amhari, Ethiopia's official language. The first issue appeared in April, 1931, and contained an article from the Emperor's pen expressing his regret at the widespread drunkenness which had been reported to him. The article reads in part as follows:

"Proprietors of lands alongside the roads build two or three or more shops. The greater number of these places are operated as drink shops.

"The operators of these shops invite musicians. Passersby are attracted by the sweetness of the music. Some young men approach the shops and listen. When they see the *tej* nicely presented in a row in decanters, they say: 'Let us buy a *piaster's* worth and taste it.'

"Attracted and amused by the conversation, they tarry and decide to drink some more. The musicians request them to give their names. The musicians begin to praise them by calling them so and so, son of so and so, and thus their hearts are filled with pride. They say: 'Bring a dollar's worth of *tej*. Serve the musicians also.'

"It cannot be questioned that if they had their masters' money they would give it also without measure. Or else they go after having pawned their arms or cartridge belts. They later procure the money and decide to go and pay to have their arms released, but when they arrive at the shop they again find similar revelry, and their arms remain there as pawned. They begin to think about the ways of procuring money. Readers, you know what harm this causes the city.

"Therefore, we inform you that drink shops should be forbidden, as they have become the source of all sins."

Selassie is a widely travelled man. In 1923 he served at Tetuan, under an assumed name, as private in the Spanish Foreign Legion. In 1924 he toured the capitals of Europe, taking with him all the tribal Chiefs who might create trouble in his absence and among those by whom he was royally received was President von Hindenburg. He gave Hindenburg two zebras.

When the then Ras Tafari Makonnen was asked by King George V of England, at a party the latter had given for him, what he thought of the English race, the future ruler of Ethiopia answered, "They have some qualities which we cannot appreciate just yet."

Ever since, his predilection for caustic speech and sarcasm seems to have grown.

When recently asked what he would use for money in fighting the Italians, he countered, "My great predecessor Menelik II left me ten million dollars, part of which is the fine the Italians had to pay him when he licked them at Adowa." ⧺

Sarnoff, RCA, NBC

Continued from page 37

earthly quality of this ethereal vision:

	Sarnoff Adv. Estimate	Actual Sales of RCA
First Year	$ 7,500,000	$11,000,000
Second Year	22,500,000	22,500,000
Third Year	45,000,000	50,000,000
Totals	$75,000,000	$83,500,000

That isn't guess work: that is simply the clear-headed planning of an incisive, marvelously-organized mind. And the mind which had the practical vision to take a $10 cut in pay (when every nickel counted) in order to achieve a desired end is the same mind which had the practical vision to pay $154,000,000 for the Victor Phonograph Company so that manufacturing could be profitably co-ordinated in the face of the boom-time avalanche of cut-throat competition.

To put the whole story in a nutshell, the lad who could see far enough ahead to go to Pratt Institute via Siasconset is the same mind who not only saw but executed in 1930 the deal by which RCA acquired manufacturing rights owned by its largest stockholders, General Electric and Westinghouse. By this achievement research, engineering, manufacturing and sales activities in receiving sets and talking machines were centralized in RCA's own plant at Camden, N. J., and in the tube field in RCA's plant at Harrison, N. J. The purchase of the Victor Talking Machine Company had smoothed the way to this culmination.

When the smoke cleared away RCA emerged in 1932 as a complete, self-contained unit covering the entire field of radio development. That had been accomplished by negotiations carried on by Mr. Sarnoff by which new arrangements and agreements were made between the companies formerly associated with RCA. The readjustment enabled the corporation to discharge the larger part of its current indebtedness to its former associated companies, GE and Westinghouse, and gave it as an independent unit a diversified line *of its own products* for sale. And the purchase of Victor had been a stepping stone toward that. In short, Mr. Sarnoff didn't buy a defunct manufacturing plant for three times its book value: he purchased unification and security for the future because, as usual, he was looking up. And when you realized that in the process nobody got stuck, everybody was satisfied and Mr. Sarnoff accomplished his objective, you get a more complete picture of the genius which has put RCA on the map. Without it, indeed, it is quite likely that the ebb tide of the depression would have found RCA high and dry as a wireless communications business and nothing else!

But enough of finance: that is the particular Sarnoff facet most generally appreciated. Shrewd negotiator that he is, there are other angles to the man which show him as more of a human being and less a financial magnate. You get that reaction the moment you step into his office at Radio City. The first thing which greets your eye in the simple anteroom is an enormous picture of Abraham Lincoln; the second, a ship's radio clock with the "silent quarters" indicated by red lines. There is nothing else but secretarial machinery.

In his own commodious room, you are struck by the tasteful simplicity and the homey touch of the fireplace at the side which still doesn't detract from the feeling of a dreadnaught stripped for action. There are no gee-gaws, none of the ornate junk or pretentious trappings which invariably serve to distinguish the Big Shot's office from that of his assistant's. Without any attempt to arrive at a marine atmosphere, it is still best described as shipshape.

That, naturally, is the reflection of the man and his mind. If you want a reflection of his personality, you get it when the top, right-hand drawer of the desk is opened and a workman-like telegraph key pops into view on an ingenious spring-panel. There is the only toy of the immigrant's son who never had time to play—the first love of the "brass pounder" whose heart pumps in code. That line runs to the office of W. A. Winterbottom, vice-president and general manager of R. C. A. Communications. And when it begins to chatter "SW de DS," these two old key men are talking to each other in Continental.

And don't think that financial negotiations or industrial organization has dulled that touch. Last year at the Veteran Wireless Operators' banquet somebody suggested, on the spur of the moment, that the Chief send a radiogram. The Chief did—

Continued at top of page 178

The Easiest Solution for an Old Puzzle

EVERY CORPORATION OFFICIAL WHO FACES THE TASK
OF **S**ELECTING CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR CUSTOMERS OR
OTHERS, DIS**Q**UIETED BY THE THOUGHT OF RESORTING
TO ANY OF THE OLD **U**SELESS GADGETS AND EQUALLY
DISINCLINED TO SINK A BIG **I**NVESTMENT IN GIFTS
IS HEREBY RELIEVED OF FURTHER WOR**R**Y WITH THIS
REMINDER THAT THE PUZZLE IS NOW EASILY SOLV**E**D

Special Christmas Gift Rates

One subscription	**$ 5.00**
Two subscriptions	**8.00**
Three subscriptions	**10.00**
Additional subscriptions, each	**3.00**

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(These special rates apply only to gift subscriptions, paid for by one individual or company, to begin with the January issue which will be delivered boxed as a gift, with a Rockwell Kent Christmas card inscribed with the giver's name. Address subscription dept., 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.)

Sarnoff, RCA, NBC

Continued from pages 37-176

with such a "clear fist" and glib speed that the old timers were astonished.

Why not? This is the operator whose keen ear threaded from the blaze of static twenty-three years ago a jerky code message which chilled the world to the marrow.

"S.S. Titanic struck iceberg," it said. "Sinking fast."

Radio conditions then were not what they are today and it took a good man to follow a message through all the competitions of the perverse ether. Furthermore, he needed all the help obtainable, hence the Government, by Presidential proclamation, closed down every other station in the country to minimize interference while young Sarnoff lived in those earphones for seventy-two hours, sucking every scrap of signal he could get from the air.

That incident drove home to the public a consciousness of the radio's value which had previously been dormant: in the Sarnoff mind it merely confirmed an appreciation of relatively long standing which was to be elaborated upon further by his work as a marine operator on both coastwise and trans-Atlantic vessels. At the age of 20 he found himself the first radio man in the Artic ice fields, handling the key on the S. S. Beothic's seal hunting expedition. And when you read in tomorrow's paper another of those cases where a luxury liner's doctor "visits" a sick seaman on some distant tramp steamer via radio, credit that humanitarian service to the "shrewd negotiator" who guides the destinies of RCA.

Today any vessel which doesn't ship its own doctor can get free medical advice from the U. S. Public Health Service by radio simply because RCA's president once saw a man at an isolated sealing base dying in anguish from an infected tooth. That word had been relayed to the Beothic which had a physician aboard, and the young operator had the temerity to approach the hard-boiled skipper about going to the dying man's aid. That torturous side-trip through the ice floes not only saved one life but inspired the notion which has gone on saving other lives these twenty years.

Thus, as you go along, you see more and more angles of the Sarnoff personality, all of which dovetail together into a composite picture. Basically he is a splendid, thorough-going workman with a tenacity of purpose which still makes him "work like a dog" in spite of his success and its temptations to relax. On top of skill and doggedness, however, he has that saving grace which keeps labors buoyant—that yeast which compels the sticky flour of mere work to rise beyond its own level: Vision. As he talked in 1915 of the "radio music box," you hear him discussing today the time when the average citizen shall have all the illustrated news of the day printed in his home by a facsimile recorder as fast as it happens—or of the day, not far distant, when the art treasures of the Metropolitan or the Louvre shall be transported to your sitting room and mine by television—of the time when broadcasters with their "iconoscopes" will be at the scene of news events to relay direct to the home both picture and sound of the actual happening—of the imminent moment when short wave shall make the entire civilized world one audience on an international hook-up which will make the President's twenty million listeners seem like a handful.

Yes, David Sarnoff, Colonel, Signal Corps, U S R C, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Order of Polonia Restituta, Officer's Grade, guiding genius of RCA and NBC, Fellow of the Institute of Radio Engineers — David Sarnoff still looks up. #

Over Mozart's Memory

Continued from page 38

evening told me it was the finest performance of anything that he had ever heard. The superlatives seemed to me, as to all who were present at the memorable performance, fully justified.

All this is true. But what about the rest of the Festival? Oh, Lord, oh, Lord! Poor Mozart must have turned over in his grave when he heard the *Figaro* that was foisted off (at eight dollars a ticket) on the innocent visitors from America, England and France. The singers seemed either decrepit or immature, the orchestra was lackadaisical and weary, the conductor—alas!—was Felix von Weingartner. Such a performance would not have been permitted even at the Metropolitan in New York, where, whatever the shortcomings of orchestra and conductors, the singers are usually competent. The *Figaro* was a disgrace to Salzburg and to Mozart; the same is said to have been true of the *Cosi fan Tutte*, which, having been warned in time, I did not attend. A higher level was attained in the two operas conducted by Bruno Walter, *Die Entführung* and *Don Giovanni*, but these were again severely handicapped by bad singing. The *Don Giovanni* employed two first-rate Italian singers, Pinza and Lazzari, but they received little help from their female colleagues, German and Austrian ladies who could not even pronounce the words of their Italian roles correctly. Of the *Don Giovanni* the best that could be said was that it was partly good. But on the other hand you can hear a better performance of it any winter in New York or Vienna or even (when they perform it at all) in Italy.

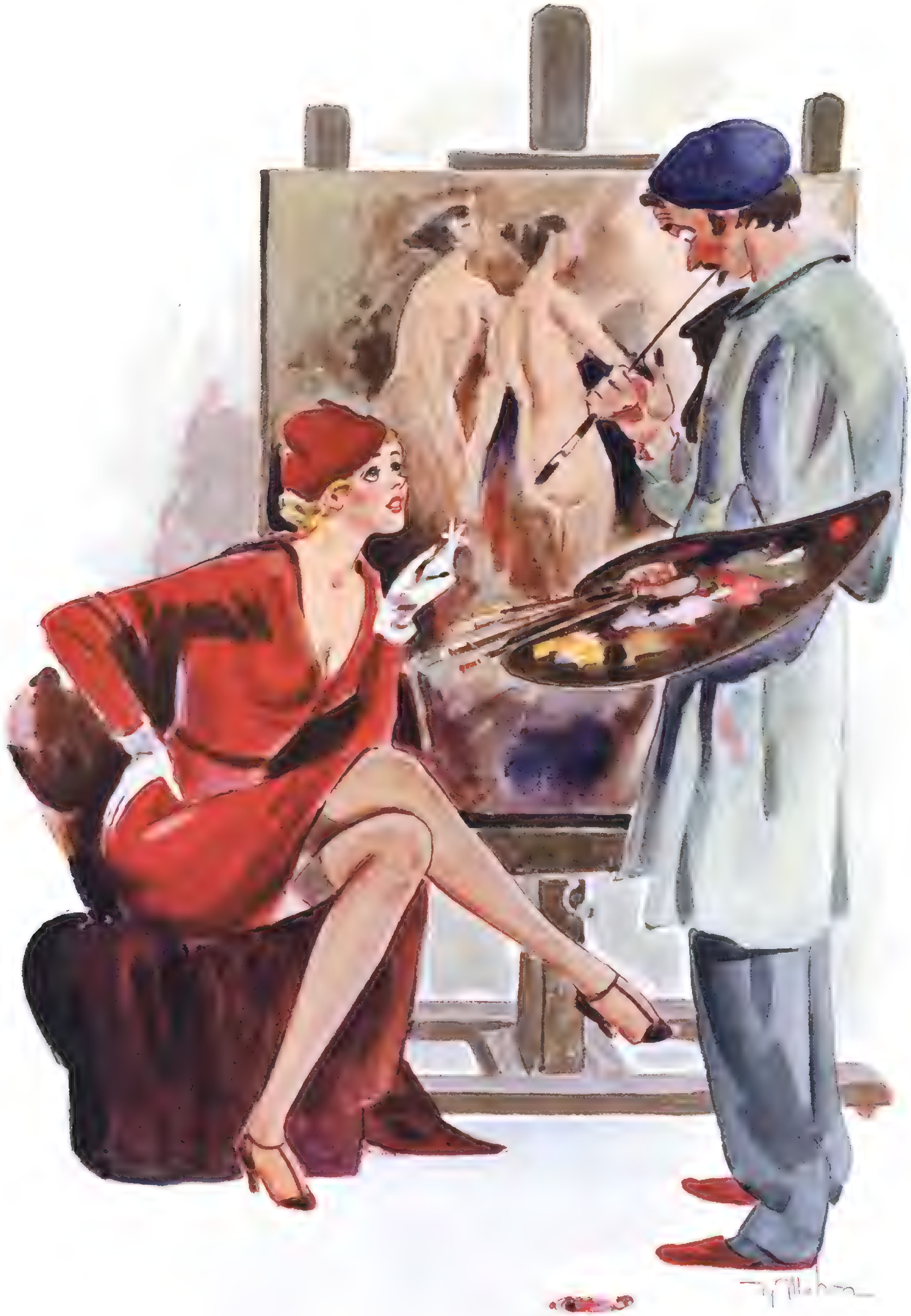
So the Salzburg Festival appears to have resolved itself into two distinct parts: the Toscanini performances, upon which every attention of performers and audiences has been lavished, and the other performances, which were at best mediocre and at worst beneath contempt. Toscanini, who is responsible for the tremendous vogue of Salzburg this year, is also responsible for the wreck of the Festival in its pure form as a festival of the music of Mozart.

He is also responsible for a great many other things. It is the penalty of his supreme genius that it attracts the homage of all men, not only those who know what he is doing, but the fools and the hangers-on, the fashionable and the merely idle. People came to Salzburg this summer as they go to Venice or Cannes, merely to see and to be seen. At some of the Toscanini performances there was as great a parade of clothes and diamonds as you would see at the Metropolitan or Covent Garden. You could not get to your seat without falling over duchesses and near-duchesses, and—for the one ultra-fashionable week in mid-season—the costumed peasant who sold newspapers in the streets was equipped with copies of the *Tatler*, the *Bystander* and other society papers from London. People who regard the opera as a pretext for the display of wealth, beauty or apparel, and who wish to purchase society newspapers in the streets of a baroque Austrian town, are not for the most part knowledgeable about music. The fact was painfully evident. They came in late to performances; they shuffled their feet and they talked; they made an unholy row in their applause for Toscanini, shouting "bravo!" on the slightest provocation; but they constituted, by and large, as thoroughly unmusical and undiscriminating an audience as you could find anywhere in the world. Some of their comments will look incredible in the cold light of print, but for the sake of historical accuracy I shall put them down. One typical chap (and chap is what he was) said to me after the *Falstaff* performance of August 17th: "Damned outrage, I say, bringing Toscanini here to conduct something that's after all nothing but a burlesque." The same man had been to Reinhardt's production of Goethe's *Faust*, which he thought a "jolly good show," but his final criticism upon it (delivered with a knowing readjustment of his monocle) was: "Not a bit like Gounod's *Faust*, you know."

Such ignorance, combined with such assurance, are characteristic of cultures in which music is regarded as a pretext for social assembly. That is not the point of view from which a music festival can be regarded if it is to survive, for the fashionable and the idle are faddists; next year they may discover a festival in Iceland or Patagonia, and Salzburg, having lost or alienated the people who used to come here for good performances of works not otherwise heard, will have nothing left at all. Another season like this one, and the Festival will be damaged beyond repair. Its glory and ruin are contained within each other.

Just the same, my friend Josef at the Oesterreichischer Hof is well satisfied. So is Hans, who runs the drink counter in the Festspielhaus. The head waiters at the Café Bazar, the taxi drivers from the little square, the householders of Salzburg, all made a lot of money, more money than they ever made before. Prices went soaring; rooms were unobtainable; tables at a restaurant were as hard to get as at the Ritz in Paris on a crowded day in the 1920's. All this commotion and excitement filled gaping pockets, and the Salzburgers (who remain away from all the music in a large majority) have a high opinion of that foreigner Toscanini who worked the marvel, even though they don't know whether he is a conductor or a saxophone player.

The fact is that I, personally and privately, enjoyed every moment of my stay in Salzburg, but this was for reasons in no way connected with Mozart. And if I had to give a word of advice to somebody who was considering going to Salzburg next year, I should say to go (if at all) for the Toscanini performances alone. It is no good coming all the way to Austria at vast expense to hear the worst *Figaro*, the worst *Entführung*, and the worst *Rosenkavalier* that one has ever heard anywhere. In actual fact the best singing Salzburg heard this year was from the magnificent contralto Marian Anderson, who is an American Negro and had nothing to do with the Festival except to hire one of its halls for her recital. Even Lotte Lehmann, who is in so many respects the most satisfactory of singers, was not always at the height of her powers, and time has not left her magical voice untouched. In short, a music festival of this kind, so relentlessly touted the world over, is something of a ramp, a confidence game; you can do better for yourself, if you really want to hear the music, by staying at home in New York or Chicago or London and listening to it there. And think of the money you'll save! #



"Of course you understand I don't pose for the figure."

A Little Sound Thinking

Continued from page 47

Winterbottom, at last night's Chamber of Commerce banquet."

Only one incident occurred to mar the Winterbottom Tour. At Denver, Colorado, Mr. Jarvis, the secretary on Chamber of Commerce speeches, by mistake handed to Mr. Winterbottom, the Seattle speech which caused Mr. Winterbottom to read a graceful tribute to Puget Sound and Mt. Ranier instead of to Pike's Peak. Mr. Jarvis, of course, was summarily dismissed.

"And let us presume that Jarvis had been a civil service employe," Mr. Winterbottom glared when he discussed the matter with Mr. Adams, general manager. "By, gad! Let us presume he had—I wouldn't have been able to have you discharge him," and he breathed heavily, thinking with mounting indignation of how the inefficiencies of other Jarvises had once been permitted in the Postal System.

III

Upon his return to executive headquarters in Chicago, Mr. Winterbottom plunged into conference after conference. "It will be incumbent upon me to refrain from social activities for a time, my dear," he explained to Mrs. Winterbottom. "The management of the Properties will require my every energy."

Joshua G. Winterbottom, Jr., who had been made Assistant to the President, in charge of Plans and Projects, presented to the Directors the imperative necessity for increasing the executive offices' space in The Industrial Tower from twelve full floors to seventy-two.

Several directors opposed the recommendation, but young Winterbottom was a chip off the old block and he was prepared for the emergency. Producing a Chart in Four Colors he handed each director a photostatic copy.

"Add it up yourselves," he snapped, while Winterbottom Sr. beamed on his boy, "if it doesn't come to 72, I'll eat my shirt."

The chart was clear and irrefutable:

	No. of Floors
Presidential Suite	2
Secretarial Division	4
Architectural Division	5
Securities Division	10
Department of Research, Statistics & Tabulations	15
Advertising Department	10
Sales Department	15
Purchasing Department	8
Personnel & Public Relations	9
Total	72

The various directors hastily added the column of figures on scratch pads provided for such contingencies. Director Hanlon's total was 69, Director Bentley obtained 73, and the Winterbottoms, Jr. and Sr., obtained 72. Director Hanlon re-checked his figures, adding the column down instead of up, and announced an answer of 71.

This threw Director Bentley into a purple rage and he took his six El Fedora Cigars, one by one, out of his pigskin container, and bit them in two. Winterbottom, Sr., with his customary resourcefulness, averted a crisis by suggesting that the entire matter be turned over to the experts in the Department of Research, Statistics, and Tabulations for computation and preliminary report.

Complete good humor was restored when Mr. Nostril, head of the Research Department, appeared, and exhibited 82,987 newspaper clippings of the Winterbottom Tour, furnished by the Greater Clippings Bureau, Inc. "And I may add, gentlemen, that these will be properly filed, indexed, cross-indexed, tabulated and enumerated by the Research Staff."

Mr. Winterbottom was highly pleased, commended Mr. Nostril on his splendid efficiency, and called for a report from Mr. Dorman, Director of Public Relations.

"My department has been engaged in classifications of momentous import," Mr. Dorman announced. "In the interests of simplification, we have reduced these classifications to two which we file under S.T. and U.T."

He paused, and smiled as he noted bewilderment on the faces of the directors.

"Sound Thinkers and Unsound Thinkers," he explained. "We are making a list of all the important cities (population 25,000 and upwards) on this basis."

There was a burst of applause from everyone in the room except Mr. Nostril, who sneered and muttered. "Simplifying simpleton!" under his breath.

Mr. Dorman continued.

"But I would be remiss in my duty, if I did not inform you that the growth of unsound thinking in this country is proceeding at an alarming rate. Senator Cummings introduced a bill, which our lobby killed in the committee, I am happy to report, which would have levied a tax on our 4½% Gold Debentures, and there have been other unsound proposals rumored. However, I wish to assure you that no stones shall be left unturned and that eternal vigilance will be exercised to scotch all unsound doctrines."

Mr. Winterbottom looked at his watch. It was 3:30 p.m. and they had been in session since 11:00 a.m., and he was fatigued by the mental strain, so he adjourned the meeting.

"Until bright and early tomorrow morning," he announced. "At 11:00 a.m. we will assemble to review the proposals relating to Advertising and Merchandising."

On the next morning, when Mr. Winterbottom called the meeting to order promptly at 11:47 a.m., Mr. Vickers of Vickers, Vail and Vickers, Advertising Agents, reported.

"Perhaps I should preface my remarks with the explanation that these proposals are the joint findings of the Sales, Advertising, Merchandising, Statistical, and Public Relations Divisions of Greater Postal Services, Inc., in collaboration with the Plan, Research, Copy, Art, Psychological, and Human Dynamics Departments of Vickers, Vail and Vickers."

Mr. Winterbottom, with his glasses twinkling on his vest and his finger tips placed together, judicially, found himself contrasting this sound approach to the problem with the antiquated methods and inadequate facilities of the Old Postal System. "Good old Carnegie was right," he told himself. "Hire brains and they build fortunes."

"The old Postal System lacked glamour, romance—sex appeal, if you please," continued Mr. Vickers. "The dynamics of salesmanship were ignored—customers were simply given what they asked for by civil service misfits instead of being sold what they should have. Our Research Department went into 846 separate post offices to purchase 1c stamps and in no single instance did any employee even suggest a 2c stamp, to say nothing of 3c and Air Mail issues.

"Now our plan begins with the merchandise itself. We've got to get away from those old chromos of Franklin, Washington, and McKinley that the government used on its stamps. We've got to have stamps with class, zip, eye appeal—something in the modern tempo."

He paused dramatically and clicked a little clicker between his thumb and forefinger.

"Look now, at the new designs proposed by Vickers, Vail and Vickers!"

Two dainty girls in page costumes, in response to Mr. Vickers' clickings, drew aside velvet curtains on an easel at one end of the room revealing an enlarged, full color portrait of Clark Gable. The effect was tremendous and the directors rose to their feet as one man and cheered. But Mr. Vickers held up his hand for silence.

"This is but a sample of our proposed Movie Star Series," he expounded. "We'll have Gable, Menjou, Beery, and Buddy Rogers for the feminine trade and for the men we'll have Garbo, Joan Crawford, and Ruth Chatterton."

"And Mary Pickford, of course," Mr. Winterbottom interposed, but Mr. Vickers shook his head. "She's a little out of date, I'm afraid."

Mr. Winterbottom bristled.

"I don't want you telling me who's in and out of date, young man," he said, putting on his glasses and glaring at Mr. Vickers. "Mary Pickford is America's sweetheart, and she's not going to be ignored by Greater Postal Services."

He took his glasses off again, permitting them to dangle on their silken cord, and placed his finger tips together.

"Proceed, Mr. Vickers," he said.

When Mr. Vickers had concluded, his program was approved in every detail except that the twenty million dollar appropriation requested was reduced to ten.

"We must observe sound economy," Mr. Winterbottom said, and the directors nodded their heads in approval of Mr. Winterbottom's sound decision.

IV

At the end of a six months' period, Greater Postal Services operations were in full swing. Super Service Stamp Stores, done in Green Imitato Face Brick with yellow trimmings and Shatterproof glass windows, replaced all post offices in cities of 25,000 and upward, and sales girls and floor walkers replaced inefficient civil service misfits. In the interests of sound economy, postal services to Kickapoo, New Mexico, and Hellfire, Arizona, and other unprofitable points were promptly discontinued. Twenty-four sheet billboards carried the Greater Postal Services slogan, "Don't Merely Mail—Mail More!" into every town and hamlet, and the radio broadcasts of the Postal Poet and His Pets were followed in countless millions of homes. The national magazines carried four color double page spreads, and as Mr. Winterbottom, Sr., remarked to Joshua Jr., "There aren't any prettier teeth in the toothpaste ads than we've got in our ads for Greater Postal Services."

The Drug Store Distribution Division worked out a combination deal that gave the public twenty 3c stamps for 59c with a tube of shaving cream and a safety razor free.

"And are they going for it!" Mr. Punch reported to Mr. Winterbottom. "We'll sell more stamps through drug stores alone this month than the government could sell through all its post offices in a year."

When Mr. Punch rushed from the office, Mr. Winterbottom turned to Mr. Adams, the general manager, who was reading a report from the Statistical Department.

"Punch is a good man," he said.

At the Christmas holidays, the Industrial Board of America tendered a banquet to Mr. Winterbottom. Horace B. Horace, President of The Greater Southern and Northern Railways presided and his tribute to Mr. Winterbottom was so moving that even computing the interest on his 4½% Gold Debentures failed to restore Mr. Winterbottom's composure.

"On the one hand we had the Government," said Mr. Horace, "and on the other we have Winterbottom. On the one hand we had Socialism and on the other we have Individualism. On the one hand we had the unsound doctrine of Social Control and on the other we have the Sacred Principle of the Right to make a Profit.

"And what has been the result? I repeat, what has been the result? Gentlemen, I do not need to tell this audience—but if I did, I would say—'Go—go look upon the board of the New York or Chicago Stock Exchanges and read there the quotations on Greater Postal Services Common and Preferred,' not to mention the 4½% Gold Debentures, and let those figures blaze forth their everlasting challenge to the unsound and insidious forces of Socialism, Communism, and Anarchy—and let them eternally emblazon the name of Winterbottom—Joshua G. Winterbottom, among the immortals of America."

When Winterbottom arose to speak he trembled with emotion and after saying in a choked voice, "I am glad to lay my talents upon the altar of my country," he sat down amid thunderous and prolonged applause and cheering.

V

But before another twelve months had passed, Joshua G. Winterbottom was horrified by the entry of a competitor into the postal field—The Peerless Quicker Postal Communication Corporation, with headquarters in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco—and, cruelest blow of all, with Horace B. Horace as Chairman of the Board.

The Peerless Corporation had made its plans quietly and their Air Conditioned Automatic Vending Post Offices in Cream and Gold Stucco blossomed overnight throughout the country in all cities of 10,000 population and up.

"I'll fight this Peerless perfidy with the last drop of my Winterbottom blood," Mr. Winterbottom assured his Directors, taking off his glasses so violently he snapped their silken cord.

But in the Peerless Corporation he found a foeman worthy of his steel. Horace B. Horace was a sound organizer and his company introduced innovations in stamp merchandising and advertising that caused a shake-up throughout the entire personnel of Greater Postal Services, Inc.

Peerless Stamps were die-cut into three fascinating shapes: Round, Triangular, and Cloverleaf, and Peerless advertising made capital of these great improvements.

"Your Stamps Stamp YOU," their double page spreads proclaimed, and ladies of superior social position were illustrated disdainfully dropping into waste baskets unopened envelopes bearing the old-fashioned square stamps.

They appealed to business executives, too, with advertisements showing hard headed, right thinking business men saying, "No! Don't place that order with the Blank Company. If they're as old-fashioned as their postage stamps, we don't want their merchandise."

The effect was devastating, but Winterbottom refused to give ground. Vickers, Vail and Vickers were discharged, the advertising appropriation doubled, and the account placed with Duncan, McGregor, MacTavish, Johansen, and Associates. A Personal Postal and Etiquette Information Service under the direction of Madame Bettina Devoe, Social Secretary to Royalty, was made available, free of charge, to all women in cities of 5,000 population and up, and the Business Institute of Stamp Practices conducted free schools for business executives with courses on Stamp Affixing, Mail Box Technique, and Mail Opening.

But the Peerless Corporation returned blow for blow. A Peerless Horace B. Horace Super De Luxe Silver Tray Service was offered that took the social world by storm.

One Dollar Oval Stamps, bearing the likeness of Horace B. Horace, were issued and these, when affixed to social correspondence, provided for drawing room delivery by liveried footmen, carrying one letter at a time on Silver Plated Trays. When Greater Postal Services' operatives reported this outrage, Mr. Winterbottom rose to his full height and screamingly ordered a Super De Luxe Winterbottom Issue. "And make all deliveries on Gold Plated Trays," he yelled. "I'll go to any lengths to defeat this unsound competition!"

On every hand, it seemed, Mr. Winterbottom was confronted by dastardly developments. He lost his composure completely when Mr. Nostril informed him that the Mary Pickford issue had proved a complete failure.

"The Dead Stock Division reports that we have 24 million Mary Pickford 2c Pinks and 16 million Mary Pickford 3c Greens still on hand," Mr. Nostril reported. "And I am further informed that the inks on the Mary Pickford issues have faded—and also that rats have been gnawing at them."

Mr. Winterbottom was incensed.

"Call the Architectural Division!" he fumed. "If they can't design a rat-proof, fade-proof, storeroom, we'll get an Architectural Staff that can, by God!"

He was thrown into a further fury when he learned that the Peerless Corporation was cutting prices on their Triangle Bathing Beauty Issue, reducing them from 2c straight to 3 for 5c, and when Peerless struck again by taking the Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward business at a figure 20% below Greater Postal Services' actual costs, Mr. Winterbottom was near collapse. He lunged out boldly, however, with a blanket 50% reduction on all Greater Postal Issues except the Valentine, Mother's Day, and Kris Kringle Series. He had Mr. Adams, General Manager, discharge Mr. Punch, in charge of Drug Store Distribution, and he had Mr. Dorman discharge Mr. Adams, and he immediately put into execution every sound idea

Continued at top of page 182

Important to Men of Importance Everywhere

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Throughout America—at exclusive clubs, fashionable hotels, prominent social gatherings, famous winter resorts, important business conferences—you will see men who are foremost in the business and social world smartly dressed in clothes from the House of Stadler & Stadler.

Such men realize the importance of Quality and Character; their instinct for the right thing is sure; they recognize the thoroughbred at a glance.

There is no secret about the Unvarying Excellence of Stadler & Stadler Clothes. It is the result of our Long Experience devoted exclusively to making

Only the Finest Clothes to Measure
Individually Designed for Each Patron

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A Little Sound Thinking

Continued from pages 47-181

which occurred to him, awake or asleep.

But Greater Postal Services' Securities dropped sharply on the Exchange and the Directors demanded a special meeting.

"Our stocks are being dumped on the market," roared Director Bentley, who estimated that he had lost a cool million of his seventy-four in the depreciated values of Greater Postal Shares. "If this keeps on even our 4½% Gold Debentures won't be worth the paper they're printed on."

Mr. Winterbottom glared at Bentley in an icy rage.

"Bentley," he said, "those 4½% Gold Debentures are backed by the blood and brain of a Winterbottom," and he turned and tottered out of the Board Room, his neck turning scarlet despite his rapid mental computation of the compound interest at 4½%.

By the end of the year, it was evident that Winterbottom was failing under the terrific pressure. His voice was querulous, his hands trembled when he removed his glasses from his nose, and his once firm carriage was doddering.

"We need a younger man to carry on this fight," the Directors decided, and, shattered in health and spirit, Mr. Joshua G. Winterbottom, at the turn of the New Year, sailed on the Super Gigantic to the Riviera.

VI

A gentle breeze ruffled the deep blue of the Mediterranean Sea causing delicate ridges of lacy white and the June sun was warm, as Joshua G. Winterbottom leaned on the arm of his caddy on the Riviera Golf Course.

He felt old and tired and broken, but seeing across the green another old man tottering over the course unsupported, he disengaged himself from his caddy and made his tremulous way unaided. He was lonely, and there was something vaguely familiar about the figure of the old man across the green, and hoping it might prove to be a sound American business man, Mr. Winterbottom moved his quivering legs in that general direction.

The other man shaded his eyes with a trembling hand, and seeing the approach of Winterbottom, he, too, began to propel himself in uncertain fashion in Mr. Winterbottom's direction.

They met in the center of the green where there was a low bench and, both of them being out of breath, they sank down upon it, side by side, panting and wheezing. Mr. Winterbottom, with shaking hands, took his glasses, which he had permitted to dangle on their silken cord, and affixing them to his nose, looked closely at his panting companion.

"So it's you, Horace B. Horace!" he panted. Mr. Horace replied, "Yes, Winterbottom—me!"

They sat there together while the sun sank in a blaze of golden red and a golden moon rose in a starry sky, and, after a prolonged silence, broken only by their heavy breathing, they talked—talked the talk that was their life.

"We should have merged, Horace," said Winterbottom, sadly, "then neither of us would be here," and Horace nodded, gravely. "We should have merged," he said.

Strains of dance music wafted through the mild evening air, but still the two men sat.

"I don't intend to stay on the shelf forever," Horace said, and as he talked new blood coursed in Winterbottom's veins, and his breath came faster, and visions floated before him.

"No, I propose to return," continued Horace, "and I want you in on this new deal I have in mind, Winterbottom.

"First, of course, we should merge our two Postal Services and eliminate unsound competition—but that's a mere detail. The project I have in mind contemplates the formation of a subsidiary corporation—a subsidiary, by gad, that may prove greater than the parent company.

"I have an untouched, undeveloped field, Winterbottom—one that you and I are ideally equipped to develop along the sane and efficient lines that have characterized the management and operation of our other Properties.

"This project, in short," continued Mr. Horace, "contemplates the purchase of the present inefficient, socially controlled Public Libraries, and giving to those Properties the benefits of sound, private. . . ."

Mr. Horace's voice droned on, but Mr. Winterbottom no longer heard the words.

Tears were swiftly streaming down his sunken cheeks, but his mind was racing as actively as of old.

"God! What an opportunity," he was thinking, "and what a combination of talents, Winterbottom and Horace!"

Visions danced before him. A Tour of the Properties. Elimination of antiquated volumes. Sets of Standard Works to match any interiors rented by day or week. Advertising—Merchandising—Efficiency—Financing—Common—Preferred—4½% Gold Debentures—

"Think what we could do to the libraries, together!" Mr. Horace was saying, and Mr. Winterbottom put his arm about Horace's shoulder.

"Together!" he whispered. #

Cordially Yours

Continued from page 56

of ingredients doing duty, the now famous Green Chartreuse (55% alcohol). And later its slightly less aromatic companion, Yellow Chartreuse (45%).

There was also a third—White. But it got lost in the scramble for Green and Yellow.

This scramble has been going on ever since 1849 when a party of officers of the French Army of the Alps who applied for shelter were seventh-heavened with nectar and spread the news of their discovery.

Still, the extinction of the White seems a pity. Particularly now that the inhabitants of the old nectar nest, dispossessed in 1901, have betaken selves and recipe down to Tarragona, Spain, where, thank Bacchus, they are still producing the same pretty potions, I can't help but feel that for History's sake, there ought to be a museum, or Sentiment Cellar, treasuring upon its shelves a set of all the Chartreuses that were ever evolved on the way to perfection. Indeed, sooner than let such an educational collection go begging for lack of accommodation, I myself would put shelf room at their disposal. Readily.

When it comes to a *general* collection of self-culture in the liqueur line, including all shapely bottles and juglets, all the worth-while flavors, and all the revered brands, pardon me while I borrow the lower concourse of Grand Central Station as a storage space for them. They are that many. Fortunately, though, the possessor of merely a normally planned home can house enough types—well-known favorites and interesting oddities—to be able to offer quite a representative range. For basically they aren't the baffling legion they seem.

To sort them out, they come more or less under the following:

Absinthe Substitutes (various brands). The nefarious wormwood root is omitted, but Mr. Mephistopheles himself is still on the job, in company with his friend Eros. Two dashes added to a cocktail impart a rising inflection. For full effect use special Absinthe Glass and Absinthe Dripper which fits atop it: lump of sugar over drip hole; half fill upper dripper with thinly cracked ice; pour 1½ oz. Substitute; 1 oz. Anisette; then add enough ice water to just cover ice. Ready when dripping has been completed.

Advocaat (various brands). Dutch vitalizer, made of yolk of eggs, sugar, and brandy. Yellow and thick as heavy cream, but not cloying. 18% alcohol. Whether correct or not, I prefer to eat mine out of glass with a spoon.

Anisette (various brands). Clear liqueur distilled from the seeds of the weedish-looking anise plant of the south of Spain which yields a pungent oil. Good straight or in any number of cocktails, including its *own*, which is: equal parts Anisette, Whiskey, and Italian Vermouth; shake well with ice, strain into frosted cocktail glass, twist orange peel over and serve.

Apricot Liqueur (various brands) or in the case of the famous house of Marie Brizard—Apry. Aunt Emma's amateur product had nothing in common with the opulence turned out by the Dutch or the gorgeousness by the French—even right here in America. Real Cognac is part of the difference.

Bénédictine (proprietary). Favorite mixing—the "B. & B." in which it goes 50-50 with Cognac.

Cassis (various brands). Swell in itself and serviceable as partner for Vermouth or Amer Picon.

Cherry Liqueur (various brands). Rival of Apricot. Not to be confused with Maraschino Cherry. Special cocktail: equal parts Cherry Liqueur and French Vermouth; shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass; add Maraschino cherry.

Cointreau (proprietary). An especially famous brand of Triple Sec—the latter being a dry, white version of Curaçao. Cointreau's little journeys in Side Cars have circled the globe with eminent success.

Créme de Cacao (various brands). Sweet, rich, and toothsome. Best quality is made from cocoa grown in a special region in Venezuela and roasted to exactly the proper degree; also figuring in it is non-synthetic vanilla (unknown in household cookery today) derived from Mexican vanilla beans pounded in a mortar. This liqueur, with equal parts Dry Gin and cream, well shaken and sprinkled with nutmeg, constitutes an Alexander such as the ladies sigh for and smile after.

Créme de Menthe (various brands). Distilled from fresh mint leaves; later redistilled and heavily syruped. The Green edition, especially attractive in a glass of crushed or shaved ice, is simply the White plus harmless coloring matter.

Créme de Rose (various brands). If you've ever visited the perfume factories at Grasse on the French Riviera and seen them distilling attar of roses at $600 a pound, you'll be interested in this derivative, made from rose water.

Créme de Violettes (various brands). Built on similar principles.

Curaçao (various brands). Yellow and sweeter than its variant, Triple Sec. Usually to be had in fat sausage-shaped brown jugs.

Drambuie (proprietary). The Scotch Whisky Cordial. Made of 20-year-old liqueur Scotch, to which are added honey and various native Scottish herbs. According to tradition the secret formula was brought over from France by a follower of Bonnie Prince Charlie. Marvelous stuff!

Eau De Vie De Danzig (various brands). The "Goldwasser" which, blended of about a dozen liqueurs, has actual bits of gold flake dancing about in it.

Forbidden Fruit (proprietary). Comes in a fascinating gold-trimmed globular bottle suggestive of a regal orb. Contents a subtle blend of fruit liqueurs, chiefly citrus, with Fine Champagne cognac base. It's put up in America and has the distinction of being the only domestic liqueur used abroad. Swell mixer!

Grand Marnier (proprietary). Curaçao combined with venerable Cognac. Used as a base for the official cocktail at the wedding of British Prince George: ⅓ Grand Marnier, ⅔ Bacardi Rum, juice of half lime, twist of lemon peel.

Grenadine (various brands). Non-alcoholic syrup made from pomegranates. Rich red. Mixer's standby.

Kirsch or **Kirschwasser** (various brands). Colorless liqueur distilled from the fruit of wild cherries, principally in the Black Forest, the Vosges, Switzerland.

Kümmel (various brands). A northern Europe liqueur made of potato alcohol redistilled with caraway seeds. Especially rich quality called Allasch. For a lordly cocktail try the following: Cut a lemon in quarters lengthwise. With one of these pieces on a fruit fork rub the inside of a punch glass until it has been thoroughly moistened. Fill the glass with bar sugar, then turn upside down, removing the sugar and leaving the inside of the glass nicely frosted. Pour into this ½ glass Cognac and ½ glass Kümmel; fill up glass with Champagne that has been well chilled. It's called a "Russian."

Liqueur D'Or (proprietary). Combination of 22 different flowers, herbs, and seeds, with results reputed to be pleasing unto Venus.

Mandarin (various brands). Cordial from mandarin oranges.

Maraschino (various brands). Dalmatian liqueur distilled from the marasca cherry of that region. Also made by the French and the Dutch.

Orgeat (various brands). Non-alcoholic syrup made from almonds. Orgeat Cocktail: ½ jigger Dry Gin; ½ jigger Orgeat; 1 spoon orange juice; shake well with ice, strain.

Ojen (various brands). A Spanish substitute for Absinthe. Effective.

Parfait Amour (various brands). Combination of several cordials as first aid to the lovelorn.

Peach Liqueur (various brands). Not quite as interesting as Apricot.

Pernod (proprietary). Well-known substitute for Absinthe, made by three different firms of the same name, one of which is Liqueur Veritus.

Prunelle (various brands). Made from the stones of the small wild plum of the north of France. Put up usually in attractive jugs.

In general the quality of liqueurs depends on the use of pure, untainted alcohol and full-flavored, non-synthetic ingredients. If honestly made they will keep indefinitely, even after being opened.

Would, I mean.

PAGING SEÑOR MOJITO

Dear Wine & Liquor Editor:

Do you know the whereabouts of a booklet or folder listing most popular recipes—and does it include your formulae for the concoction of Princeton Club Gin Daisy and New Orleans Fizz? Will you tell me where and how?

Another thing—about two years ago on a visit to Havana I was regaled with a drink made of rum, sugar, and some unknown parts, the blue print of which I have failed to find a trace of since my return.

The name of this delight is pronounced "mohito," but don't ask me to give the correct spelling. The rum was, of course, Ron Blanco, and the whole poured in a small, slim goblet. Can you tell me the rest?

Kankakee, Ill. R. H. Kendrigan

Answer: Mixers' guides have been compiled, with the aid of good bartenders, by all the leading gin, whiskey, rum, vermouth, apéritif, and liqueur firms and may be had either gratis upon request, or for an investment sufficient to cover handling and postage—maximum one dime. The most complete manual ever gotten together—a tome too big for your pocket and costing full bookstore price, but worth it—is "The Old Waldorf Bar Book" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) by Albert Stevens Crockett, who is now counsel on drinks at the Sherry Netherland Hotel. The recipe for the Princeton Club Gin Daisy has never been in print except in Esquire.

As to your Havana delight, the Mojito (j pronounced like a husky h) is concocted as follows: in a five-ounce glass (either Delmonico or goblet as you describe) place ½ teaspoon sugar and two small ice cubes; squeeze ¼ piece of green lime, and then heave it in; add 1 jigger (1½ oz.) white label Cuban rum. Fill with fizz water; stir. If this doesn't bring back fond memories, let me know.

NEVER BITES

Dear Wine & Liquor Editor:

Have you never heard of a "Bulldog?"—the juice of an orange, a jigger and a half of gin, ginger ale and ice, and sugar if you like it that way. Try it after playing tennis all morning in a temperature of 90° in the shade.

Manila, P. I. R. C. Hall

Answer: Make mine *without* sugar, please.

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Now you are sure of a perfect bowl ..if it's Kaywoodie

Why do we X-Ray pipes? Curiosity? You bet. To see what's inside. Because a pipe's as good as its bowl—no better! That's where the smoke *originates.* And if your smoke doesn't get off to a good *start,* how can it ever be good in the end? A sound, sweet-smoking bowl *prevents* pipe-evils. They never get started. So look to the bowl, and remember Kaywoodie's the only pipe using regular serial X-Raying.

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7098 Overall Size 5⅜ in. "Pup" Bowl
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Super
GRAIN
$5

—Roots from Virgin Territory — Greece

Of Every 100 Briar Bowls, Only 4 Meet the Kaywoodie Standard

Judge a pipe by what's left out of it—left out of Kaywoodie is inferior briar that would (a) smoke hot (b) smoke strong (c) get rank, stale and wet (d) contain flaws and fissures under the surface. We turn down 96 out of 100 briar bowls, on these grounds, when making a Kaywoodie pipe.

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Penthouse Bolsheviki

Continued from page 53

Before the war this type gravitated towards the socialist movement. Who doesn't recall the "millionaire socialists" who figured in the news and decorated the radical platforms in those days? The Stokeses, Bullards, Spargos, Wallings, Bross Lloyds? The rich men enjoyed their anomalous position, which transferred them from dull routine to the limelit circle. The lowlier socialists, on their side, enjoyed the fine company; it gave them a vicarious respectability. So every one was happy. But at the first breath of harsh reality the moneyed recruits sought refuge in their own class, never again to emerge.

Today that same type is attracted to communism.

The Bolshevik set-up is a lot more enticing. Its emotional possibilities are wider, more complex, with a greater range of psychological sensation. It, too, provides plenty of the self-righteous glow that comes with championing the lowly and downtrodden—that is basic. But the lowly in this case have a powerful army to back them up, an invulnerable Mecca in the Kremlin and a capacious seat of power on one-sixth of the earth's surface.

Thus you may descend among the humble and afflicted, like a good Samaritan, and ascend among the mighty and the ruthless, like a conqueror, in a single operation. You are turned not only into a proletarian—but into a proletarian dictator! Little wonder that so many "enemy elements" are becoming penthouse Bolsheviki in good standing. No other cause brings them the fillip of this multiple thrill, of humility and power rolled into one.

II.

I have met them often, these penthouse Bolsheviki, both in America and at the shrines in Moscow.

On the very day I returned from the Soviet land for a visit home, in 1931, I attended a dinner at Town Hall for Americans who had been to Russia, whether as tourists, in search of profits or for sociological research. Except for a scattering of Russians and a batch of professors, it might have been a Rotary gathering. The bustling professional friends of the Soviets, so hearty and self-important, sustained the impression. Even the speeches were Rotarian in their synthetic enthusiasm for God's own country, meaning the U. S. S. R.

After a heavy meal, the tides of eulogy for all things Soviet began to rise. It was all glib and smug and superficial. Such benevolent exclamations, such facile acceptance of the burdens another people must bear, such charitable tolerance of the foibles and "mistakes" of the Kremlin. The company fairly hiccuped its acquiescence in policies it did not begin to understand.

As the superlatives piled up, I thought of the intense years of suffering and sacrifice I had witnessed under the hammer-and-sickle, of the Five-Year Plan being forced through relentlessly regardless of human costs. Whatever the verdict of history may be as to the value of the effort, there was no doubt of the immediate burdens. Life in the Soviet Union just then was a grim business.

But these comfortable, hiccuping Americans, with their oh-and-ah blather, seemed utterly unaware of the grimness of the things they celebrated in a picnic spirit. The Russians might have been so many guinea pigs experimented upon to make a pleasant holiday at Town Hall. Had the banqueters been able to sense a little of the desperations and fears under which the ordinary Russian at the time had his being, they could not have sipped their demi-tasse and applauded the puerilities quite so nonchalantly.

For the moment I was seeing the performance through the eyes of long-suffering Russians and it seemed to me obscene. To accept the revolution with open eyes as a cruel, bloody but necessary historical process is one thing. To accept it ignorantly or lightmindedly as these people were doing, is quite another thing. It seemed to me a mockery of Russia's sacrifices.

In Moscow itself I have been witness to the same sort of political self-delusion. With evidence of tragic hardships spread all around them, these patronizing foreigners gurgled their excitement. It was all so interesting . . . such stirring slogans and parades and revolutionary music and pictures of muscular proletarians on billboards . . . especially when you had an American passport and need not take any guff from anyone.

Russians are justly infuriated by polite assurances from visiting admirers that the Soviet experiment is "so interesting." Their hurt eyes seem to say: "You enjoy watching the fire, but we are in it. . . . You are going back home to write articles and make speeches, while the revolution is being worked out in our blood, our flesh and our minds."

To this day Moscow recalls with a shudder the speech of a patriarchal gentleman named George Bernard Shaw. He was being tendered a birthday party in the Hall of Columns. Several thousand Russians were crowded into the place to do him honor, as pleased as children that a foreign writer with such an impressive beard had come to them with sympathy and understanding in his heart. The country was tightening its belt a few more notches and clenching its teeth in a period of terrible food strin-

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PILGRIM RUM

gency, and needed such sympathy and understanding.

Mr. Shaw arose and in his most kittenish manner began to joke about the food shortage! He looked his hungry listeners in the eye and assured them that they had plenty to eat. Hadn't he been banqueted to satiety since he reached Moscow? His friends, he said, had loaded him with food packages when he left London, but he had thrown these gifts out of the window in Poland before he reached the Soviet frontier. Several thousand stomachs must have contracted in a spasm of pain and envy at this picture of discarded food littering Polish highways.

If he had carefully planned some statement to symbolize his own cynical disregard of the Soviet realities he could not have chosen a more effective one. Instead of understanding, he gave his admirers taunts and second-hand official lies.

What in Mr. Shaw was probably pathological love of paradox, in a great many other tourists is sheer ignorance. Their anxiety to believe is a kind of intoxication. It is from their ranks that a great many of our penthouse Bolsheviki are drawn.

III.

Let me try to describe one in extenso—a composite portrait of a number of penthouse Bolsheviki—and it may help us understand some of his brethren.

Lester is the son of a self-made multimillionaire. He comes automatically by the fortune that his father accumulated in a harsh struggle against handicaps. There is something humiliating to him in receiving as a gift what his father achieved by conquest. His real trouble is an unemployed square chin.

In his own social circle Lester is nothing more than his father's boy, destined always to play a secondary rôle. No matter what he might accomplish, he would be treated always as an adjunct to an established family. As for the luxuries and physical indulgences and routine philanthropies open to him, familiarity had robbed them of all genuine thrill. Absolute security had left his existence peculiarly flavorless.

Even as a boy Lester directed his sympathies towards the inert, rather frightening mass of humanity employed in his family's mines and factories. It was an unconscious protest against the overbearing importance of his father, a challenge to the immense power he was slated to inherit. By siding with the workers he was actually defying his father and thereby saving his self-importance, in his secret mind.

As he matured, and stumbled across revolutionary tracts and economic heresies, his unconscious revolt came to the surface as rationalized, though rather vague, economic theory. He began openly to flout the capitalist system. Sometimes he did feel a bit of a charlatan in championing causes that were so far from his home grounds and setting himself up as spokesman for "masses" whom he had never really met face to face. The miseries of the lower classes were no doubt real enough to the victims, but tantalizingly far away from his own experience.

Lester's first excursions into the radical movement thrilled him to the core. He was eating of forbidden fruit. He was asserting his manhood and independence of spirit and putting that square family chin into active employment. Where he was merely taken for granted in his own habitat, here he was lionized, hurrah-ed and listened to with scared respect.

In a curious way, too, his money and family connections acquired a glamorous significance here which they did not possess in his routine world. Under the backslapping familiarity the comrades were awed by his background. This was a new, exhilarating use for his social and financial prestige and the irony of it added a fine tang.

He knew well enough that he was being exploited for propaganda purposes. Lester on the picket line, Lester arrested, Lester hurling verbal thunderbolts at his own pampered class made headlines in the newspapers and converts to the cause. Not in a hundred years of conformity in his natural milieu could he have attained such importance.

Even his own class now recognized his existence. His classmates and schoolmates, whatever they might think of his exotic ideas, at least admitted that he had ideas. And courage. And the fighting spirit that had made his old man a power in the land. His own father, after the initial shock had worn off, was rather proud of the young man's spunk: a chip off the old block all right; secretly he gazed at his son's name on the covers of queer Red brochures with paternal pride. . . .

The one thing that bothered Lester about his adopted radical world was its ineffectuality. So much of it was negative—protest, indignation, wordy resolutions, inside-out Fourth of July speeches. The revolution seemed terribly far off. So many of his new comrades were failures in the capitalist scheme, rationalizing their private disappointments in social formulas. In a sense he was doing just that himself. There was too much Sunday school prattle of justice and humanity and too little action.

But in the end that annoyance was beautifully resolved. He found Bolshevism, with its slogans of discipline and ruthlessness; with its Red Army and death-dealing edicts and its immense base of power. In Moscow (he made the pilgrimage, of course) radicalism was not vague and ineffectual. The Moscow régime was rigid, orthodox, utterly Tory in its narrow-minded and implacable

Continued on page 186

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who take comfort and long wear in their shoes for granted, but who are particularly fastidious about the refinements of style that give a flare of individuality. In City Club Shoes you will find this styling and also find a selection of patterns numerous enough to please even the most divergent tastes.

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Penthouse Bolsheviki

Continued from pages 53-185

faith, without room for sentimentality or doubt.

In the Moscow dictatorship, in fact, he found in all practical matters a sober disdain for "the people" considered as human creatures. Everything in Lester that stemmed from his father, the relentless builder of a great fortune, thrilled to this method of building socialism. More than once he said to himself, "God, what a commissar dad would have made!"

It never entered Lester's head to identify himself with the Soviet workers, except in books and speeches. In his mind he identified himself, like all communist leaders, with the dictators. Thereafter, when he functioned as a rebel, he felt that he was integrated with power, a vital cog in a machine of might which already ruled one-sixth of the world and eventually would encompass the other five-sixths as well.

IV.

In the Lesters it is the frustration of excessive wealth. For others their pseudo-communism is a subtle revenge against the capitalists whose unholy chores they must do, or a penance for living off the fat of the bourgeois land.

A literary critic or columnist works for a millionaire publisher. He knows himself to be more civilized or more capable than his employer and resents his inferior status. On the periphery of the communist movement he finds his compensations. He pays off the hated publisher by subtly "boring from within," playing up anti-capitalist books and ideas. His chuckling awareness that the boss is paying him a handsome salary for helping dig the grave of the capitalist system is his chief interest in the revolution.

A retired cloak manufacturer, being afflicted with a tender conscience, is bothered by his memory of the sweatshops on which his fortune is based. To atone to himself and to blur the memory he turns radical. Not, of course, to the point of renouncing his wealth, or his houses and comforts—but to the extent of joining communist subsidiaries, attending left-wing dinners and writing sophomoric eulogies of the Kremlin régime.

A well-to-do couple, having ventured beyond their mental depth in radical reading, are honestly convinced that the revolution is around the corner. They become "friends of the Soviet Union," cultivate commissars-to-be and otherwise provide themselves with revolutionary credits for the rainy day of chaos ahead. Their revolutionary attitudes are clearly, though perhaps unconsciously, insurance against proletarian vengeance. Meanwhile they are shrewdly investing in other hedges against revolution, such as an island retreat in the South Seas...

The varieties of penthouse Bolsheviki are thus endless. The predominant species latterly, however, is the professional friend of the Kremlin, with a definite economic stake in that friendship. It includes writers and lecturers on Soviet affairs whose chief revolutionary conviction is that it is to their advantage to keep the gates of the Soviet land open to themselves. It includes artists and concertists without an audience at home who have developed one in Russia. Above all it is overrun with high-salaried technical specialists, contractors, exporters and others who have sold services or goods to the Soviet Union or expect to do so. These cultivate Soviet officials and influential American friends of the new Russia at dinners, mass meetings and diplomatic receptions, much as they do with other customers on golf courses.

It is a passing fashion, perhaps a little more earnest and durable than mah-jong or jigsaw puzzles. Lots of idle ladies who used to take up table-rapping or theosophy now take up Bolshevism. Semi-intellectuals who like their ideas ready-made but a bit startling in pattern find the communist catechism a great comfort. A lot of good bourgeois souls, having invested in a tour to Russia, feel that they ought at least have a new set of social views to show for it. Others discover that on the platform of friendship for the Soviets they can meet and mingle with "the nicest people." And underlying all these causes and attractions is the current economic depression which has robbed these people of their old sense of self-assurance and opened them to new influences.

In any case, the contingent grows. With negligible exceptions they do not join the Communist Party. That would involve duties and risks. As "sympathizers" they have all the fun and none of the headaches.

The fact that these ritzy rebels flock to the standard of Bolshevism is not to the discredit of the genuine Bolsheviks. Some of the honest variety are naïvely flattered by these conscientious deserters from the other side of the no-man's land of class warfare. Others use the sympathetic "class enemies" but despise them as dupes and dilettantes.

The great mass, the rank and file, are scarcely aware of the existence of the penthouse Bolsheviki. Were any of them to stumble upon a penthouse party such as I mentioned, they would dismiss it with a curse as just another capitalist orgy. Unless they recognized a few of their leaders and a Soviet official or two among the champagne drinkers, in which case they would know, if they are properly brought up, that it is all deeply dialectic and not theirs to question. ⧺

HEADS OR COCKTAILS?

Major Gruff says that anyone who uses his head at night never has a head in the morning. "Mellow old Hildick Applejack," adds the Major, "tastes good, is in good taste, and leaves no after-taste."

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and Gilson Cognac

The Double Wedding

Continued from page 55

battery of stills burbling night and day. The county commissioners co-operated by ordering the road that ran past Bud's farm paved.

Almost before Bella could recover from her amazement, Bud and Gussie were swankily ensconced in the city's only penthouse, atop the new ten-story Cheshire apartment building.

When Bella finally recovered from her stupefaction, and definitely learned the details of Bud's illicit enterprise, she secretly spilled the whole story to the police, and then sat back with a malicious smile, naïvely waiting for the cops to swoop down on him. But the police didn't swoop. At this evidence of official collusion, she was so outraged that she thought seriously of carrying the matter straight to President Hoover, but she finally lost her nerve and wrote an anonymous poison-pen letter to the Governor of the State, instead. Still nothing happened. At last Bella began to go around spreading the story that Bud had tried to inveigle Ham into joining him in his nefarious activities, but that she had sternly refused to permit Ham to sully their good name by engaging in such a degrading occupation. It was touching to hear her tell about it.

"Oh, yes," she would say, "Bud just begged Ham to go in with him, but I wouldn't hear to it! I'd rather be poor, and be able to hold my head up, than to live in a penthouse, if I couldn't look folks in the eye." This pious speech put a halo around her head, but no new clothes on her back, so she got damn little satisfaction out of it.

By this time Bud and Gussie were flying so high that it was apparent that Ham and Bella didn't have a look-in. But Bella stubbornly refused to admit defeat.

From her back yard, as she was hanging out the washing, she could gaze across the roofs of the little city, and see Bud's and Gussie's penthouse silhouetted, tiny and snug, against the skyline. And she was eaten up with envy, and the desire to get even.

Four bitter years followed for Bella, in which nothing happened except that Ham got two ten percent salary cuts. Bella took the first cut pretty hard, but the second she accepted stoically. It now seemed quite clear to her that fate had decreed that she could expect no help from this big hulk of a husband of hers. She rarely ever even spoke to him any more.

A less obstinate woman would have given up long before, but Bella was an energetic, vindictive soul.

And, at last, after nearly four years of waiting, the big inspiration finally came. It came over her quite suddenly one Sunday afternoon. They had company for dinner, and one of the guests remarked: "Bella, your fried chicken is the best I ever tasted! You could get rich cooking for folks!" And, all at once, with the suddenness of divine inspiration, a plan rapidly unfolded in her mind. There was nothing very miraculous about Bella's scheme, but it looked awfully good to her. The scheme was simply this: She proposed to turn her home into an inn, and serve big family-style chicken dinners. Her idea was to advertise: "All the fried chicken and trimmings you can eat for $1.50." She did some lightning calculating and figured she could clear almost fifty cents on each patron. If she fed an average of fifty persons per day, that would be a profit of twenty-five bucks a day—almost as much as Ham made in a week. If she fed a hundred people every day that would be . . . wow! There was millions in it! The scheme finally got to looking so good to Bella that she became cheerful and light-hearted for the first time in years. That night, while they were getting ready for bed, Bella outlined her plan to Ham and easily secured his consent.

Quite quickly and inexpensively Bella had the first floor of their home transformed into an inn. The most difficult problem of all proved to be the selection of an appropriate name. Bella wanted to think of something that would be both snappy and homey sounding. After several days of profound thought she decided to call it the "Yum Yum Inn."

The Yum Yum Inn instantly proved to be a howling success, exceeding even Bella's fondest dreams. Bella's widely advertised policy of "all you could eat" at the flat price of a buck-and-a-half aroused the sporting instinct of her patrons. On Sundays you should have seen the place. It was packed from noon until midnight with a crowd of cheap-skates who, having fasted since sundown Saturday night, came piling into the place with their empty intestines growling, and waddled away an hour later, stuffed to the verge of apoplexy.

Bella worked herself to a frazzle but she was happy, very happy, because the money was rolling in. And *how* it was rolling in! It seemed no time at all until she had a whole coffee can full of silver and greenbacks.

But, the first of the month, when the bills from the butcher and baker, etc. came rolling in, it was a different story. Each bill struck with the shock of a torpedo. Almost in the twinkling of an eye, Bella's coffee can was empty, and by the time the smoke had cleared Ham was forced to dig down into his private bankroll to the tune of thirty-eight berries. It was evident, even to the untrained eye, that Bella's ship o' dreams had sprung a big leak somewhere.

And the thing that riled Ham was, that Bella acted like it was all his fault. She rode him from morning until night. He was having a lovely time of it, all around.

Continued on page 188

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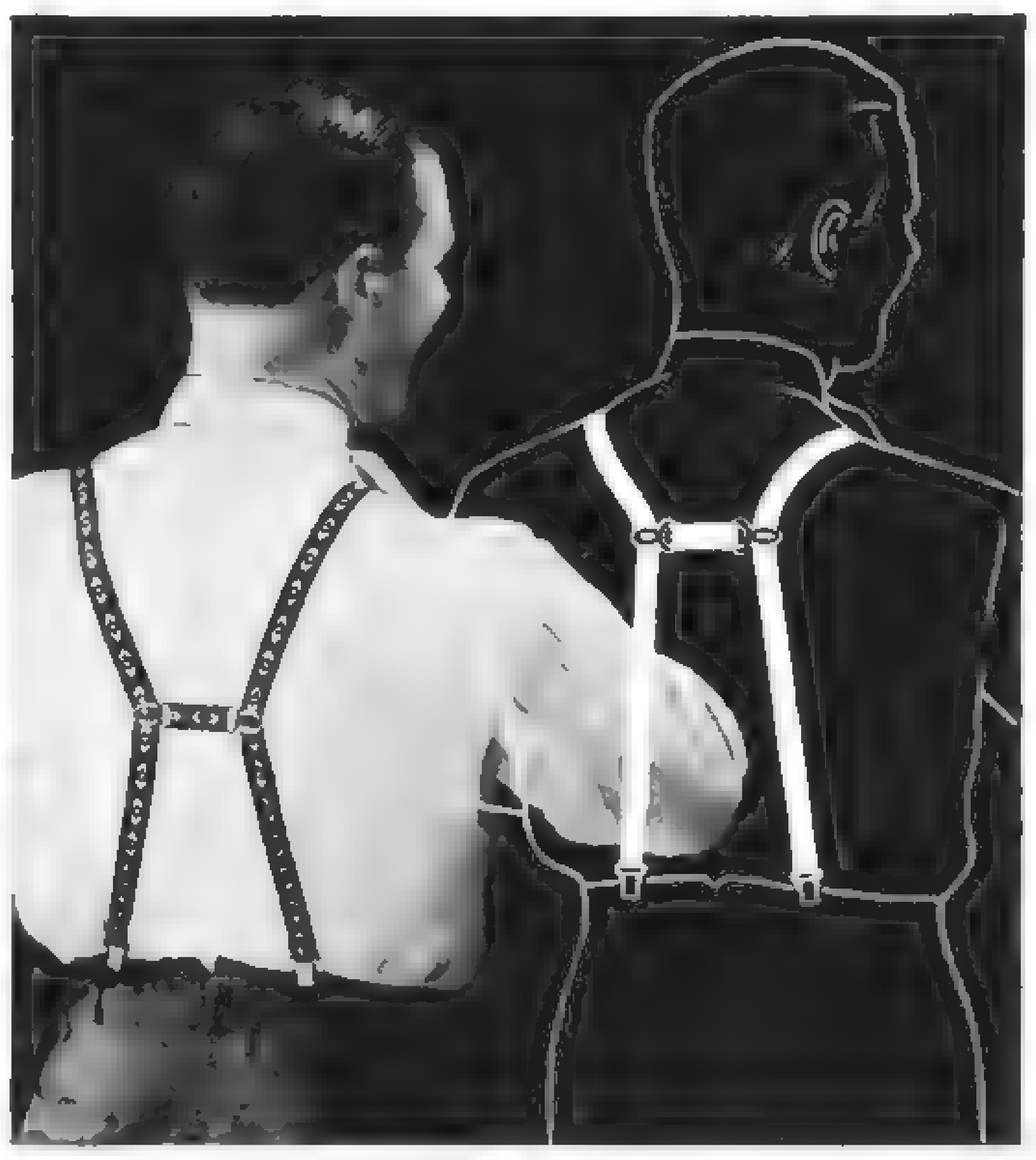

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The Double Wedding

Continued from pages 55-187

All he had to do was: get up in the morning not later than five o'clock, rip the insides out of fifty or sixty chickens, then rush down town to work and pound the pavement all day long, after which he had the evening free to wait tables until midnight. And the thing that exhausted his patience almost beyond endurance was the fact that this sort of a dog's life was actually costing him money.

Ham wasn't as dumb as he looked and he was getting pretty sore about the whole deal. He was plenty smart enough to see where the leaks were, but there was no use to try to tell his know-it-all wife anything.

Leak No. 1 was Bella's mother, the widow. She camped out in the kitchen all day, sampling everything, and eating enough to kill a horse. Quite naturally the widow would have preferred to loll on the silken cushions in daughter Gussie's penthouse, but she had got to be such a pest and an eyesore up there that Bud had finally kicked her out. So the old lady contented herself with camping in Bella's kitchen and giving everybody orders. She made it her prerogative to choose the choicest pieces of fried chicken as they came piping hot from the skillet, and gobble them down to see "If this batch was as good as the last batch." But she wasn't fooling Ham any. He kept track one Sunday. Piece by piece, the old lady stowed away the best part of three chickens.

Leak No. 2 was Bella's legion of hungry relatives. As soon as they had got wind that Bella was running a beanery, they came bellying into the place in droves for a big free feed on the house. Naturally, they would have been highly insulted if Bella had attempted to charge them anything. Aunts and uncles, whom nobody had heard of for years, suddenly appeared on the scene, all of them adept at putting on the feed-bag. On the third Saturday after Bella's inn opened, Uncle Wilbur and family, from away down in the Panhandle, showed up. Accompanying them was a gawky, lanky, hungry-looking youth whom Uncle Wilbur introduced as: "You remember cousin Sadie's boy, Elmer, don't you Bella?" Bella didn't recall him at the time, but, after she saw the way he could make fried chicken and mashed potatoes disappear, she knew that she would always remember him in the future.

As soon as Uncle Wilbur and family had hogged down everything in sight, Uncle Wilbur called Bella out of the kitchen, and enacted the usual horse-play about wanting to settle for the dinners. Staggering under his load of fried chicken, Uncle Wilbur rose shakily to his feet, fumbled gingerly in his pants pocket, and finally produced an old-fashioned coin purse. Eying Bella anxiously he snapped it open, and, tentatively fingering a fifty-cent piece, inquired innocently: "How much do I owe you, Bella?"

Of course Bella had to say: "Oh, that's all right, this time, Uncle Wilbur. There's no charge. Glad to have you!"

Uncle Wilbur pretended to be greatly shocked and abashed at Bella's refusal, and he protested weakly: "Now, Bella, we wouldn't have come here, if we'd have thought you were going to do that. It ought to be worth something."

When Bella again refused, Uncle Wilbur shook his head as if mildly disgusted at her stubbornness, and then breaking out into a broad smile, snapped his pocketbook shut, and exclaimed: "Well, now that's mighty fine of you, Bella! We certainly enjoyed the dinner, and if you're ever down around Hooker, why you know where you'll always find a hearty welcome!"

It was this sort of thing, repeated day after day, that was gradually driving Ham nuts. And, in addition to sponging pests like Uncle Wilbur, there was also another gang of indigent and jobless Koontz's continually hanging around on the back porch, waiting for a hand-out. It was clear to Ham that the Yum Yum Inn was going on the rocks, unless all the Koontz's in the county were indefinitely quarantined in their homes. But what could he do? Every time he even ventured to make a suggestion, Bella flew off the handle. Ham shut up, but he was thinking plenty. He'd had seven years of Bella. He was beginning to feel that seven years was about all that he could stand. And Bella was growing wilder every hour as she saw her dream of overtaking Bud and Gussie fading out of focus.

But, in the meantime, bootlegger Bud wasn't getting along so hot, himself. Prohibition was on its last legs, and so was Bud. He had got to living so high and gambling so heavily that he was about strapped.

Bud's political pals looked him over, and decided that it was about time to cook his goose. They figured it would make a pretty dish to set before the voters in the fall elections.

So now the police swooped down on him—five carloads of 'em. It hardly seemed necessary to send five carloads of burly cops after one lone little bootlegger, but it made an impressive spectacle.

They snatched Bud from his penthouse, 'way up in the sky, and locked him in a clammy cell, 'way down in the basement of the city hall.

When interviewed from his cell in the city calaboose, Bud was in a bitter mood. He vigorously expressed his complete disillusionment with the American system of government. He claimed that he had been sandbagged and

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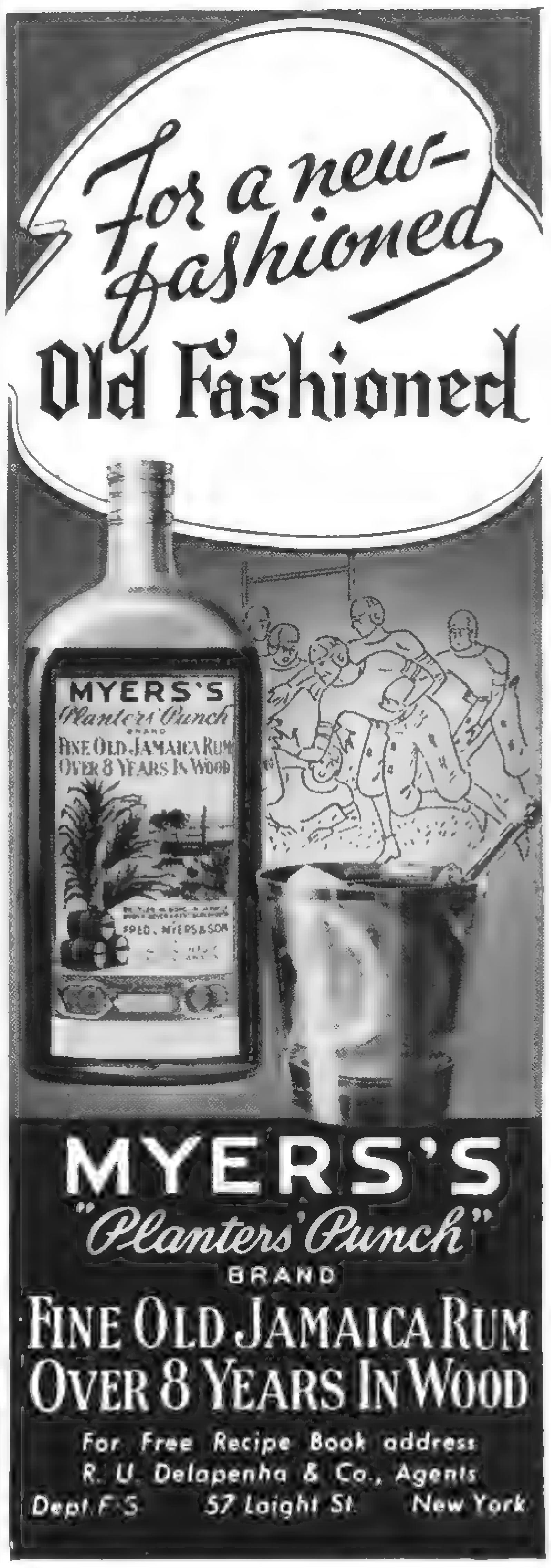
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ASK YOUR DEALER to show you a Schick Shaver. If none is near you, send $15 to Department T.

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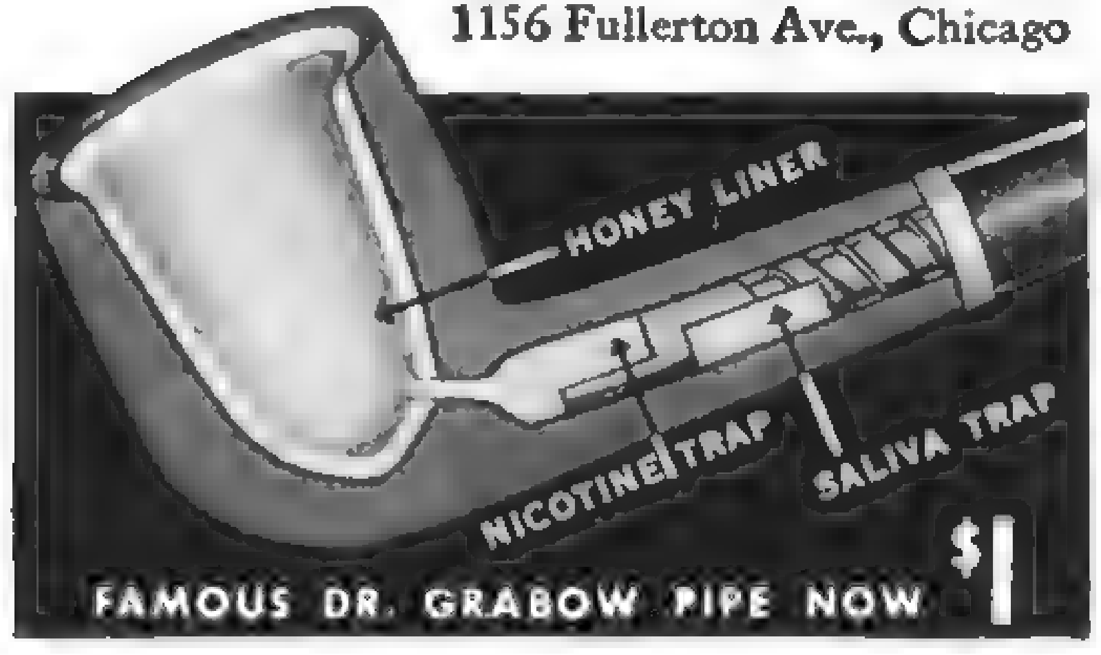


A MATTER OF PRIDE, PLEASURE AND GOOD, PLAIN SENSE

Linings BY Skinner

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS – NEW YORK

double-crossed by the gang of safe-blowers running the city hall. Some of his statements were pretty rabid. For instance, he said: "If the American people are really in earnest about wanting to end the crime wave, they can do it in twenty-four hours by plunking all the politicians and lawyers in the penitentiary!" Then he thought a moment and added, significantly: "And while they're about it they might just as well make a clean sweep by bouncing all the bankers in the brig, too!"

Bud also made some very bitter comments about American women: "The goddam mercenary bastards," was the way he put it, "they ride a man ragged. You can't satisfy 'em. The more you give 'em, the more they want! To hell with 'em!"

Bud got to shooting off his trap so much that he aroused the ire of his fair-weather political pals. They gave him the works. Every time his lawyers sprung him on bail, the cops tossed him back in again on a new charge. In his heyday, Bud had been practically immune from arrest, but, now that he was broke, he couldn't stop on the street to glance in a shop window, without some beefy-faced cop nabbing him, and bouncing him in the brig, for vagrancy.

Bud was now having all the hard luck that Bella could have wished for. But, unfortunately, Bella was in such a tight spot herself, that she didn't have much time to gloat over Bud's and Gussie's downfall.

Things at the Yum Yum Inn were in that bedlam which preceeds bankruptcy . . . hard-boiled bill collectors, insulting threats, nasty letters, churlish phone calls.

The grand blow-up came one sultry July night. In order to cut expenses, Bella had let all but one of her waitresses go, and she had Ham hustling around doing double duty. The seat of his pants was wet with perspiration, and his legs ached until he thought he couldn't drag his fallen arches another step. On top of it all, Bella had been riding him all evening, until she had got him so jittery that he couldn't even pick up a spoon without juggling it. Twice he had narrowly averted upsetting a whole trayful of dishes, and each time Bella had hissed: "Watch out what you're doing, you big dummy!" And the last time she had snarled: "Sometimes you get on my nerves until I think I'll scream!"

Bella didn't suspect it, but Ham was about ready to scream, too. She had worked him right up to the point where he felt that if she said another word to him, he would take a smack at her big homely face.

Around eight o'clock, a party of twelve hungry-looking Fuller Brush salesmen came trooping in for a big feed to celebrate their glorious victory in some sort of a simple-minded sales contest. In the resulting excitement out in the kitchen, Ham inadvertently bumped into Bella and caused her to drop a whole platter of fried chicken. Bella righted herself, and then, screaming with rage, she seized a big sharp kitchen fork and let Ham have it in the seat of his pants. Ham yelled, "Ouch," and jumped half way across the kitchen. Glancing angrily around to see what had caused this painful laceration at the base of his spine, he suddenly realized that Bella had stabbed him. This was the last straw. With a bellow of wrath, elephant Ham stampeded. Turning on his wife, he gave her a shove that sent her sprawling on her pratt under the sink. Whirling around he caught sight of his mother-in-law, sitting pop-eyed in her accustomed spot by the door, her chair tilted back as usual against the wall. With a deft swoop of his huge foot, Ham kicked the chair out from under her, and the old lady slid down the wall, almost dislocating her neck, and breaking her glasses.

Next, turning his attention to Bella's chiseling relatives clustered on the back porch awaiting their nightly hand-out, Ham picked up a skillet of hot grease, and hurled it through the back door, bellowing: "Have some fried chicken, you goddam parasites!"

The parasites scattered with such velocity that several of them were injured. Perhaps the most painfully injured was Bella's big fat aunt Cora. She missed the steps and took a belly-buster out into the back yard, landing with such a jolt that she claims she hasn't had a well day since.

Inside the Yum Yum Inn, things were happening so rapidly that it would be futile to attempt to describe them. There was a continuous sound of crashing glassware and splintering wood, punctuated by Bella's screams, and the shouts of the retreating Fuller Brush men.

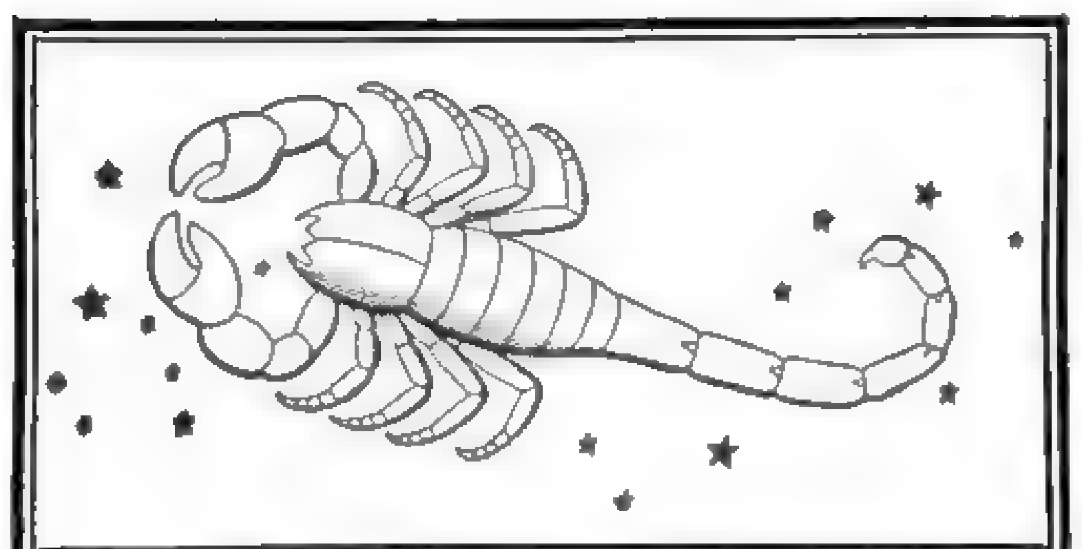
By the time the cops got there, Ham had practically gutted the place.

Ex-bootlegger Bud was spending a lonesome evening in his cheerless cell in the city calaboose, when the turnkey led Ham in. As soon as he spied Ham, Bud brightened up wonderfully, jumped to his feet, and crowed: "Well, look who's here!" Then he let out a nasty, exultant snigger that made Ham's cock eye jerk and glitter belligerently.

But Ham got the last laugh, because the judge only sentenced him to sixty days, while Bud is still in the cooler.

Bella and Gussie have divorced their husbands. The two ladies are now living out in Hollywood, still trying to get rich, running a crappy little tea room called "The Stop and Sup Shoppe."

Both girls are bitter as hell about the lousy treatment Ham and Bud gave them, but they have a couple of new chumps on the string. #



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**After whom was named Puget Sound, smooth gateway to the fast Short Route that American Mail Liners sail (every other Saturday) from Seattle to the Orient.*

Nov. 6, Wednesday

Eastern passengers booked to sail Saturday on S. S. President Jackson for Japan, China and the Philippines begin to arrive in Seattle . . . ride fascinating cable cars over steepest hills, express amazement at unexpected beauty of this city built above the Sound, beside a huge lake.

Travelers via Seattle and Victoria, B. C. do well also to visit nearby Rainier National Park

Nov. 12, Tuesday

At sea, S. S. President Jackson's Captain Morris Seavey, U. S. N. R., shows with his charts how the Short Route saves 1220 miles for Orient travelers. At Shanghai, adventurers who left *S. S. President Grant* there two weeks ago and leisurely visited Peking, board *S. S. President Jefferson* for Hong Kong and Manila.

Fortnightly sailings and liberal stopover privileges of American Mail Liners allow you to see everything . . . go as you please

Nov. 18, Monday ☾

S. S. President Jackson voyagers find out that Ping-pong is no sissy game as Purser Leroy Manor's Fifty-second Pacific Decathlon nears end. Finals scheduled for bridge, deck tennis, shuffleboard, Russian Bank . . . swimming.

Outdoor pools are only one of big American Mail Liner features. All outside staterooms are another. And many are the toasts drunk to these liners' splendid food

Nov. 21, Thursday

Swiftly nearing Yokohama, S. S. President Jackson is ransacked from stem to stern. Costumes must be secured for the Captain's Dinner. And they are . . . with surprising results. A big night before a big day: in thrilling, unbelievable Japan!

Fares on these famous Trans-Pacific ships are as low as $285 First Class, $160 Tourist. Round the World $821 First Class

For full details, see your travel agent, or write D. J. Hanscom, 604 Fifth Ave., New York; L. Matthews, 110 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; Dan E. Gould, 634 S. W. Broadway, Portland, Ore.; R. O. Bullwinkel, 465 Howe St., Vancouver, B. C., or L. J. Lancaster, 1300 Fourth Ave., Seattle.

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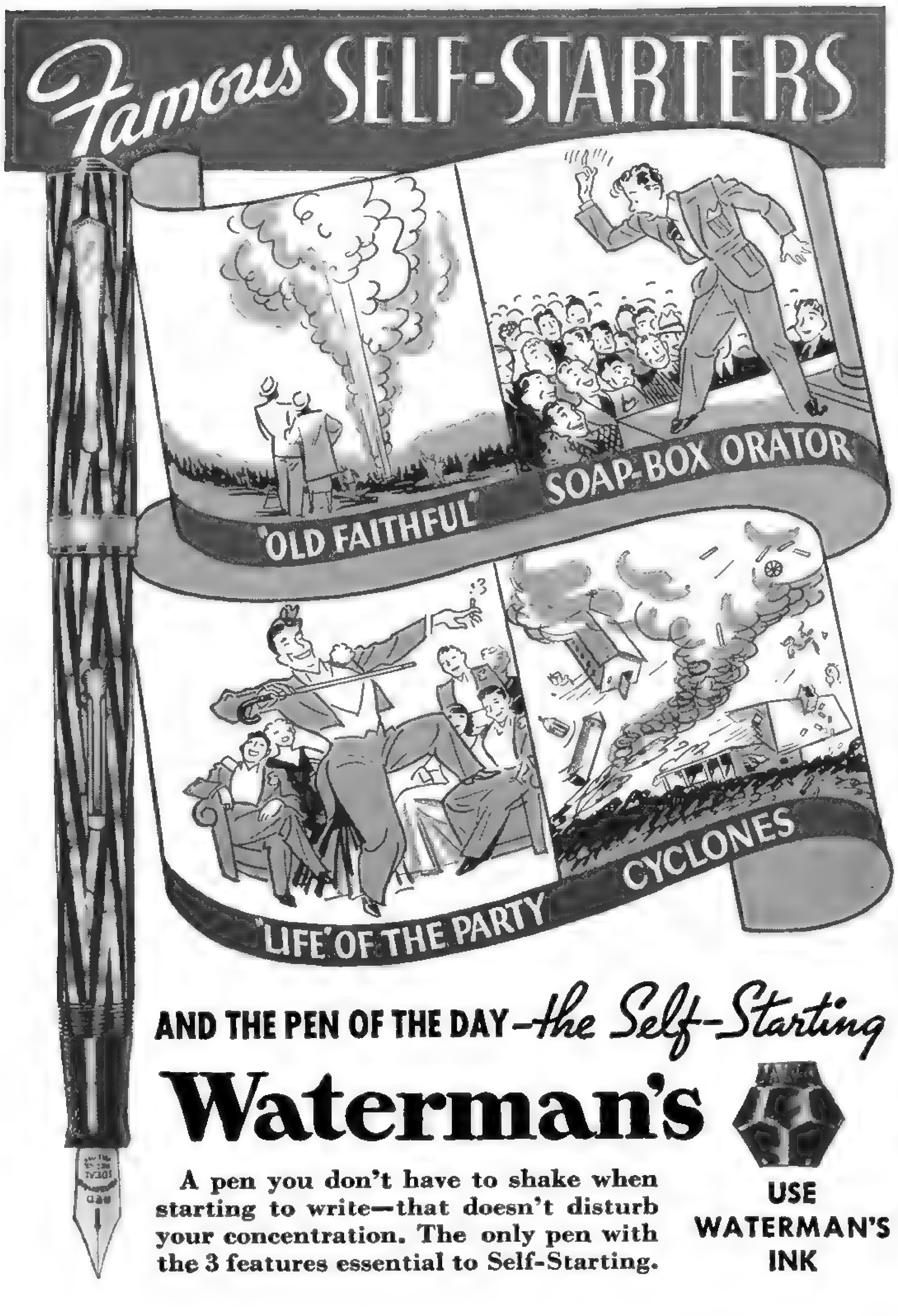

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USE WATERMAN'S INK

. . . two for the show

Continued from page 35

years—possibly four or five and for this period his earnings if he is good will average about $2000 per year or $10,000 for a five-year period. During this time, unless he is smart enough to use this money for further development, he is likely to incapacitate himself for other occupations and be out on the limb so to speak when he finds himself replaced at the end of this very short career by younger players with a fresher college reputation.

Universities and colleges that maintain football teams owe an important duty to their players which is all too often overlooked and not fulfilled. These institutions are in complete charge of the game. They decide who can and cannot represent them on the gridiron. They have charge of the personnel of the coaching staffs, the arranging of schedules and all the promotional and financial aspects of the game. The boys who play have nothing to do with any of this. Until the game is over these schools are in complete command and take full responsibility—but after the game—what becomes of the boy who has played? Should all responsibility of the university or college for the aftermath as far as these players are concerned cease? These schools have encouraged and conducted an activity that has interested, excited and thrilled thousands. They have made it possible for a young man often still in his teens to "show off" his athletic prowess in front of packed grand stands—and have collected handsomely—on the project, especially if they have a team of stars. Their publicity departments have aided in the heralding of these players' names from coast to coast. Moving picture theatres have flashed their likenesses on the screen. The local papers have put the names of these immature boys in their daily headlines. National syndicates have written about them, and sent their pictures all over. Magazines have carried articles about them. These star players have been invited and urged to attend functions because people want to see them "close up." When it is all over is it any wonder that these young people are bewildered? They are only young boys in the first place—just like the other thousands of students attending our universities and colleges. They just happened to be endowed with superior gifts physically and liked to play football. There is no reason why they should be looked upon as supermen. They aren't. They are just boys—but after all this hullabaloo—a lot of them don't have a very good idea of just where they belong.

To any lover of football—the picture of a former football "great" who has fallen victim to the illusion that he is a "big shot" and who is walking around in circles is tragic—tragic because of the consequences it leads to. Some people don't stop to realize that just because a boy is a great football player does not mean that he can drink more liquor than anyone else, or that he can play a better game of poker. Such people seem to delight in entertaining these football heroes while their names are in the headlines. They often use them for color at parties and throw these youths into temptations they are utterly unable to cope with. Fortunately most of these boys are fundamentally so sound that their latent instincts protect them, but they come out all right in spite of these things rather than because of any good they have gotten out of their experiences. It is the occasional boy who cannot keep his feet on the ground who is the cause for worry.

There have been too many of these "occasional" boys in the past. Their number is very small in comparison with the great throng who have weathered the storm and have come out unscathed, but everyone who is interested in football knows of a few of such unfortunates. Whether they would have "gone to the dogs" anyway is a matter of conjecture. Probably they would—but it is a certainty that their sudden rise to fame as football heroes, with the equally sudden deflation that followed their playing days, coupled with their youth and immaturity—gave them a good start in the wrong direction and who knows but that if they had gotten over this period of their youth without having undergone the strain of being a football star, they might have gone on and been very successful in some profession or business.

To protect their players from the harmful effects that can come from the excessive inflation and the inevitable deflation that follows, and all the attendant hysteria that sometimes envelopes a football season, is a responsibility that most colleges and universities overlook entirely. It is their responsibility—because they have created the very danger themselves.

It is the big star who is the most likely victim. The amount of pressure that is put upon these young football idols to come here and go there is terrific. Innocent-like—they do not know which invitations are worth while accepting. They are most likely to fall for the least desirable. Most acquaintances picked up in this manner are not sincerely interested in the young men—they just want to bask in the reflected glory that comes from being in the company of the current heroes.

They are often lavish spenders and really mean no harm but nevertheless by their example, are seriously disturbing the equilibrium of the open eyed young-

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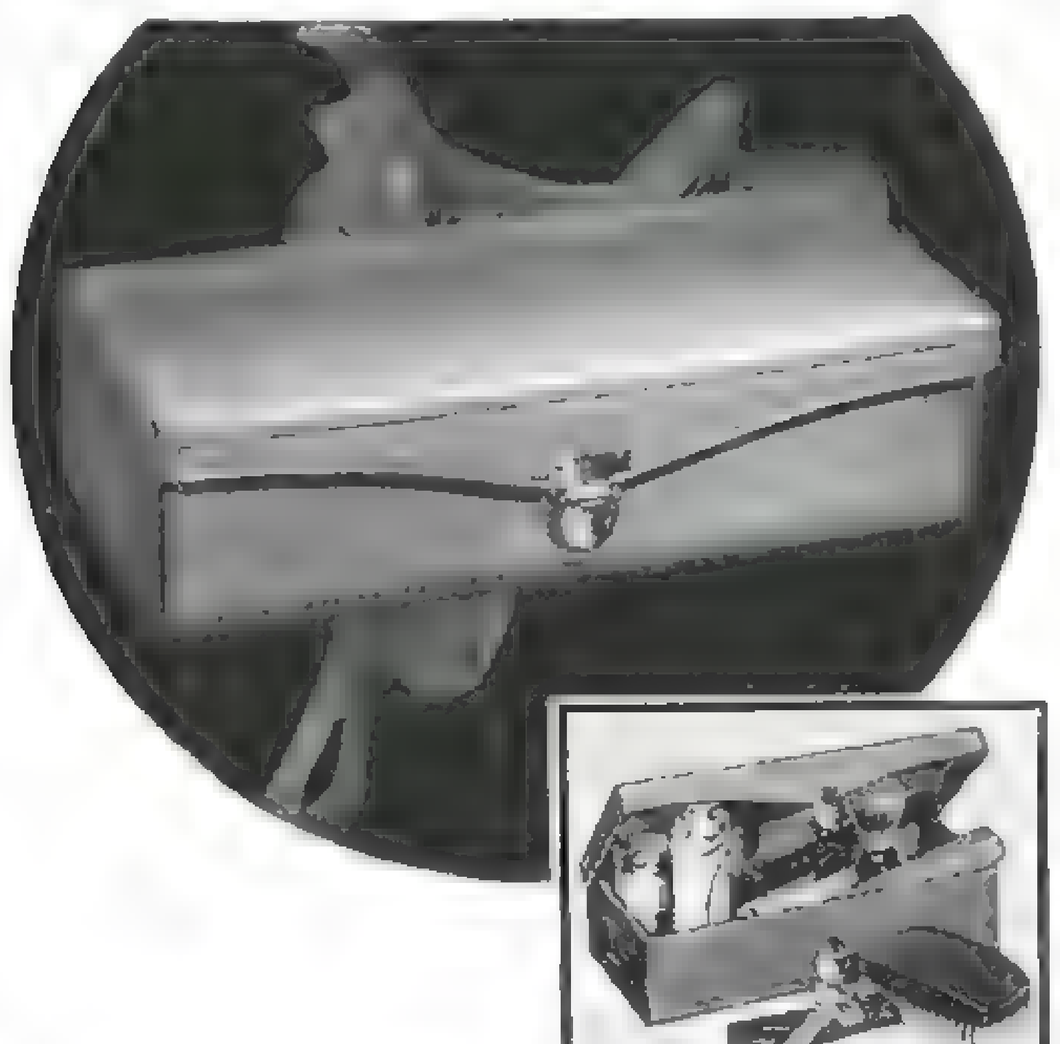

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sters who think they are beginning to [illegible]ese boys find it hard to stand up on their own feet in the face of coaxing to do things and go places they had never even thought of before. Many of these things and places are new to them and fascinating in their novelty—much more so than poring over books or discharging their daily ordinary duties.

Especially is this a serious danger where the star hasn't the benefit of sensible parental advice and control. It is here that some provision should be made to watch over the boy and help him avoid the pitfalls. Some coaching staffs try to do this—but their efforts are not enough. The boy should have the thing presented to him from several angles. He might think that the coaches were too straight-laced. The boy who is apt to be the most easily swept off his feet is the one who would like the most freedom. Probably, of all the university groups, the seriously interested alumni are in the most favorable position to build a wall of protection around their idol.

The "rank and file" player is not a whole lot disturbed by all this hero worship. He keeps his feet on the ground because there is nothing much to cause him to get his feet off the ground. Whatever benefits the game has to offer, accrue to him—and none of the possible harm. He might want to be a star—but the very fact that he cannot attain this goal—which is sometimes a matter of chance as much as ability—relieves him of most of the serious dangers of the game. He is very fortunate in that respect, altho probably nobody could convince him of that fact. Failing to be a big star at least eliminates any possibility of his getting weaned away from the more serious object he had in attending college in the first place. Years later he won't have to look back and kick himself for not having taken advantage of his opportunities while in school.

It is natural and human to like adulation. College football players are no exceptions. Possibly in some few instances this chance to be in the limelight even if it is just for a short time is the big reason for playing football. How many boys, however, receive any particular publicity? A lot of them are even criticized after doing their dead level best for not having done better. Only the players who stand out are acclaimed and in proportion to the great numbers playing there are only a very few of these stars. In these few cases our Oxford friend might understand why they play football—he can see some tangible results from their playing and for that reason assume these boys played for that purpose. The fact that he is almost invariably wrong does not make any difference. The stars are the only ones who receive recognition which might be considered even partially compensatory for their effort and time.

What about the multitude of boys whom nobody ever hears of? They surely did not play for publicity. They didn't get any. How many fans can tell you the names of the great running guards who cleared the way for the Granges, the Thorpes, and the Eckersalls? Spectacular linemen occasionally appear—but about all the public has is a very dim recollection even of them. No matter how good these linemen are—they are not particularly besieged by autograph seekers. In fact it is said rather jokingly that "guards are half backs with their brains kicked out." This is rather uncomplimentary to the linemen but buried in this wisecrack is hinted the public's lack of interest in the "seven mules" who clear the way for the backs. Probably the running guard is the key man on any football team but his lot is to do the work and some one else to get the applause. These unsung heroes do not play for publicity—their love for football is much deeper than that.

To enumerate all the motives why boys play football would be impossible. Just as people vary in other things—these boys play for different reasons. A great many of them play just for the fun of it. It is their relaxation—strange as it may seem. They like the romping, the exercise, the trading of blows, the exhilaration that comes from perfect physical condition. It is a relief from their daily grind. A great many poor boys have to work mighty hard for their bread and butter while attending college. They are ambitious youngsters—who know that there is no future for the untrained man and are willing to pay any price within their power for an education. Football is the only outlet they have. They have no money for fine clothes, for dances and parties and all the other more or less expensive activities college men find pleasurable. They get their fun playing football. In so doing they build up powerful physiques able to withstand the rigors of the stern race of life that is to follow. Dissipation and football do not mix. Occasionally a few try it, but don't last. They either give up one or the other. Sometimes even tho they would like to play football these boys haven't the will power it takes to refrain from the softening pastimes of modern life and take seats in the grand stand.

Undoubtedly one of the strongest motives that inspires football men and which spurs them on to greater and greater deeds is the spirit of comradeship that prevails. They are teamed up with boys of about their own age—all united for a common purpose. Some of the barriers they have to cross are tough. They are beaten back time after time—weary and sore. They recognize in each other courage or the lack of it—which would never have been brought to the surface except under severe

Continued at top of page 192

How Economical
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Provided MODERN WOOD INTERIORS for a Bloomington, Illinois Insurance Company

When the architects, Schaeffer & Hooton, were confronted with the problem of creating natural wood interiors at minimum cost for the office of the State Farm Mutual Insurance Company, located at Bloomington—they specified Flexwood. The illustration above shows Quartered Walnut Flexwood in the 12th Floor Entrance Lobby. Flexwood was specified and Flexwood was used on this job because of the unique qualities and remarkable economy of this flexible cloth backed natural wood. It can be installed by any capable wall-paper hanger and works as well on curved wall surfaces as on flat.

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Great Western Champagne

. . . two for the show

Continued from pages 35-191

stress. Football is a rugged game—and the first requirement is courage. Even the boys who are shy on courage in the beginning will find themselves if they have the grit to stick to it. This confidence that comes from mastering one's self is a grand trait everyone will agree and one that is absolutely necessary in every walk of life. This daily association together engenders a marvelous loyalty that lasts all thru life. These boys get to know each other. They know the thrill of victory, the accomplishment of their common purpose. They also know the sting of defeat and it is often almost heart rending to see these young men trying to console each other when their own grief is almost overwhelming. These boys know the value of true friendship—the kind that lasts—and they want the association of other real he-men who like themselves have proved their mettle by standing the gaff of football.

One could go on and on talking about these and other motives that comprise a boy's desire to play football. Those who play for the money they are getting out of it—or for the publicity, are missing the real thing that is football. They haven't the one thing that makes football and that is spirit. You can't buy spirit, or loyalty, or frienc
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One for the money . . .

Continued from page 34B

sulting the attendance figures for professional football games, the salaries paid players, or any other aspect of the game.

College football, it might also be mentioned, is a highly organized business with a neat profit return, only it is never spoken of in that light except by the boys around the barber shop and they are notorious scoffers. That a young man should embark on a career of athletics as a business undertaking, is probably highly shocking to the professors who spent four years instructing him in Latin, logic and ancient history, and even to some degree, to the average citizen who still looks on the distinction between amateur and professional athletics with a snobbishness borrowed from the sport era of cricket and cycling clubs. Actually, to a normal husky young graduate it is an opportunity to apply some of the logic learned. What, after all, is so odd about the spectacle of a young man about to select a career and noting that we are slightly overstocked with doctors, lawyers and merchants, arriving at the idea of combining the sport he enjoys with the business of earning a livelihood, and turning to the professional game.

However, the professional game is easier turned to than turned to cash. With the present day high degree of specialization extending even to blocking
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FOR

RENT

● The famous Gro-Flex method of circulatory massage is now available on rental plan for home use. It is the modern way to thick, healthy hair.

Growing and keeping healthy hair is simply a matter of getting blood to hair roots. Blood, literally is hair food. It gives hair all its color, all its health, and all its vitality.

And deep down massage is the secret. The 400 fingers of the Gro-Flex Massage are equal to FORTY PAIRS of patient, willing hands.

Unlike human hands, however, Gro-Flex fingers do not slip . . . they do not get tired . . . they cover the entire head evenly, thoroughly.

Driven by an electric motor, the soft rubber Gro-Flex fingers give a gentle, deep-down massage. They stimulate a new flow of blood *below* the scalp. Scalp pores are cleansed; starved hair roots are nourished. Hair health comes from within the scalp.

The treatments are brief and relaxing. There's no harsh rubbing—just a soothing sensation.

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NEW YORK CHICAGO

and trembling as ever was inspired by having to punt a wet ball from my own goal line. And when I had the final results of my choice and trotted off the field for the last time, while my college playing demise did not produce any tears from the big sport-writers or the nation's fans, it left me feeling satisfied, which is a pretty good return on investment figuratively speaking. It also left me with my football diploma, in the form of a contract to play professional football with the Chicago Cardinals, which is a pretty good return on investment, literally speaking.

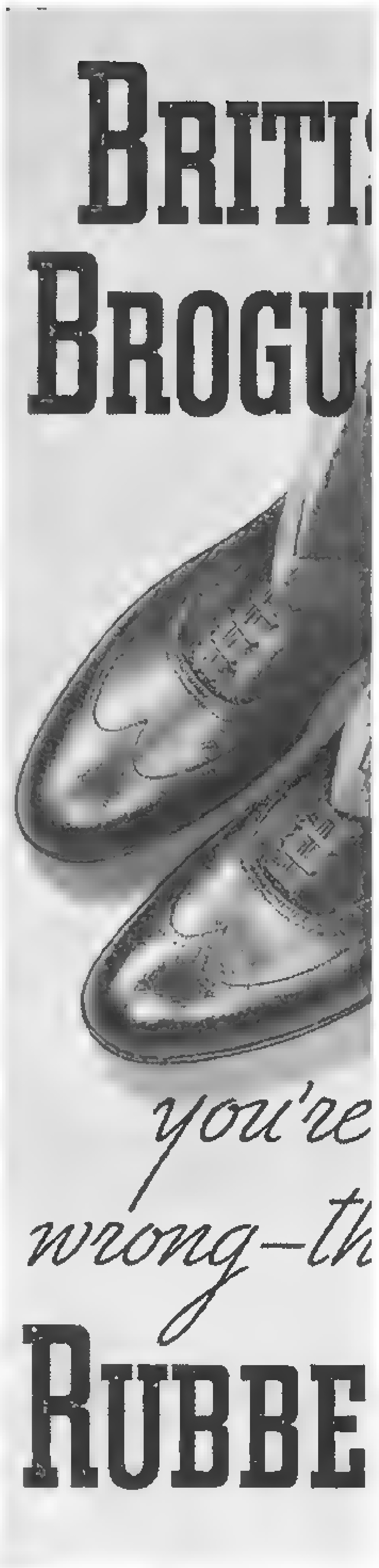
I chose a small college because it had what I wanted in the way of football training. The fact that the coach wasn't solicited to endorse shoulder pads, or that the players weren't in the paper oftener than the governor, left me unconvinced. They looked just as good, and as I later had opportunity to verify, their appearances weren't deceiving. In seeking to pick a small college, I found a good example close at hand. The school, team, coach and system of play could scarcely have been less known. All, however, served ideally the advantage of a rounded football training, without the disadvantages that go hand in hand with football at a larger university. The disadvantages of adulation, the bugaboo of gambling, team politics and too great stress on social activity to name a few. The movie version of the football hero surrounded by a cloud of pretty co-eds, is picturesque but perilous. The coach, Mike Pecarovich, is an able, personable and colorful coach. His system while a composite of several, is modeled principally on Notre Dame formations but stocked with a good many original variations. Given an opportunity to watch his teams in action, I was impressed with their general snap and fire, together with a genuinely high-class brand of fundamentally sound football. But upon looking more closely into the team's play, I was attracted by one special factor. It was the play of a stocky fullback named Max Krause. The very same whose name now appears in the backfield line-up for the New York Giants.

He was what might be called a "fuse" back. In other words, he set the attack off. A stiff-legged, jolting, hard-running back, I noticed that he scored the majority of his touchdowns from deep on the field. Close observation of the manner in which the scoring plays developed, and the way in which the re-tailored Notre Dame system was adapted to suit his running talents, solved the mystery. Forced to work with light men and with a lack of reserves, Pecarovich saved himself the effort of having his teams batter on long drives for touchdowns. Rather, he used a fine running back in such a manner as to give his scoring talents free rein and in that fashion sought to win by getting the jump and outscoring opposing teams, rather than by holding them. The success of the system was demonstrated when Krause led the coast by a wide margin in scoring and placed high among the scorers of the country. And his team showed a profit in the won and lost column.

It took no great mental effort to figure out that that coach and that system would be nicely suited to a back with ball-carrying as his main forte. That decided my choice, and, looking back, the only way in which I am surprised is pleasantly at the degree of success to which the plan worked. The plays designed by Pecarovich, special break plays designed to score unexpectedly from far out, worked smoothly, because of their mechanical soundness and the spirit of the teams with which I played, and many a score was the result. No mysterious system surrounded the placing and assignment of the various players on the punt and kickoff returns which we were frequently able to turn into surprise scores. It was simply a matter of coaching common sense and cooperation on the part of blockers that made the scores possible. Frequently the blocking and development of the play was so fast and well-timed that I was able to score on long runs untouched.

Game after game with the same sort of long scoring runs set me to thinking that I was either awfully lucky or awfully good or both. I chose the third. As mentioned earlier, I was a successful football player gauged by statistical averages. As also mentioned previously, I was lucky in playing for a small school and finding there a coach, system and team that contributed to the success. But I am forgetting one possibility. That is that I, and others like me, won success on a "big frog in a little pond" arrangement, and selected a small college with that end in view. Which, if possible, would have been convenient; however, that axiom has never been made to apply to the pesky game of football. Why? Simply because of this. Winning in football depends on a variety of factors, and the coach who is able to gain a maximum of efficiency in the most factors, produces the winning team. Line play, blocking, defensive work, play diversity, game strategy and condition are just a few of these. Naturally at a major university where the material is more uniformly good and more plentiful, it is easier for a ball player to step in and perform well. Good playing on either side of him makes his task more direct and easier. If he is a specialist the coach can afford to let him specialize, having on hand plenty of men to handle the other assignments, and good replacements for him once his task is performed. The case of the small college star is different. Not having strong replacements, he must usually play a full sixty minutes. Not having uniformly high-class sup-

Continued at top of page 194



*She: "A jolly bit of old
have on your fe
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*He: "Thanks for cor
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SMART? There has
anything like them!
Shuglovs for Men (rub
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HOTEL CHARLOTTE HARBOR PUNTA GORDA FLORIDA

One for the money . .

Continued from pages 34B-193

port, he must become proficient in every phase of the game as a necessity whether he likes it or not, and being more talented than his teammates, he is looked to, to bear the brunt of the play.

All of which makes his task a tough and awkward one—while he's learning it on the college gridiron. But it also helps to explain why he is a more versatile, rugged and self-reliant ball player, with less of a prima donna outlook, when he's out of college and applying for entrance to Pro-ranks. And not having been heard of, he is out to make himself heard rather than coast on a college reputation.

Another thing spoils the "Big Frog" theory in application. And that is the matter of schedules. The big school star has his hands full making a consistently good showing throughout a season, when playing with a good team meeting teams little, if any, better, and generally worse. While the "Big Frog'
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A Shot Into Space

Continued from page 50

blood! They say around here that I'm a no-gooder, that I kill just to be killing! That is a lie! All of you are my brothers, and I love you. All I do is defend myself and defend the poor." But his voice was cut from his lips by a shot. A bullet whizzed past between the upraised ears of the horse and the gigantic body of the man.

The group of women moved excitedly and knotted themselves even more closely together. From among them had come that shot that got lost in space. The women said nothing, but all their pride and hatred were in the glances they directed toward that man whom bullets avoided. The chief turned his horse, spurred into a gallop, and stopped short less than a yard from that group that did not budge a single step. He took out his pistol and raised it to their heads. His voice was a roar, his eyes on fire as he addressed the women.

"Who shot?"

The rebel horsemen surrounded the women with their guns drawn, tightening their horses into a circle about the *soldaderas*

"Who shot?"

The dark mass swayed with the pressure of the horses, and tightened ever more into a knot, and remained silent.

The rebel leader spurred his horse until it sprang forward, its square chest striking hard against the women, pawing, rearing on his hind legs, trampling with his front feet as he came down on the twitching bodies that sought to push him off.

"Who shot?"

(The human being had completely disappeared now, leaving in his place a brutal beast.)

An old woman covered with the marks of smallpox, with a scar that ran fr
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kill you!"

The rebel chi
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all die before I

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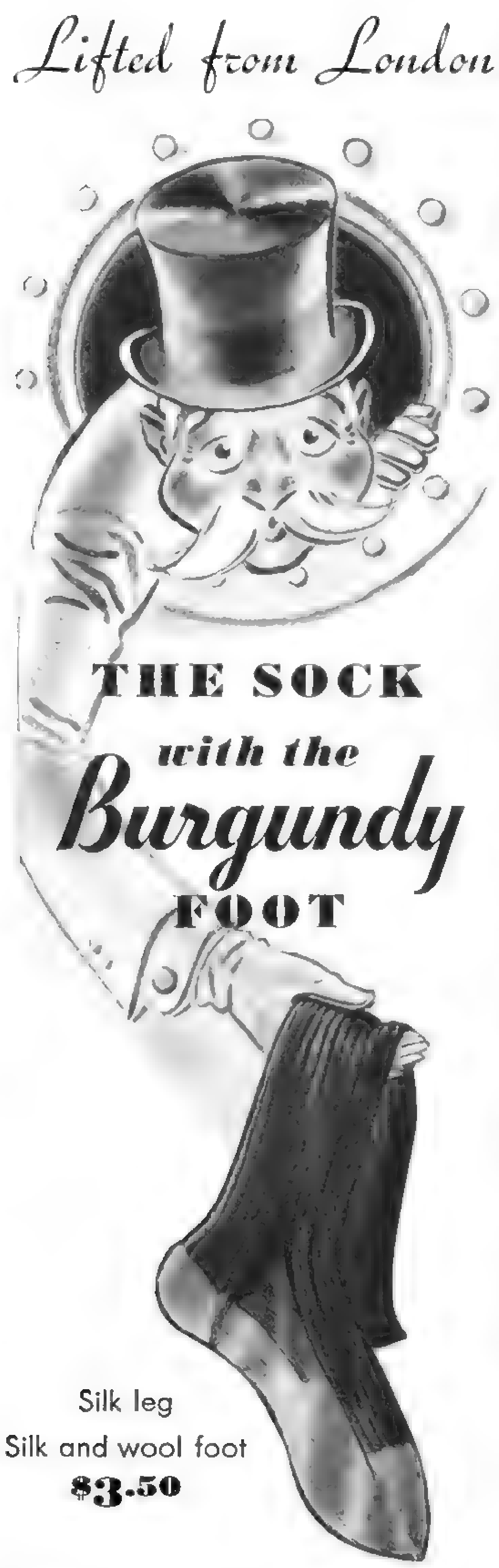

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high, dug out with picks, from which clay had once been taken for *adobe*.

With blows of their muskets, the bandits went pushing their bundles of women toward the pit.

If one group lost its footing, since all the women tied up could not walk in the same direction, they shoved the bundle over on its side to make it roll like a barrel. They pushed it along with blows, answering insults with the butt-ends of their guns. And when the women rolled to the edge of the pit, they kicked them so that they would fall down on the big pile of wood.

Below, in the pit, eight or ten men carrying long torches of resinous pitch, set fire to the pyre. A blue smoke went up, and you could hear the crackling of the mesquite. Again that torment of voices was heard insolently hurling out of the pit the most violent of insults, befouling the air with their curses, their threats, their inhuman anger.

The smoke went up. The dry wood, fanned by the wind concentrating its force in that corner of the pit, caught fire rapidly. It scorched the clothes of the women and singed their hair. Soon the scent of burning flesh arose.

The chief of the rebels drove his horse up to the very edge of the human oven and held out his hands to warm them. His mouth like a hunting dog's, grinned at the scene. Those *soldaderas* who were still able to see him through the smoke and flames, redoubled the violence of their vocal explosions.

The rebels brought more wood and kept covering up the women with dry limbs and trunks that they threw down. As the flames licked at the ropes, some of the human fagots escaped and stood up half-covered with burning garments, frightful sooty objects, giving off an odor of burned flesh as they stumbled and rolled about in the glowing branches. One of them sprang to her feet and lifted up a threatening arm that still shook vigorously. In a deep cavernous voice she let out this cry from hell, "You cur! You son of a cur! You'll die like a cur!"

One of the rebels opened fire and that human body that looked like the very reincarnation of a nightmare, fell back upon her burning pyre.

Then one shot followed another for, from the edge of the pit the rebels discharged their guns into the fire, wishing to end that macabre festival that would need the demon-soul of a savage to enjoy it. In a little while they no longer heard voices. But the wood kept on burning and the odor of roasted flesh arose, dense and horrifying.

The rebel chief turned his horse about. Various other horsemen joined him and they took the road back to the village. On one side of the leader, his second in command rolled a cigarette of weeds. All of them rode in silence.

A Thing of Beauty

Continued from page 49

hooey. Upton, George and I are all agreed on that truism. The Nude eel dodges just like Mr Soak-nearly-all-ski.

If you leave the carburetter out of a Ford it probably won't run very far. Same way IF you leave an essential part out of C. H. Douglas', or out of Gesell's economics, they are UNWORKABLE and impractical.

Neither Sinclair nor G. Sokolsky answer either of these alternative systems of new economics.

Bannister the California postmaster had seen postage stamps cancelled. He has pulled several fast ones on Sokolsky's system of happiness, such AZ:

"If the postal system was as looney as the monetary system, we wd. have to build huge warehouses to contain the vast stacks of UNDELIVERED MAIL."

meaning in words of almost exclusively one syllable that the mail would not be delivered FAST ENOUGH.

but not meaning that a part of it mightn't get delivered AFTER A TIME (t , i , m , e , TIME).

CAN either of these blokes ask ME a straight question to which I can't and wont give a straight answer? Do either of 'em DARE state the ideas of Douglas reprice adjustment, or Gesell on anti-usury and then try to refute 'em? I doubt it. I think they will both of 'em hide under a set of clichés, Upton's dating from the 1880's and Sokolsky's picked up to meet the occasion.

Coming back to the all too aged Upton, we find him IGNORANT of Gesell, of Douglas and of the Italian corporate state. He says "private business is through." NERTS!!

Fascism is listed among his bugaboos, but he just doesn't KNOW that corporate stateites look forward to a day when the state will be able to sit back and do nothing.

He wd. "think" if that process is not strictly limited to events in his distant past, that this was a Jeffersonian sentiment.

Sinclair refuses to think HOW private business can carry on. His grosser refusal is on P, 167 where he talks about "expense." He has already mentioned "payment" but steadily avoids thinking "WHAT IS MONEY?"

This refusal is nothing NEW. A lot of people have refused or been unable to LOOK at this question.

Nevertheless he uses word after word, such as payments, wages, expenses, all of which are paid or calculated in MONEY.

A nation's REAL or material profit in any year is what it has left after the year's consumption and export.

In a clean economic system, we wd. use as MUCH of this material profit as we WANTED. We wd. eat

Continued at top of page 196

ANSWER TO A SPORTSMAN'S PRAYER

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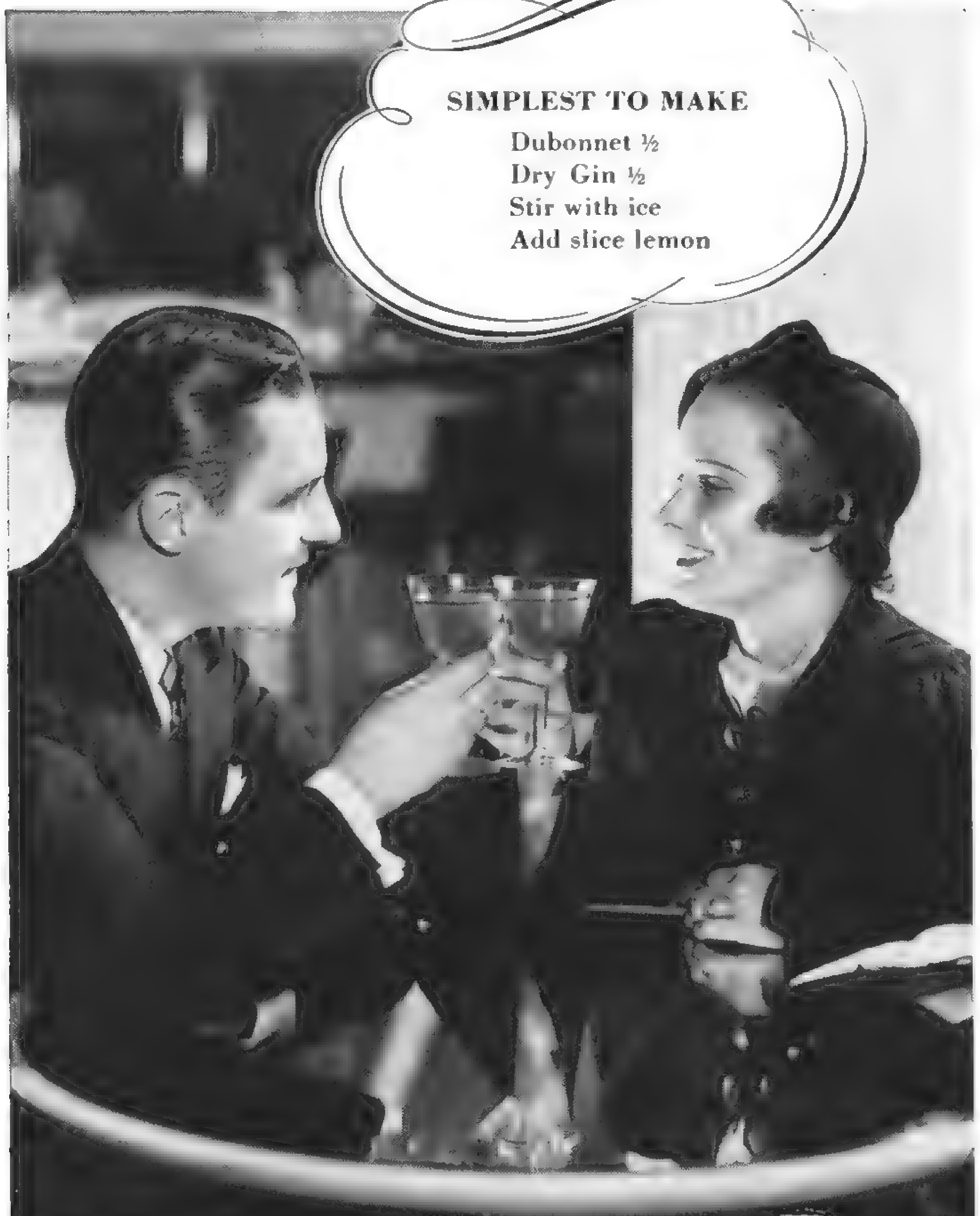
SIMPLEST TO MAKE
Dubonnet ½
Dry Gin ½
Stir with ice
Add slice lemon



Dubonnet gives you a quick, cheering lift and never lets you down. That's why in Paris it's the most popular drink of all. Dubonnet and gin mixed make one of the world's best cocktails. A Dubonnet cocktail cheers and refreshes yet sits lightly on the stomach. Before lunch...dinner...at any other time...gladden your spirit with this most famous of apéritifs.*

"Take it from the French—your lunch will taste better after a Dubonnet"

*If you prefer it straight, serve chilled but not iced

A Schenley IMPORT

DUBONNET

THE GREAT FRENCH APÉRITIF

A Thing of Beauty

Continued from pages 49-195

it and wear it as fast as we wanted it. At present there is a lot left in the warehouses or left unproduced or even destroyed because we can't (now watch the word) BUY it. We havent the MONEY to buy it.

Which fact wd. lead anyone but a socialist or a bullheaded communist (Late Russian loan at 7%) to THINK ABOUT MONEY. What is it? Who makes it? And HOW?

I don't mean who GETS it. I mean, who MAKES it?

IF the government will USE its own credit, private business is NOT through, and you need NOT take refuge in a Dr. Schacht financed from London and working a puppet dictator, nor in Stalin with his loan at high interest.

Nor wd. we need Sinclairian socialists to blow our noses and inspect our factories and CONTROL our production.

One of Roper's advisory council saw things more clearly when he wrote me: "finance consumption and you have no need to finance production."

This wd. I suppose offend Sinclair's prohibitionist kink.

Produce goods FOR? The present system produces goods for "market" namely for people who will BUY them with? (money or credit).

Why can't brother Upton spend a couple hours in silent prayer with those words? Money, Credit.

Why can't he read and masticate Orage's question about tickets for every seat in a theatre?

What is there so terrifying in this queery: Does a theatre manager INFLATE when he prints a ticket for every seat in the house? And bro. Sok. when he gets down to the short hairs on P. 170 shows a similar coyness. INKUM RIZ. All right. INKUM is (we perceive from context) received in MONEY.

Brooklyn Institute on the capacity to consume also reports about (I suppose) money. And the "ABILITY to consume" is really a shell over two peas. Can a man CONSUME what he can EAT or what he can BUY?

I know this all sounds childish, but financiers are childish. Cabinet ministers and their papas write about their SOULS in the Biosophic Review.

The Brooklyn Institoot as quoted by Sok. was talking about what a lot of buzzards can BUY.

At this point Bro. Upton is leading. I don't think he believes in leisure, but he has a dim gleam now'n again, that you can't putt work into a sandwich and eat it.

The "gainful workers' inkum," thassa llovely soundin' phrase. (Money?).

I mean: is the gainful's income paid him in MONEY?

In parenthesis what have either of these chaps against having a tax (say a cent per dollar) on money payable only by blokes who have the DOLLAR at the moment the tax falls due?

Wd. that mean farms sold up for back taxes? COULD it mean farms being sold up for taxes? Given a gimlet and cleaver, you might get some folks to see that a tax on money is not an income tax. Gesell puts the tax on non-users.

Considering that the present system does NOT distribute enough MONEY to BUY what it, the system, produces, do you need to alter the plant? or to DISTRIBUTE the power to BUY?

If you distribute the power to BUY, can't you leave the plant in the hands of private business? and if not WHY not, and HOW not?

That is an ALTERNATIVE, it is neither bolchevism nor nazism, nor collectivism as preached by Sinclair.

Why do these bulls keep a leather shield over their eyes?

Sok's most vile bit of hooey is the gag about prices can be brought down to the level of the consuming market and DEPRESSION can thus be arrested and ended. (as in France?)

If it werent unparliamentary, and if all my best friends didn't know what I mean by saying Sok is a friend of the Atlantic Monthly it wd. be necessary for me at this point to call him a liar. Fortunately this rudeness can be circumlocutified.

By the time the prices have got DOWN to THAAR, let us consider wot prices IZ. Prices with profit contain the profit, AND the dividends AND the overhead, AND the publicity expenses, and as a minor (?) item, the wages, and the interest on capital and the flat for the flossy typist who helps the high upper, and by the time they gets DOWN to the consumin market AZ WUZ, the purr-chasing power of the consuming market as IZ, IZ lower that it was as WUZ.

No, Sok, this belongs in the Atlantic. Sok is not, at this point, talking to Upton but to Harry or Whoosis Sinclair. And like the London shoal of quirkonomiks he leaves out TIME and seeks to dwell in a purely imaginative spatial geometry.

Had economics or its pragmatic function (finance) not interfered with government, education, publicity, the printing of 99% of all that is printed, ole Sok wd. not be able to get away with this little tid-bit even for a Boston celebration.

"The investor takes his chances" sez Sokol. Well, Prof. Dexter Kimball has told us some about that. and no investor has ever denied it.

The hoax, the infamous hoax or a part of it is in the hat trick that PROPERTY and CAPITAL are the same.

As for the new units of productivity. You go produkk or invent a labour saving device, like the automatic telephone, and see how happy Sok's friends are, and how long it takes to git WELCOME.

In col. two, P. 172, the cat LAUGHS. France and England have essentially "democratic structure." Do they still tell this at Boston bed time, with The London Morning Post admitting that a frenchman's idea of a public enemy is a director of the Bank of France?

Do England, Mr. M. Norman's pocket borough, be a essentially democratic structure, with Geo V. havin' a jubilee? Oh, Sokky sing again!

England still upholds nazism as an article for elsewhere (Namely Berlin).

Essential capitalism is not returning to Mr. Hull because it never left him. The reappearance of Mr. Hoover does not cheer even his lowest old pals. Venice must be nearer the American heart than is Boston, or Sokky wd. not have missed so many heart beats.

Until he considers ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY I can not believe he wants ANY democracy save a thin milky smear on the top of his morning paper.

Can anyone git him out of his hole to nibble this topic?

However we thank him for one bull's-eye. Hull and Hoover both start with an H. and ought to affiliate.

Neither they nor Sokolsky mention any means or DESIRE toward equating the purchasing power of the *whole* people with what the whole people want and could produce.

Whereas Upton's fault is a fault of blindness (induced by past habits, retrospectivity and getting greatly in his own mental light) Sokolsky's fault is a root fault of volition. Deeper down than any verbal glissade is his will not to speak straight. He does not suffer from megalomania, he is not trying to lead mankind out of misery, but just slidin' round in the slippery.

Like I onct knew a persecutin attourney, with CHARM, and he sez: "Only thing in'erests me IZ bunk. The bunk! An seein' what I kan putt over!" ⧺

Visiting Stranger

Continued from page 33

thrilling intensity of conviction. The naked voice seemed amorously to glow. "I *know* it; I suddenly *feel* it. Here!" And, through the wool of her Schiaparelli traveling dress, she pressed the resilient roundness of her left breast. I must have smiled, I suppose, a little ironically, for she shook her head at me and smiled back, but forgivingly, with pity. "You can never understand," she said. "You haven't got any r-religion."

A week or two after my return to London I wrote; but the letter remained, of course, unanswered; Laurina only knew how to telephone.

In a little while, she and the darkly fermenting St. Anthony, the Giottos and the Mantegnas, Venice in the sun and the machine guns in Vienna . . . all had faded into the London greyness, had sunk beneath the muddy little waves of my daily preoccupations. Beauty, paradisal laughter, nightmare—this world had swallowed up all the other worlds. Then, one cold and dismal afternoon, just before Easter, I came back to my chambers to find a note, in my charwoman's handwriting, conspicuously propped against the telephone. "Countess Magnelli rang up and would you go to Tea with same at Brigg's Hotel, Curzon Street." I had an article to write; but, I went immediately, full of an apprehensive curiosity. What should I find at Brigg's—whom? The laughing visitor from the Earthly Paradise, the delicious, other-world Laurina of my amused and concupiscent, but, oh, in this detestable Fleet Street, such grateful recollections? Or someone else? For perhaps circumstances would have proved too much for her. Perhaps she would really have succumbed to her better feelings and turned over a new, and infinitely boring, leaf. In the bus, I shuddered at the mere thought of so horrible a possibility.

Her voice, as she welcomed me, reassuringly filled the stuffy little hotel sitting-room with the sonorous equivalents of a Rape, by Rubens, of the Sabines. "I'd been so *longing* to see you," she cried, nakedly, as she pressed my hands in both of hers. "Simply longing!"

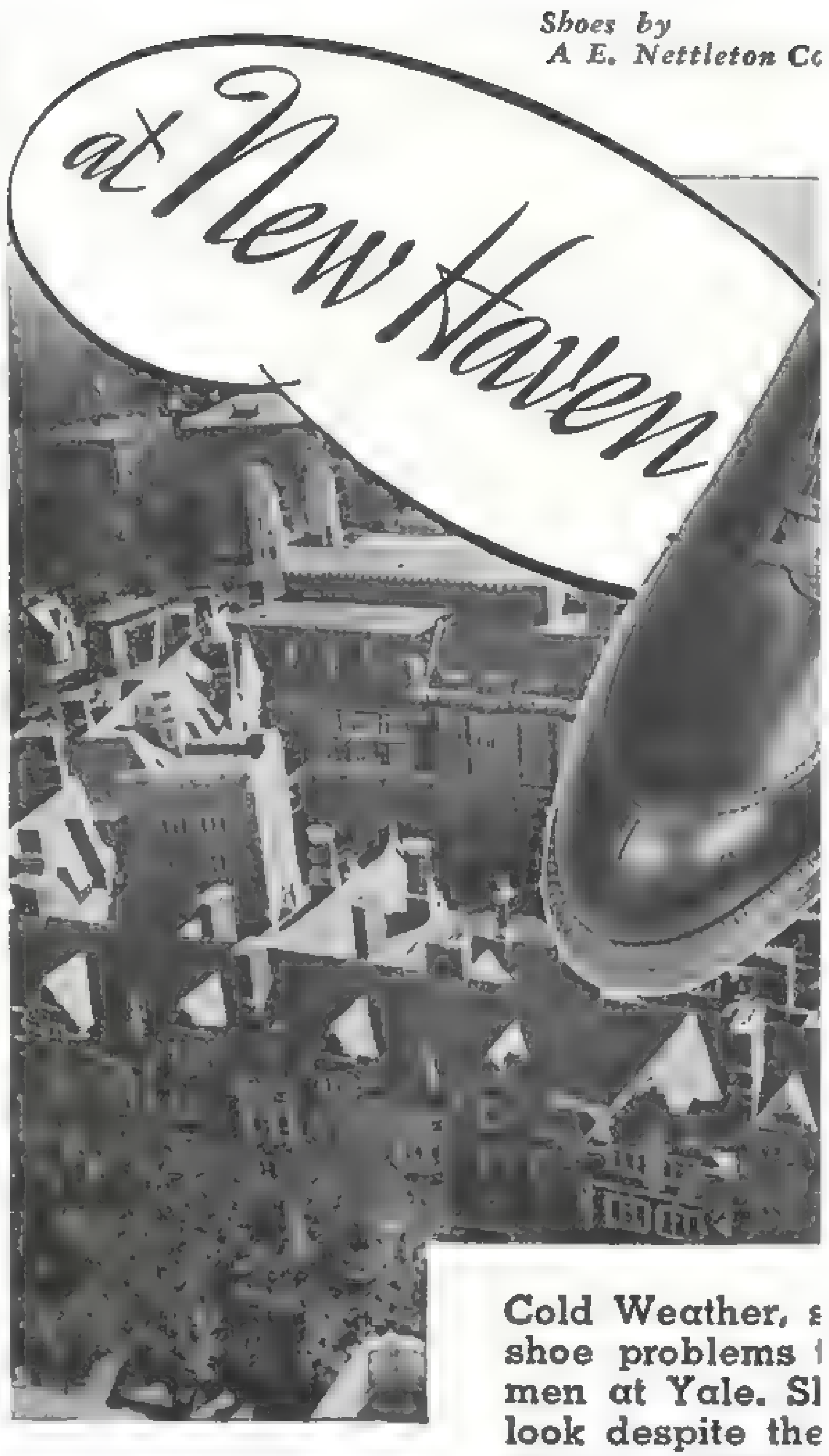
(It came out later that she had already been in London for nearly a fortnight; but at the moment, I am sure, she genuinely believed in her own longing.)

"And now, where will you sit?" She pointed interrogatively to the sofa, the two armchairs.

On my way to the sofa, I passed in front of the door that led into the bedroom. It was open. Indiscreetly, no doubt, I looked in. Seated on a hard little chair immediately under the dressing-table lights, Laurina's maid was bending over a round embroidery frame. An expanse of pearly white silk covered her knees. That flowing pattern of foliage and flowers and pomegranates. . . . I turned back to Laurina with a questioning lift of the eyebrows. She looked into the bedroom.

"*Non disturbarti, Giulia,*" she called, as the girl made as though to rise. Then, to me, as she closed the door, "You see," she said, in the tone of the apologist who scores a decided point, "you see! When I make a pr-romise, I keep it. And now," she went on with a rosier and more palpitating nudity of diction, "I want you to tell me *all* about such an *ador-rable* friend of yours I met last night. Tony Faversham . . . But what *are* you doing?"

In my thankful enthusiasm, I had taken her hand and was kissing it. ⧺



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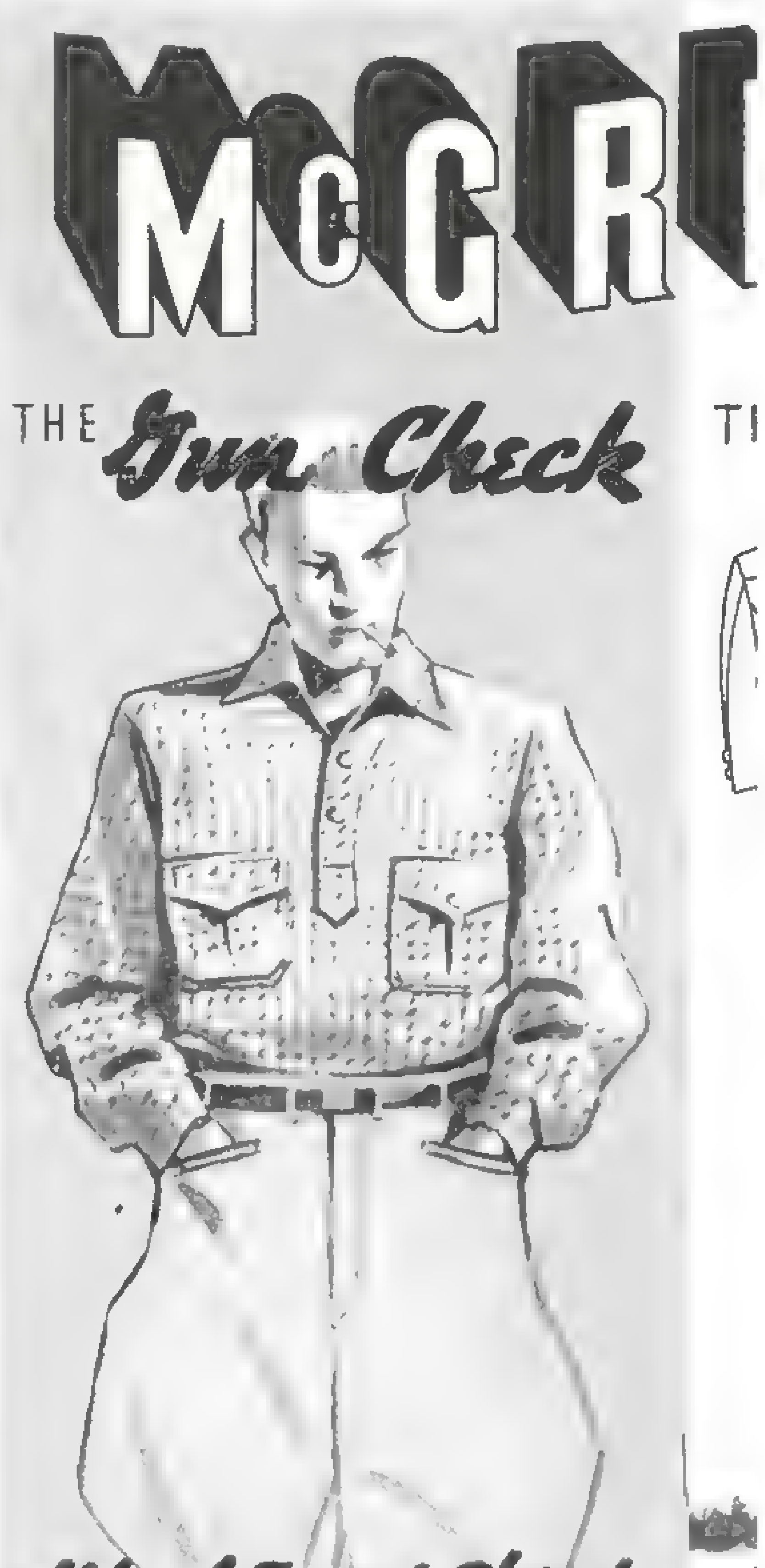

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The Malady of Power

Continued from page 31

"You don't have to box that goddamned Ward Price every morning after working all night and have him knock your ruddy can off so you can't even think until eleven o'clock."

"A.M. or P.M.?" asked Ryall, always a stickler for accuracy.

"Go to hell," said your correspondent.

"Why do you do it?"

"God knows. I suppose because he would think I was yellow if I stopped."

"Why don't you knock him out?"

"How am I going to knock him out if I can't hit him?"

"Force the pace, corner him, make him slug and knock him out."

"Force the pace! I can't even step along with him a minute before my wind is gone."

"Train," said Ryall. "We'll train you."

Training consisted of running between the lakeside press conferences and those in the hotel up in the steep town (if your correspondent got there too late the trainers would cover him on the news), in drinking nothing after dinner, and in the practice of celibacy. On the fifth day of this regime when your correspondent protested that he would rather have his head pushed off by Ward the rest of his life than run up those ungodly stairs once more Ryall looked your correspondent over in the manner of a man appraising a fifth prize hog and said, "All right. I suppose you're as fit as we'll ever get you. Fight him tomorrow."

For any details of what happened when we put the gloves on that next morning you will have to consult Mr. Ward Price. He could fight as well as box and your correspondent is no reliable witness on how it went nor any man to give you a blow-by-blow account. I do know that afterwards I felt much worse than I had felt every other morning when he had only hit me with his left. When he stopped to fight you could hit him all right. But brother he could hit you right back.

At noon that day I was back down at the Beau-Rivage bar in Ouchy waiting for the British press conference to be called. Ryall came in.

"You see," he said.

"I guess I can see," I said. "I haven't really tried yet. I'm going to try later in the day."

"Now you see."

"What?"

"What training will do. The value of roadwork, of celibacy and abstinence from brandy."

"Do I look like an advertisement for all those things?"

"Ward's got two broken ribs," he said, in the manner he always had of imparting a mystery. "He showed me the X-ray plates. He's just come from the doctor's."

"Honest to God?"

"If you want to put it that way," he said. "Now you see what training will do? You need never box him again. Come and have a drink you big oaf. There's Hamilton and Lawrence."

That was the conference where Ismet Pasha was guarded by a bodyguard who always went around with pistols showing and the leader of the bodyguard was a very tough looking citizen with four pistols plainly visible through his too tight fitting clothes and I was selected by lot in the Palace bar one night to present him with an explosive cigar. He took it very graciously and offered me a cigarette in exchange the while I was trying to fade away and when the cigar went off he pulled all four pistols at once.

That too was the conference at which a young Foreign Office secretary put through a call to the Beau-Rivage Palace to speak with Lord Curzon and said, "I say, is the Imperial Buggah in?"

And lived through hearing those clear cool tones answer, "*This* is the Imperial Buggah speaking."

That was the conference, too, that Curzon wrecked when everything was settled by a manifestation of that strange malady that Ryall claimed afflicts men in power. Everything had been settled and the Turks were ready to sign when they asked Curzon, in charge of British negotiations, to a dinner. Curzon refused, and the language of his refusal got back to the Turkish delegation. He had said, it was reported, "My duty compels me to treat with them at this conference. But there is nothing in my duty that compels me to sit at table with ignorant Anatolian peasants." His malady of greatness compelled him to say that when he was bringing to a successful termination an arduous task; and the saying of it upset all he had done, so that his work had to be finished by another man, and England never got as good terms from the Turks again.

It was one night when Hamilton and Ryall and I were dining together that Ryall brought out this theory that power affected all men holding it in a certain definite way. Ryall said that you could see the symptoms of this effect on any man, sooner or later, and he gave us many examples of it.

In Wilson, of course, he could trace it very clearly and he said that it followed a course almost like a disease and that you could chart it.

I remember saying, "What about Clemenceau?" for Clemenceau was one of my great heroes then and Ryall said you could not trace it as clearly in him because he had led an extremely active life physically and that oftentimes that kept a man from showing the usual effects of the malady of power. But he said that if I had known Clemenceau better I would never have admired him as I did. That Clemenceau had abused his power when he was a

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middle aged man and that then he was a great bully and had killed men unnecessarily in duels; that later, when he came in power as an old man during the war, he had all his old political opponents jailed, shot or banished; branding them all as traitors. It was this that made so many politicians hate him, so that when they went out to Versailles to elect a President of France after the war and Clemenceau was sure he would be elected for his services to France they elected Deschanel in order to humiliate the man they all had feared as the Tiger.

It was Ryall's theory that a politician or a patriot as soon as given a supreme position in a state, unless he was without ambition and had not sought the office, always began to show the symptoms of what power was doing to him. He said you could see it very clearly in all the men of the French Revolution, too, and it was because our forefathers in America knew how power affected men that they had limited the term of the executive.

Ryall said one of the first symptoms of the malady of power was suspicion of the man's associates, then came great touchiness on all matters, inability to receive criticism, belief that he was indispensable, and that nothing had ever been done rightly until he came into power and that nothing would ever be done rightly again unless he stayed in power. He said that the better and more disinterested the man, the quicker this attacked him. He said that a man who was dishonest would last much longer because his dishonesty made him either cynical or humble in a way, and that protected him.

That night I remember him quoting the example of a Lord of the British Admirality who had been getting steadily more advanced in the malady of power. It had become impossible for almost anyone to work with him and the final smash came at a meeting at which they were discussing how to get a better class of cadets for the navy. This admiral had hammered on a table with his fist and said, "Gentlemen if you do not know where to get them, by God I will make them for you!"

Since that evening your correspondent has studied various politicians, statesmen and patriots in the light of Bill Ryall's theory and he believes that the fate of our country for the next hundred years or so depends on the extent of Franklin D. Roosevelt's ambition. If he is ambitious only to serve his country, as Cleveland was, we, and our children, and their children will be very fortunate. If he is ambitious personally, to leave a great name, or to eclipse the luster of the name he bears, which was made famous by another man, we will be out of luck because the sensational improvements that can be made legally in the country in time of peace are being rapidly exhausted.

War is coming in Europe as surely as winter follows fall. If we want to stay out now is the time to decide to stay out. Now, before the propaganda starts. Now is the time to make it impossible for any one man, or any hundred men, or any thousand men, to put us in a war in ten days—in a war they will not have to fight.

In the next ten years there will be much fighting, there will be opportunities for the United States to again swing the balance of power in Europe; she will again have a chance to save civilization; she will have a chance to fight another war to end war.

Whoever heads the nation will have a chance to be the greatest man in the world for a short time—and the nation can hold the sack once the excitement is over. For the next ten years we need a man without ambition, a man who hates war and knows that no good ever comes of it, and a man who has proved his beliefs by adhering to them. All candidates will need to be measured against these requirements. #

Esquire's Five Minute Shelf

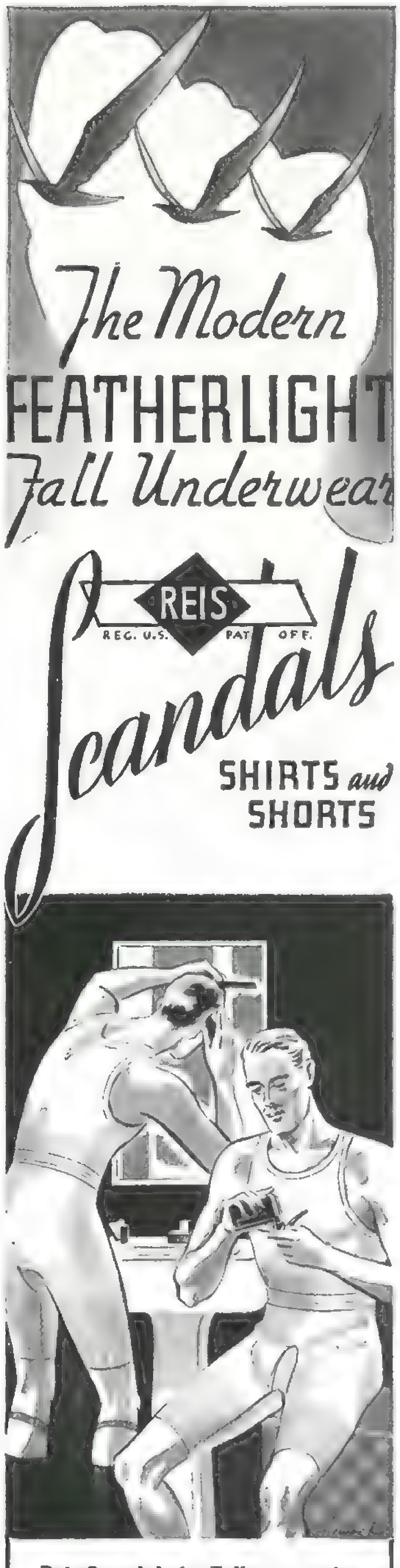
Continued from page 100

an amateur of such matters, to put alongside your *reliques* of Ernest Hello, your *Sex: The Key to the Bible* by Rev. Sidney Tapp, Ph. B., your *Drift and Mastery* by Walter Lippmann, your *opera* of the Sweet Singer of Michigan and other unrestrained, divine expression of God's word through His most self-confident vicars.

Breakdown is all *ipse dixit* and replete with those narrow generalizations which appeal to unreflective minds, i.e., "Intellectually England is dead," "Modern literature and modern art are those of a world which is destitute of convictions," "That (our present) intellectual chaos is the consequence of the lack of recognized standards and criteria of validity. That there are such standards cannot be disputed, else all thought would be equally futile." Let us take that last generalization. It sounds as though it had come out of *Rousseau and Romanticism* by the late Irving Babbitt; and, indeed, I have made comparative marginal notations on Briffault's book with similar ones on Babbitt's which shows them both to be arguing the same thing and using the same data and yet Briffault thinks he is proving the case for Communism and Babbitt thought he was proving the opposite.

And now prepare yourself for shock and surprise. This same Robert Briffault who wrote *Breakdown* with its fuliginous fake profundities has written a novel which for sheer entertainment value and as a gorgeous panorama

Continued on page 200



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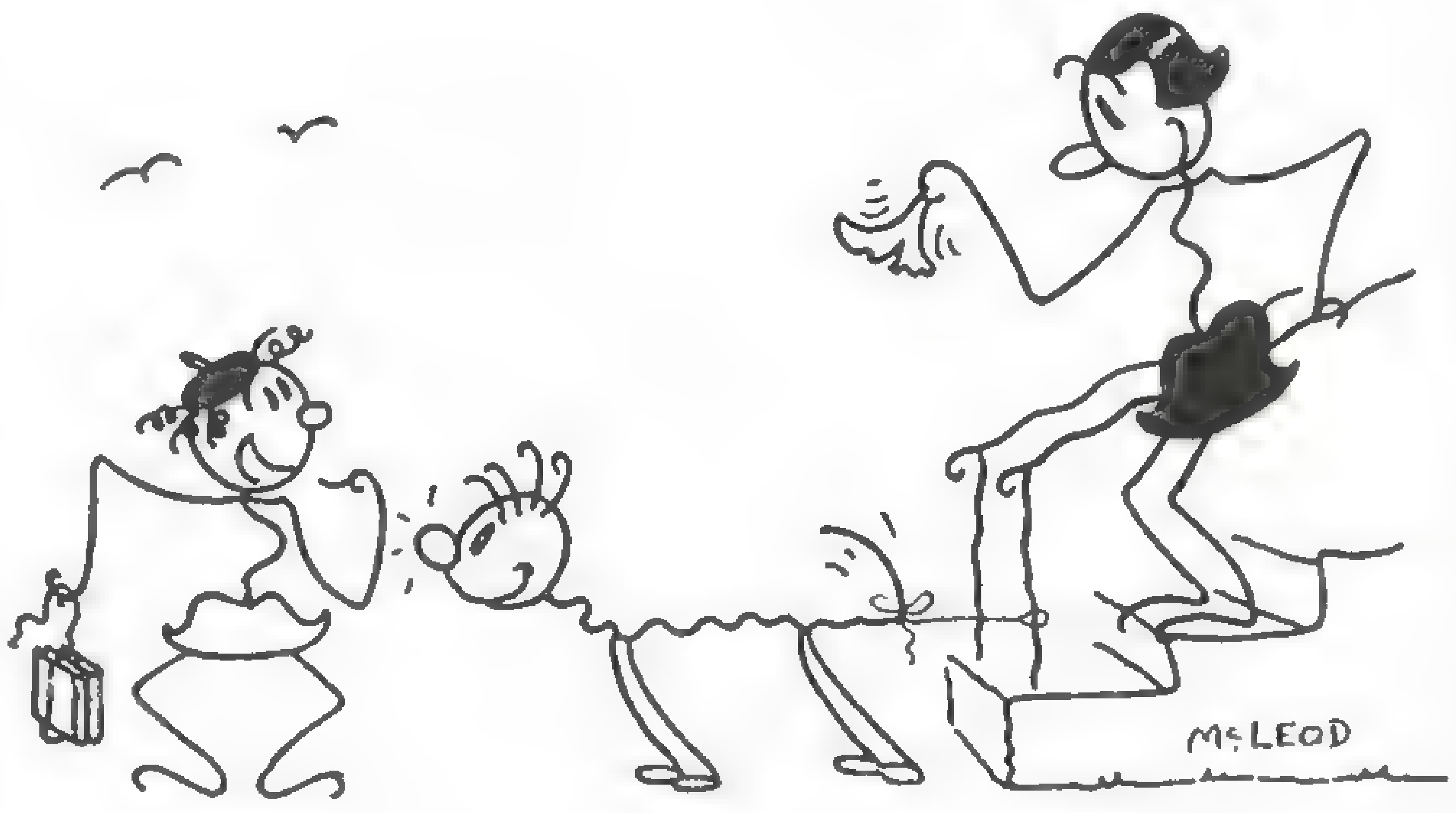

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Esquire's Five-Minute

Continued from pages 100-199

of European society is really a knockout. It would be the height of absurdity to liken Briffault as a novelist to Tolstoi and yet *Europa* (Scribner $2.75) is, in some ways, comparable to *War and Peace* in that it does give a complete and comprehensive picture of the various units of society in action during an era. Here is a cohesive series of scenes involving representatives of every strata of humanity in the great capitals of Europe during the quarter of a century preceding the World War. Real names of persons figuring in the political, artistic and economic affairs of the time are brought into the narrative but treated imaginatively—the Kaiser, Henry James, D'Annunzio, Rosa Luxembourg, Rasputin, Mussolini, Lenin, Shaw, princesses, financiers and debauchees. It is a stressed and melodramatized indictment with great emphasis on the luxurious vices and dissipations of the idle rich like the *Lives of the Twelve Caesars* by Suetonius, but it is, like Suetonius, very entertaining to read. It is enormous, 500 pages, and one of the best values in reading matter of the season.

I found it agreeable to tackle *John Jay: Defender of Liberty* (Bobbs, Merrill, $4) by Frank Monaghan immediately after reading Briffault; for here is a history of the events preceding, during, and immediately following, the American revolution, centering upon the character and career of our first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court who was a descendant of one of the most pious and piratical of the early settlers of New York City; and it is a scholarly book, gracefully written by a man of disabused mind, an urbane point of view and a sense of character. It is Briffault's generalization in *Breakdown* that under the whole scheme of western civilization it is impossible for ideals to prevail. "A statesman may be inspired," he says, "by the highest ideals; for a sovereign state to surrender one tittle of its concrete interests as a sovereign state is not possible. Collective behavior is of necessity reduced to the lowest denominator of direct motives."

This is strange talk coming from one who believes that Stalin and his advisors and supporters *are not* reduced in their thinking and actions to the direct motives of the recalcitrant Russian peasants and offending Kulaks; but, moreover, it is distinctly not true even in capitalist countries. John Adams was a truculent egotist who wanted to run the whole show of American independence; Light Horse Harry Lee was undependable and actually traitorous; Duane was a bonehead in France; there were any number of men in the Continental Congress who were limited, envious, vacillating and selfish. And yet all of them, even Adams and Lee contributed to, and were subdued by, the animating ideal of liberty and independence whic
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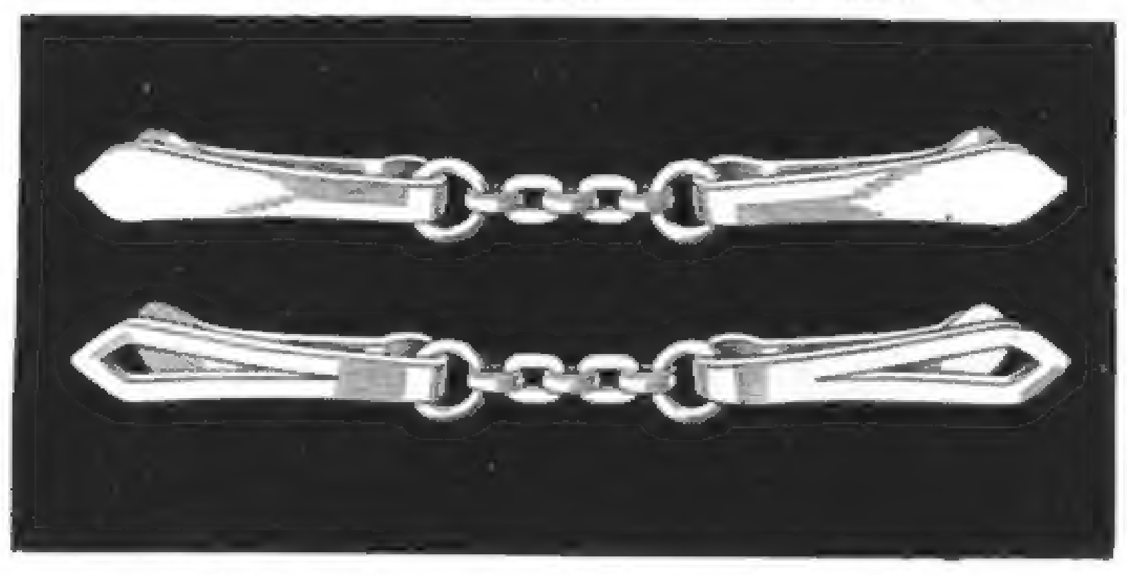

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turns the nose suddenly back up again. If the plane can stand the strain and not collapse under it, it is all right. If it can't, that is the end of the plane and *of the pilot.* Jimmy had begun to make enough money writing stories about aviation for the magazines and newspapers to support himself and family last spring and had decided that after he had made one more test flight for which he had been commissioned that it would be his last. It was. The wings of the plane he was testing crumpled into splinters under the violent wrench and Jimmy's intestines were torn from him by the sudden displacement of gravity.

Jimmy was a natural born writer. He wrote with magnificent economy and with telling effect. His writings were gathered after his death to make this book, which has a breath-takingly dramatic short preface by Joseph Medill Patterson who had taken lessons in flying from Jimmy and who was Jimmy's employer as publisher of the New York *News.* The book begins with Jimmy's own brief story of his life, written without self-consciousness and in a beautifully direct and easy manner. He says (which is true) that he is the only aviator to spring from the proletariat: his mother took in washing; other aviators have come from the middle-class or the upper levels of income. That he was the marvel of physical and nervous coördination those who knew him say he was I can believe; for these stories have that precision in describing physical occurrences and that sharp, incisive arrival at the point, without literary padding and irrelevancies which Ernest Hemingway in his excursions into literary criticism desiderates so emphatically. When Hemingway reads this book I think he will be sorry that he did not know Collins, that he did not have an opportunity to study him and celebrate him. For Collins had what Hemingway most admires—perfection of technique in muscular coördination. And Jimmy flirted with death, and flirtation with death is another thing with which Hemingway is preoccupied. The book closes with that famous piece Jimmy wrote to fill the column of a newspaper friend called "I Am Dead." In it Jimmy preconceived the sensations he would have in the moments before extinction in an unsuccessful test dive. It makes your hair stand on end.

I wish I had space to speak more at length about BLACK TENTS OF ARABIA (Little, Brown $4) by Carl R. Raswan, a German who was adopted into the powerful Ruala tribe of Bedouins as a blood-brother twenty-five years ago and has fought and lived with them on eleven trips to Arabia and who now breeds Arab horses in California. It is a strange and thrilling book about a people among whom it is the philosophy that all weaklings should die that the strong may live and who live by plunder and bloodshed, divorced from all ideas of modern western civilization. . . . Jessie Conrad's *Conrad and His Circle* (Dutton, $3.75) should be read, together with Mrs. Arnold Bennett's book about her husband and Frieda Lawrence's book about D. H. Lawrence, by every budding novelist who contemplates matrimony. He will probably arrive at the conclusion that if he finds it necessary to marry at all he should pick out a girl who can neither read nor write and try to keep her in that condition. Mrs. Conrad thinks she is defending her late husband against what she considers the calumnies of Ford Madox Ford and other writers about him. What she has actually done is wreak a positively fiendish feminine revenge upon her husband for the minor irritations he caused her when he was in the throes of composition and when his creative imagination was so occupied that he was irritable at interruptions. She makes him out to have been a chinchy, niggardly, tyrannical husband, an inconsiderate and unsympathetic father and a rather boorish and complaining host and guest. She stresses the fact, somewhat pathetically, that as a young woman (before she threw in her lot with a writer husband) she was beautiful, charming, vivacious, whereas her husband was undersized, strange-looking, uncouth, untidy, shy and unable properly to speak the language he chose to write in. Her hate is especially for Ford and yet Ford has idealized and humanized her husband in his accounts of Conrad; he has made us see and feel the genius that comes out in Conrad's novels. Mrs. Conrad merely makes us wonder if we should be left-handedly thankful for her existence; if Conrad had to create all those gorgeous and splendid women of his novels to make up for the woeful lack of any personal knowledge he had of such women by domestic contact. . . . Sacha Guitry's *If Memory Serves* (Doubleday, Doran $3), translated by Lewis Galantiere will delight you by its droll, very French sophistication, humor and informality. The great playwright comedian takes nothing in this world seriously and yet there is a vein of fine comic seriousness in him. He dictated these pages after performances on tour and they gain by this fact because they are colloquial, honest, from the heart and yet marked by the entertainer's idea of what will bring the chuckle of delight from the audience. . . . *The Fabulous Wilson Mizner* (Henkle, $3) by Edward Dean Sullivan is disappointingly dull. The Mizner legend may, after all, be a folk saga of Broadway built around, rather than deriving from, an interesting character. As Sullivan presents Mizner (without intention) he was a cheap, dull-witted scoundrel with a brash arrogance and a formula of wit which is sadly dated. Even the chapter given to Mizner's quips sound like last year's vaudeville jokes. ⵟ

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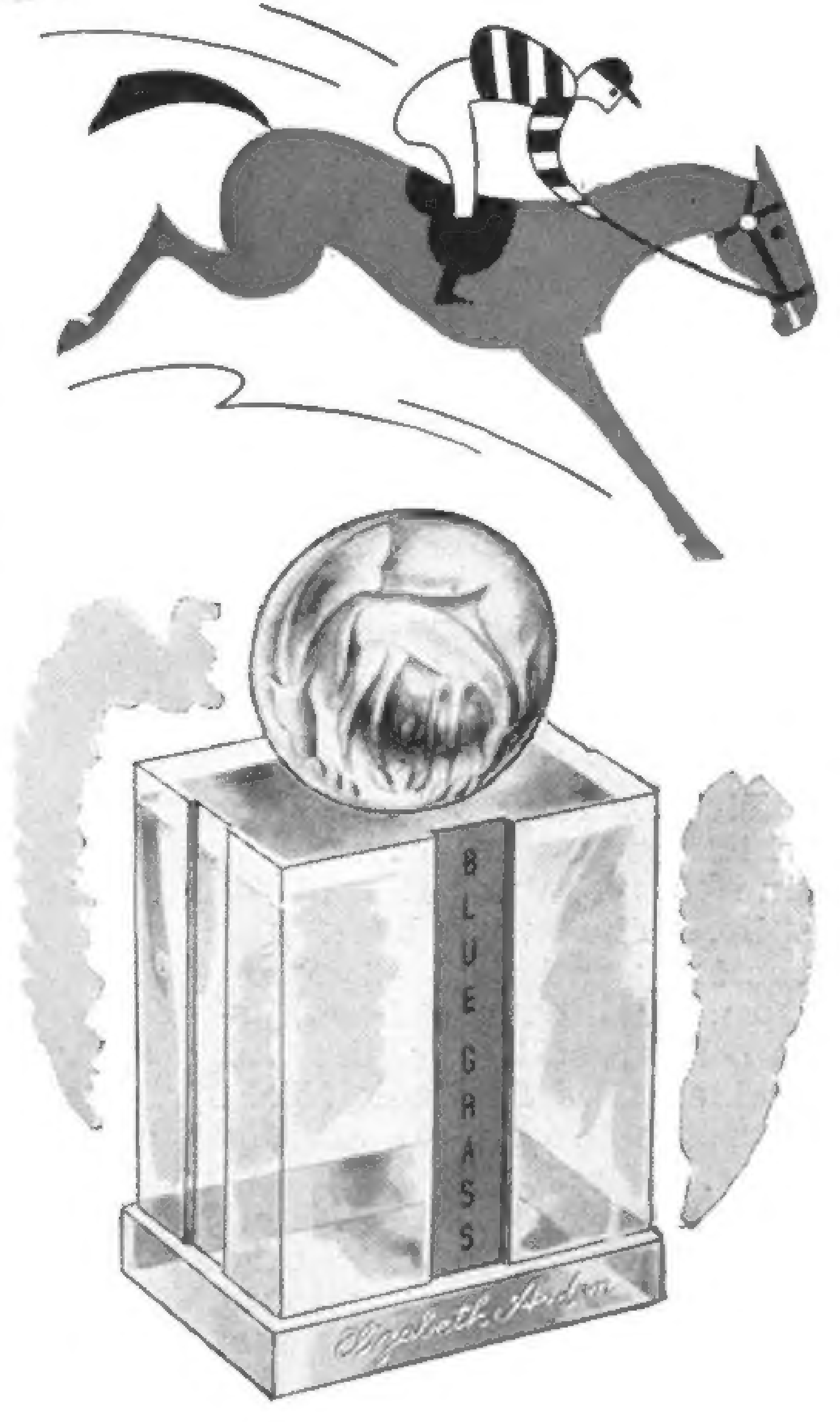

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Football Skull Practice

The professor — Lou Little, Columbia coach

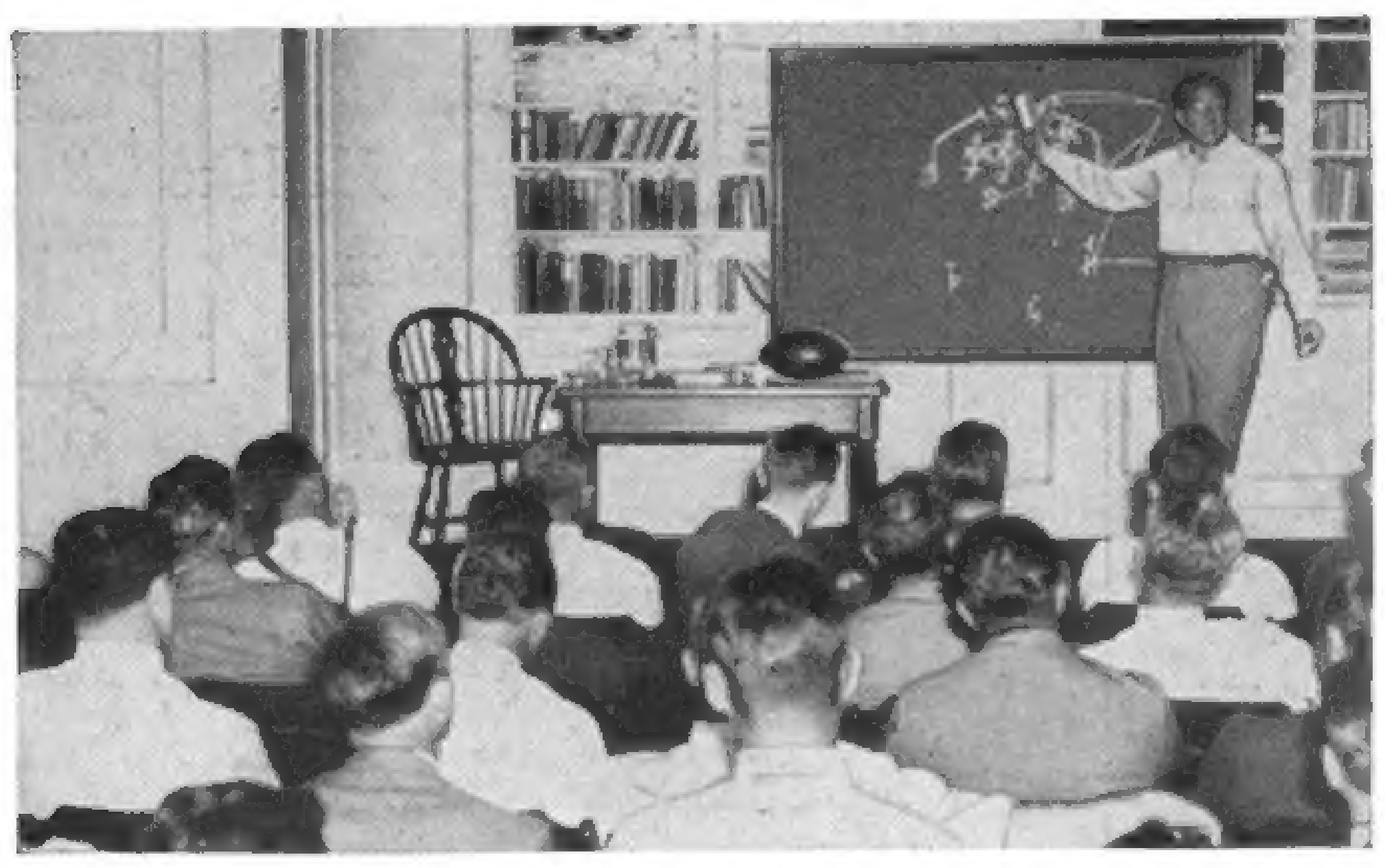
For six August days, coaches, technicians, sports writers and many a great name in football history sat in the packed auditorium of the New York Herald Tribune while Lou Little of Columbia conducted the Herald Tribune Football School — first of its kind anywhere. Little lectured with chalk-talk diagrams — speaking without prepared text while Stanley Woodward, famous Herald Tribune football writer, made notations and — following each day's session — pounded out 10,000 words on his typewriter, reconstructing from his accurate memory and knowledge of the game.

Double-teaming the End

Little's first act was to draw his formation, which is a variation of the single wing. The line is unbalanced and both ends are slightly split. The wing back plays a yard outside of the long end and a yard off the line. The No. 2 man, or blocking back, is posted close behind the line, splitting the long guard and inside tackle. The fullback (No. 3) is behind the outside tackle and about four and a half yards back. The threat man (No. 4) is about the same distance behind the line and half a space to the short side. Although the professor didn't say so, this is one reason his Columbia teams carry such a strong threat against the short side.

The first play he put on the board was the regular tackle play. "We frequently change our assignments to suit the situation," he said, "but suppose in this case we are going to double-team the end. We put two backs on him (Nos. 2 and 3). They drive at him shoulder to shoulder and if he tries to hold them off with his hands they drive right through the hands and attempt to run over him.

"Sometimes we find that we can take an end alone. In that case we send the two men out the same as ever, but No. 3 feints with his head as if he were going to block him, then slides by on the outside and goes for the defensive halfback, leaving No. 2 to take the end alone."



Columbia's famous KF79 play is explained

The Line Charge

"As I have told you, our linemen normally charge low and do not use their hands on the defense. We want to settle the opponents on their heels and we want to keep driving when we make contact. You say to me, 'What happens when you meet a line that plays the same way?' The answer is that we teach a dip charge for use in such a case. Steve, do a dip charge."

Grenda thereupon executed a neat duck and came up with his head resting firmly but respectfully against the Little solar-plexus.

Protection for Passers

"We don't care much whether our passer throws side arm or overhead as long as he completes passes. We like to have him finish with his arm high. If he whips it downs he is likely to throw the ball into the ground. We like to have the passes thrown high so that the boys have to reach for them. We like to have them lead the receiver so he can keep running.

"We try to protect our passer against the men who are trying to rush him and we teach him to protect himself. As soon as he lets go of the ball we ask him to bring his hands down to protect his body and to step back. His next move is to cover the pass. In case of an interception we don't want him to run directly toward the sideline. We want him to run diagonally back so that he will make sure of heading off the man who has intercepted. The rest of the men who are not involved in the pass are supposed to get down the field as fast as possible to tackle in case of interception."

Give-Aways

"I don't want to argue about the comparative merits of various starting positions. A great many successful teams use the three-point stance for all the backs, and a great many coaches insist that their backs always keep their eyes on the ball. I don't think it makes much difference whether the backs look straight ahead or whether they look at the ball, provided they do the same thing all the time.

"When a back looks at the ball only when he's going to take it, then you have a bad situation, and a smart scout won't be long finding it out. We all have give-aways, and we must try hard to get rid of them.

"When I was coaching at Georgetown we played West Virginia, and they had a back who always swallowed when the ball was going to him. He had a prominent Adam's apple which moved up and down and told us all we wanted to know."

Heads Up

"If you meet an end who attempts to hold off the blockers with his hands, they must run right through his hands and over him. They can't go under his hands. He'll push them into the ground and still be in position to get the play.

"As I have told you, our blockers run in a crouched position with their backs straight, their heads up and their legs under them. That's just the way I want my fullback to run when he bucks. A man who puts his head down may hit an opening and may hit one of his own men.

"I want my fullback to be up so that he can cut as soon as he breaks through and I want him to carry the ball in one hand only. Every time a man gets by the line he should cut. He should do it over and over again in practice, even in signal drill, so that when the time comes he will do it automatically and can be thinking of something else."

Defense Tightening

"Speaking generally, we tighten our defense when we meet a double-wing attack, figuring that it is stronger inside than outside and we overshift against the single wing. We have played our short-side tackle against the other team's guard on occasion and the hardest job we had was to convince him that he could play there and not look bad in front of his friends."

A group of high school coaches take notes

Kicks for Offense

"The thing we must realize is that the kick is an offensive weapon. What is easier than to pick up twenty or thirty yards in a tough game by an exchange of kicks? It's a great offensive weapon when the going is tough. We don't do enough of it.

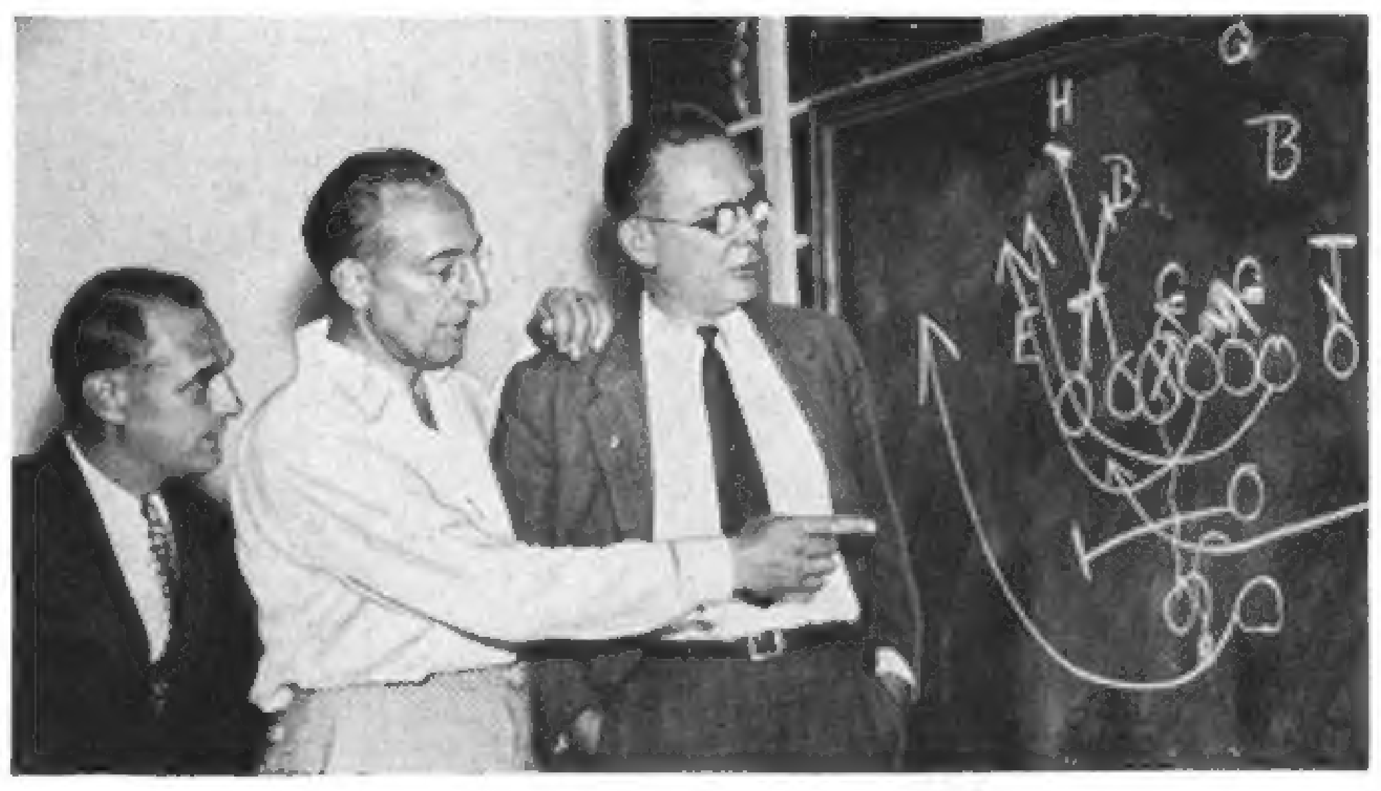
"And what is of greater value to a team than a kickoff that goes over the goal-line. At the start of a game we sometimes like to receive. We're keyed up. We're offensive-minded. What is more discouraging in a situation like this than to see the other team's kicker boot the ball over our goal-line."

Concealing the Pass

"Now a pass should start like a running play," he continued. "We try to make our pass, our off-tackle, our inside tackle play and our end run all look the same.

"You remember I told you yesterday that our runner cuts on the second, third or fourth step, generally the third, on the tackle play, timing the cut by the man or men who are going to take the end. Well, on this pass the runner starts the same way, with the ball held in one hand as he would hold it to run.

"Instead of cutting, however, his third step is to the rear and he fades back with the ball in his hands and his eyes on the field. He should be poised on both feet in position to throw. He should never shift his weight to the back foot and when he fades he goes straight back, thus taking full advantage of the protection we are giving him."



Stanley Woodward (right) and Harry Stuhldreher, Villanova (left) follow the play that beat Stanford

The Scrub End

Little's talk was supplemented by a brief address by Ogden Reid, editor of the Herald Tribune, who welcomed the coaches and told several incidents of his own football days at Yale. Mr. Reid differs from most old football players in that he insists that he was nothing more than a scrub end. This is a blow at the very foundation of graduate usage. Most old football players automatically become All-Americas after they have been out fifteen years.

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